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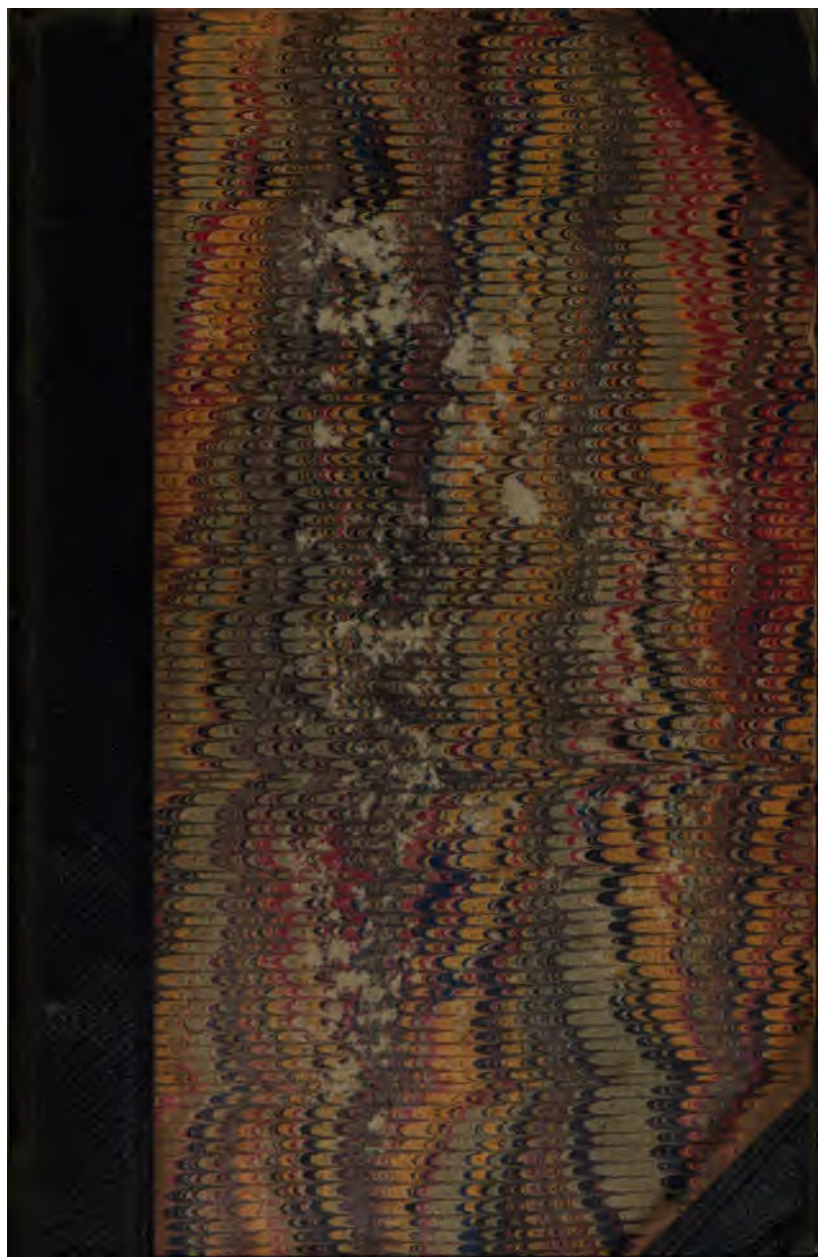
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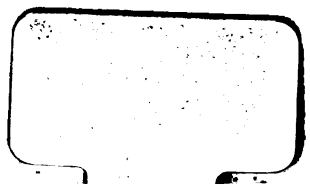
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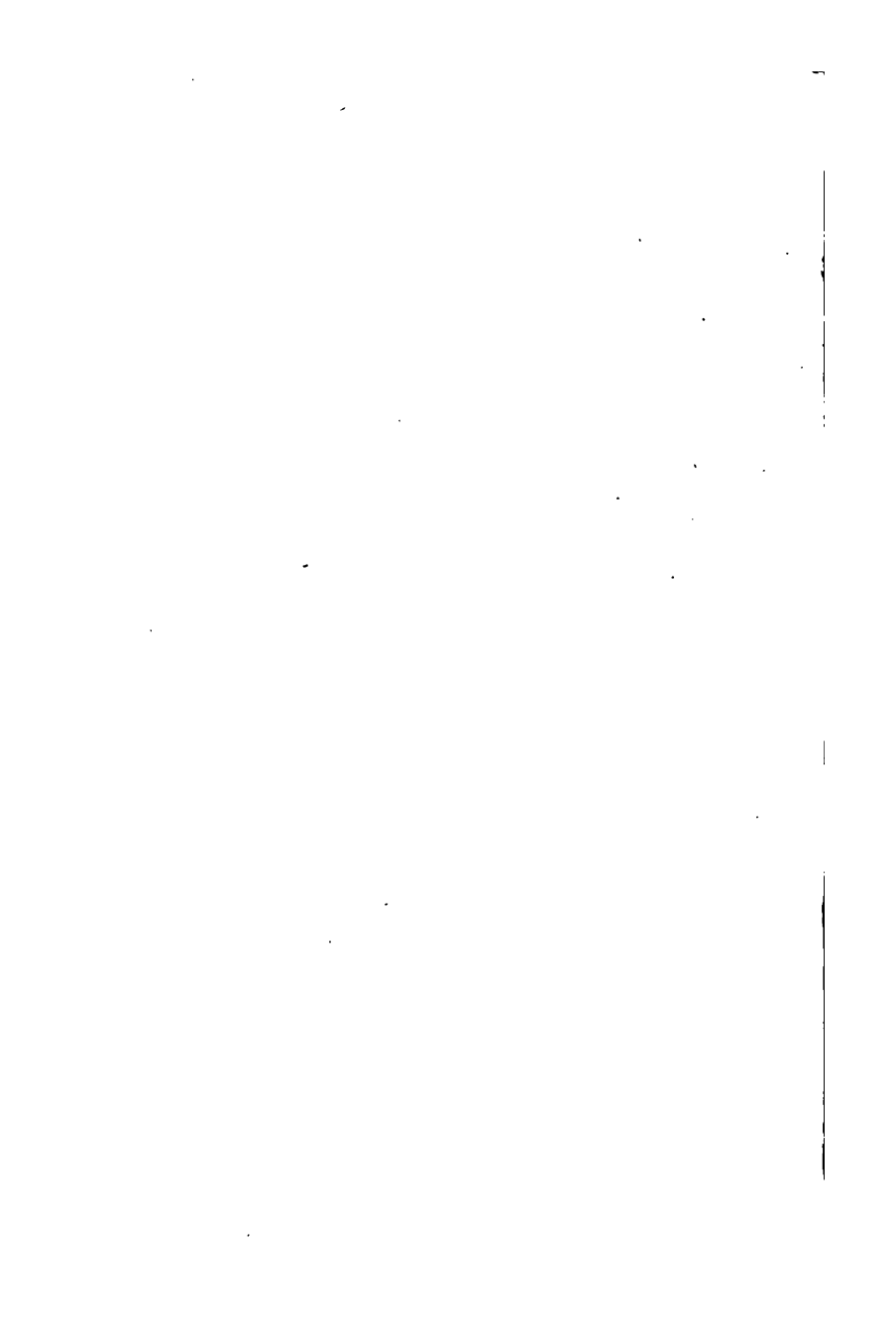


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THE
BRITISH POETS.

INCLUDING
TRANSLATIONS.

IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

LIX.

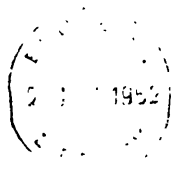
GRAINGER. BOYSE.

CHISWICK:

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1822.



THE
POEMS

OF

GRAINGER, AND BOYSE.



Chiswick :
FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,
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CONTENTS.

JAMES GRAINGER, M. D.

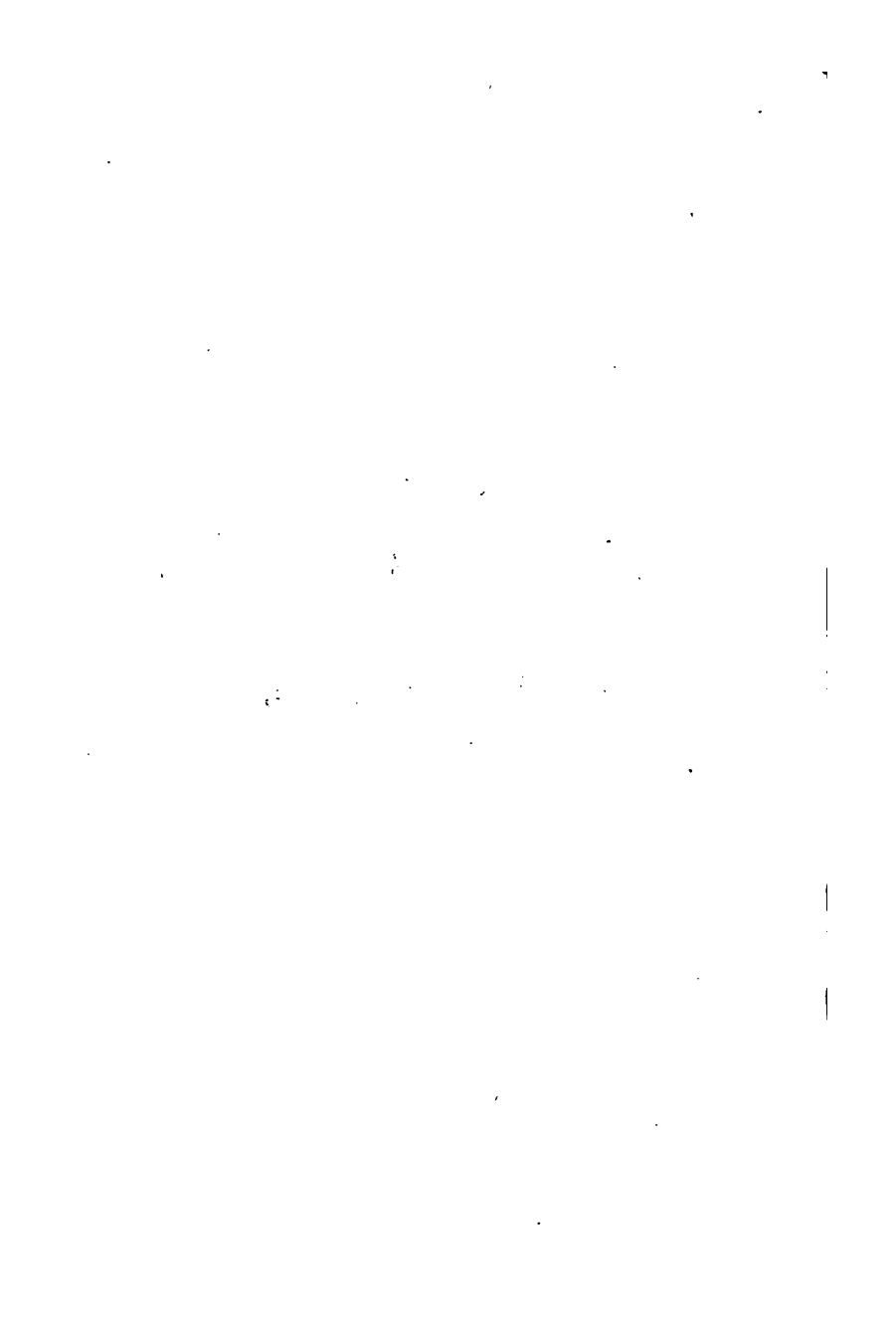
	Page
LIFE of Grainger, by Mr. Davenport	7
Solitude. An Ode.....	17
Bryan and Pereene.....	25
THE SUGARCANE. Book 1.....	31
Book 2.....	68
Book 3.....	92
Book 4.....	118

SAMUEL BOYSE.

LIFE of Boyse, by Mr. Davenport	149
Deity	161
Loch Rian	194
To the Duke of Gordon	198
The Vision of Patience	201
Ode. To Mr. William Cuming.....	211
An Epistle to Lord Kinnaird.....	213
Friendship	216
Written in the ancient Palace of Falkland.....	218
The only Wish.....	220
The Complaint.....	222
Stanzas to a Candle.....	223

	Page
Hope's Farewell.....	224
Cupid's Revenge.....	226
Address to Poverty.....	227
To the disconsolate Hilaria.....	228
On the Death of Sir John James.....	233
On the Execution of Capt. Porteous.....	235
On Platonic Love.....	236
Wine the Cure of Love.....	237
Personal Merit.....	239
To a Young Lady on her Recovery.....	241
The Parallel.....	241
The best Cosmetic for the Ladies.....	242
Bavius.....	243
Poetical Love.....	244
Phœbus mistaken.....	244
The Wish.....	244
The Golden Rule.....	245
Written in Lord Dorset's Poems.....	245
Part of Psalm XLII.....	245
Odes of Horace.....	246
Lucan, Lib. V. translated.....	248
Catallus.....	250
The Descent of Orpheus.....	251
Anniversary Ode.....	254
To Lady Elizabeth Gordon.....	256
In Regiam Sagittariorum Cohortem, imitated.....	257
Inscriptio Fontis.....	259
The Author's Epitaph.....	259

THE
POEMS
OF
James Grainger, M. D.



THE
LIFE OF JAMES GRAINGER.

BY
R. A. DAVENPORT, Esq.

THE birthplace of James Grainger was Dunse, in Berwickshire, where he was born about the year 1723. His father was a native of Cumberland, and once possessed considerable property; but, after the failure of a speculation in mining, he retired to Dunse, and obtained there a post in the excise.

Grainger is said to have received his education entirely in his native place. It is manifest, however, from the evidence of his works, that either he was carefully instructed in his youth, or was a diligent student at a later period. From Dunse he was sent to the Scottish capital, where he was placed as an apprentice with Mr. Lawder, a surgeon; and, while he resided at Edinburgh, he made himself acquainted with the various branches of the healing art.

It is probable that, when his apprenticeship expired, he had not the means of beginning to practise on his own account; or perhaps he might be desirous to see somewhat of the world before he fixed for life. During the rebellion of 1745, we consequently find him serving as surgeon to Lieutenant-general Pulteney's regiment of foot, and he accompanied the same regiment to Germany, where it composed a part of the army under the command of Lord Stair. The peace of Aix la Chapelle restoring

him to civil pursuits, he came over to England, sold his commission, and established himself as a physician in London.

In common, however, with many other men of genius, who have adopted the medical profession, it seems to have been his misfortune to have but a scanty share of practice. It is said that he accepted the office of tutor to a young gentleman, and was rewarded by an annuity, and that he resorted to other expedients to increase his insufficient income. Smollett, coarsely and illiberally, and perhaps untruly, taunts him with being a man 'who, for many years has been endeavouring, in the darkest shade of obscurity, to earn a subsistence by literary toil; who has condescended to piece the compilations of superannuated dulness at the bookseller's lowest price, and even been obliged to pay a printer's journeyman for translating his copy into English: the performance (adds he) we forbear to name, out of tenderness for the proprietor, that we may not renew his affliction, in calling up the ghost of a book by which he has lost a considerable sum, though the author wrote for the wages of a journeyman mechanic.' The work, to which Smollett alludes, is supposed to be the second volume of Maitland's History of Scotland, which Grainger prepared for the press from the materials left by Maitland: a labour in which he was not likely to find many opportunities for a display of talent.

To the contempt thus brutally lavished on him by Smollett, we may victoriously oppose the friendship and respect which were felt for him by many eminent characters. Grainger was intimate with Johnson, Percy, Glover, Reynolds, Shenstone, and others, all of whom were judges of merit, and all of whom regarded him with affection. Johnson described him as 'an agreeable man, a man who would do any good in his power,' and he praised, as being very noble poetry, the exordium of the Ode to Solitude

Dr. Percy is still warmer in the testimony which he bears to the merit of Grainger. 'He was (says he) not only a man of genius and learning, but had many excellent virtues, being one of the most generous, friendly, and benevolent men I ever knew.' He who is thus praised, and by men like these, may safely defy the malice of an angry enemy, even though he may have committed the heinous crime of working 'at the bookseller's lowest price.'

The first acknowledged work of Grainger was a medical one, the fruits of his observation while he was in the army. It is written in Latin, and was published in 1753, with the title of '*Historia Febris anomalæ Batavæ annorum, 1746, 1747, 1748, &c.*' This book I have not seen, nor, had I seen it, should I pretend to decide respecting a subject on which I have no knowledge. Mr. Chalmers, on whose judgment in this instance, we may, perhaps, rely with confidence, says, 'in this work he appears to advantage as an acute observer of the phenomena of disease, and as a man of general learning; but what accession he had been able to make to the stock of medical knowledge was unfortunately anticipated in Sir John Pringle's recent and very valuable work on the diseases of the army.'

During his service in the army, he beguiled his hours of leisure or solitude, by translating some of the elegies of Tibullus. The only English version which then existed of Tibullus was the rude one by Dart, which rather invited than deterred competition. On the return of Grainger to England, his literary friends, among whom was Dr. Johnson, encouraged him to proceed with his task; and accordingly he at length completed it. In 1758 he published the result of his labours, together with the Latin text, copious notes, and a life of Tibullus. It excites a smile to see him hinting that, as a translator, he has over his rival, Dart, the advantage of a better ac-

quaintance with the tender passion, in consequence of which he is capable of entering more fully into the spirit of the Roman author,

The first effect of this work was to involve him in a paper war with Smollett, who then conducted the *Critical Review*. As soon as the translation appeared, it was fastened on by Smollett, who was doubtless influenced by some personal pique against the translator. His criticism is evidently the production of a man who wishes to trample under foot the reputation of the author whom he criticises. The faults that really exist he drags forth and magnifies with a spiteful pleasure; he even tries to discover them where they do not exist; he cavils with an eagerness which at times betrays him into error; and, though he avoids all direct personality, he writes in such a tone of unvarying censure, and of such sarcastic and contemptuous bitterness, as to show that the man as well as the book is an object of his hostility. The poetry, the notes, and the life are all involved in one sweeping sentence of proscription; and this fact is quite enough to prove that the critic was not only an enemy, but also an enemy too violent to be decent and candid.

For this enmity only one cause can be found, and that would appear to be an inadequate one, did we not know that a powerful stimulus was not always necessary to excite the resentment of Smollett. Grainger he believed to be connected with the *Monthly Review*; and this seems to have been in his eyes an inexcusable crime. That *Review*, and the persons concerned in it, he missed no opportunity of treating with invective or with raillery, which were usually of a coarse kind, so that his ill nature was not redeemed by his wit. It is doubted, indeed, whether Grainger bore any part in the composition of the *Monthly Review*; but, notwithstanding the arguments to the contrary, I am disposed to believe

that he did. It is certain that Smollett, who was likely to be acquainted with the fact, more than once publicly asserted him to be a contributor to that work, and I am not aware that the assertion was ever contradicted by Grainger or by his friends.

Irritated by the injustice which had been done to him, Grainger, without allowing himself time for reflection, published 'A Letter to Dr. Tobias Smollett.' I have not been able to procure this letter; but, in his antagonist's reply, there are some allusions to it, which induce me to fear that it was not qualified to be of service to its author. He had right on his side, but the loss of his temper prevented him from making a skilful use of his weapon. Smollett was probably glad to be furnished with a pretext for repeating his blow; and he instantly retorted by a personal attack, consisting of nearly twenty pages of ferocious virulence and malignity, a more than sufficient specimen of which I have already given. It is plain that he had resolved to be satisfied with nothing less than the destruction of his opponent's character. He failed, however, in attaining his purpose, as he likewise did in vindicating his own critical fairness. Neither party had in fact any reason to glory in the result of the contest. It is lamentable and disgusting to see two men of genius thus bespattering each other, to the great delight of the tribe of dunces, and the great disgrace of literature.

It is probable that, notwithstanding his varied exertions, the income of Grainger continued to be inadequate to his wants. Had it not been so, he would hardly have quitted the temperate climate of England, and the lettered society of London, for a distant and torrid clime, and a state of society which could not promise much towards the gratification of a man of learning and taste. Be this as it may, we know that, shortly after he published his *Tibullus*, he accepted an offer of settling, as a physician, in the West Indian island of St. Christopher's. This event

led to further consequences. It chanced that, on his outward passage, a lady of the name of Burt, who was on board of one of the merchantmen, was attacked by the smallpox, and was in imminent peril. Grainger was called in, and he was fortunate enough to save her. The remainder of the voyage he performed in the same ship with his patient, partly to watch over her returning health; but still more to enjoy the converse of her daughter, between whom and himself a mutual attachment had arisen. He had been but a short time at St. Christopher's before he married the young lady, and, as she was the child of the governor, his union with her introduced him at once into the principal families of the island.

While he resided at St. Christopher's, to which island he became much attached, he wrote his principal work, 'The Sugarcane.' This theme had, many years before, been chosen by a Mr. Power, who was Rector of Nevis, and translated the *Paradise Lost* into Latin verse; but, after his death, his work was sent to his relations in England, and it is said to be now lost. Grainger, however, does not appear to have had any knowledge of its existence.

At the conclusion of the war, he visited England, laid his poem before his literary friends, and obtained their approbation of it. Boswell tells a story, which is evidently incorrect, of some ludicrous circumstances that occurred, when 'The Sugarcane' was read, in manuscript, by the assembled wits at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The work was given to the public, in a quarto volume, in 1764. Dr. Johnson wrote at least part, if not the whole, of a recommendation and analysis of it, which was inserted in the *London Chronicle*; but he did not think that Grainger had been happy in his choice of a subject; and it is curious to observe, with what art he contrives to serve the interest of his friend, while at the same time he avoids saying more than is absolutely necessary for that purpose. He afterwards ex-

claimed to Boswell, 'What could he make of a sugarcane? One might as well write the Parsley-bed, a poem, or the Cabbage Garden, a poem.'

On this occasion, the Critical Review made an ample atonement for its former illiberality. Smollett was absent from England, no one was disposed to take up his quarrel, and Grainger was gratified with a heaped measure of praise from those who had succeeded his adversary in the management of the review.

In the same year he published, but I believe anonymously, an octavo pamphlet, entitled 'An Essay on the more common West India Diseases; and the remedies which the country produces: to which are added some hints on the management of negroes.' This seems to have been an enlargement of what he had already suggested in his poem and notes. The 'Essay,' the 'Historia Febris,' and an 'Account of an obstinate Case of Dysentery, cured by Lime Water,' the latter of which was printed in a collection of medical papers, form the whole of his professional writings.

Grainger did not long remain in England; nor did he long enjoy his fame as a poet, and his good fortune as a physician. He went back to his favourite island, where he continued to practise, till he was suddenly cut off, on the twenty-fourth of December, 1767, by an epidemic fever.

In selecting as his theme the cultivation of the sugarcane, Grainger was neither fortunate in his choice of a subject, nor of a species of poetry. The didactic poem is, perhaps, that kind of poem which is least calculated to become popular. It is only when it ceases to be didactic that it begins to please. The Muses are fastidious, and cannot easily be induced to be teachers of manual processes. We may, indeed, bear to listen to the verse that tells us of sheep-shearing, of the vintage, and of some other labours connected with agriculture, because those

labours are associated in our minds with ideas of freedom, health, hilarity, and the beauties of nature; but by what art is it possible to make dignified or attractive the description of merely mechanical toil, where, amidst squalor, and privation, and a mournful monotony of existence, man is degraded into something scarcely superior to the machine which is the companion and the rival of his efforts?

But, if we can derive no pleasure from home scenes of manufacture, far less can we be charmed by the picture which brings before our eyes the kidnapped slave, wielding the hoe, under a burning sun and the lash of a taskmaster, or feeding the mill which, should his faculties chance to be overpowered by momentary slumber, may mutilate or destroy him. It is too, an unfortunate circumstance for the work of Grainger, that his subject, which was always a repulsive one, has been rendered by time still more hateful to the feelings of humanity than it was at the period when he adopted it. The horrors of the slave-trade, and of the slave system, have so often been depicted to us in vivid colours, that to read of the culture of the sugarcane inevitably calls up a succession of the most painful ideas. No pastoral images present themselves to our imagination. It can see nothing but the man-stealer lurking to seize his prey, the accursed floating dungeon, the rending asunder of all social ties, and the victim sinking beneath the galling fetter and the lacerating scourge. When Grainger bestows on the negroes the Arcadian denomination of swains; when, on the plea that others are condemned to dig in pestilential mines, he gravely advises them not to repine at their destiny, but to 'pursue their pleasing task;' and when he piously exhorts them to bend to Heaven in prayer for having 'blessed their labour,' and ripened that cane which is the source of their miseries; we can at first scarce forbear to ask ourselves, whether he means to be bitterly ironical on the planters, or to

add insult to injury, by a cruel mockery of the slaves. Grainger, however, is undoubtedly sincere; and, as undoubtedly, was a man of humanity. He every where inculcates the treating of the slaves with kindness; and, in more than one instance, he manifests an abhorrence of what he emphatically stigmatises as 'heart-debasing slavery!'

In 'The Sugarcane,' considered as a composition, there are several striking defects. It is no small error in the author, that he is perpetually, and for the most trivial purposes, calling on his Muse; who, however, does not always attend to his call. He, in fact, seems to look upon her as a mere servant of all work; and, whether he wishes to describe dark brick mould, or the destroying of weeds and insects, or the curing of the yaws, or the foddering and rubbing down of mules, she is unceremoniously summoned to his assistance. Few poets have been so little attentive to the precept of Horace, which, except on occasions worthy of them, forbids the immortals to be brought upon the scene.

In his transitions he is often singularly unskilful. He does not slide imperceptibly from one part of his subject to another, but makes an awkward sort of bound. From Tempe, purple Enna, Proserpine, and the deathless songs of Greece, he drops 'plumb down' into red brick mould; from an apostrophe to his friend Shenstone, he skips to those 'insidious droles' the monkeys; and after having, with no mean poetic power, invoked the genius of Africa, and deplored the captivity of the Africans, he, by a strange kind of antithesis, suddenly proceeds to give directions for the choosing of negroes, and those directions he gives with all the coolness, and with much of the phraseology, of a jockey or a grazier.

He is at times quaint and affected, as when he talks of 'juice that longs to murmur down the spout,' and of 'coppers that wish to feel warmth;' and at other times he is ludicrous, as when he quarrels with

'base insects,' as he calls them, because they 'no bright scarlet yield to deck the British Wolfe,' or when, in a fit of rapture, he exclaims, 'Thanks to the Almighty! in each pathway hedge rank cowitch grows.' To this we may add, that his diction too frequently sinks to the lowest level of prose; and, in some instances, one of which is to be found in the final line of his poem, his verse is so flat and unmusical, as scarcely to be entitled to the name of verse.

On the other hand, it must be allowed that he is no contemptible poet. In his happiest flights he rises to considerable elevation. In the first book, the description of the rains, of the mountain springs, of the humming bird, and the episode of Montano; in the second, the picture of the hurricane, and of the earthquake, and the story of Junio and Theana; in the third, the lines on winter, and on the rural sounds of the West Indian islands; and, in the fourth, the address to the genius of Africa, and the passage which describes the dances of the blacks, are imbued with poetical spirit. It is, perhaps, to be regretted, that, instead of making his work didactic, he did not make it descriptive; in which case he might have omitted, or thrown into the back ground, those circumstances which are the most offensive.

His ode on Solitude has been much and justly praised. I cannot, however, approve of the change in it from the octo-syllable to the heroic metre, which produces a discordant effect. Neither are the concluding lines of equal merit with those which precede them. The ballad of 'Bryan and Pereene,' is simple and pathetic. Of the translation of Tibullus, Dr. Johnson said that 'it was very well done.' It certainly does not transfuse into our language all the tenderness and elegance of the Roman writer; but it is, nevertheless, a work which is honourable to the learning and the talent of Grainger.

SOLITUDE.

An Ode.

O SOLITUDE, romantic maid !
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hóver o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or, starting from your half year's sleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep ;
Or, at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble wastes survey ;
 You, recluse, again I woo,
 And again your steps pursue.
Plumed Conceit, himself surveying ;
Folly, with her shadow playing ;
Purseproud, elbowing Insolence ;
Bloated empiric, puff'd pretence ;
Noise, that through a trumpet speaks ;
Laughter, in loud peals that breaks ;
Intrusion with a fopling's face
(Ignorant of time and place) ;
Sparks of fire Dissension blowing,
Ductile, courtbred Flattery, bowing ;
Restraint's stiff neck, Grimace's leer,
Squint-eyed Censure's artful sneer ;
Ambition's buskins, steep'd in blood,
Fly thy presence, Solitude !

Sage Reflection, bent with years;
Conscious Virtue, void of fears:
Muffled Silence, woodnymph shy;
Meditation's piercing eye;
Halcyon Peace, on moss reclined;
Retrospect, that scans the mind;
Rapt earth-gazing Revery,
Blushing artless Modesty,
Health, that snuffs the morning air,
Full-eyed Truth, with bosom bare,
Inspiration, nature's child,
Seek the solitary wild.

You, with the tragic Muse retired ¹,
The wise Euripides inspired,
You taught the sadly pleasing air
That Athens ² saved from ruins bare.
You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
And unlock'd ³ the springs of woe:
You penn'd what exiled Naso thought,
And pour'd the melancholy note.
With Petrarch o'er Valcluse you stray'd
When death snatch'd his long-loved maid ⁴;
You taught the rocks her loss to mourn,
You strew'd with flowers her virgin urn,
And late in Hagley ⁵ you were seen,
With bloodshot eyes, and sombre mien;
Hymen his yellow vestment tore,
And Dirge a wreath of cypress wore.

¹ In the island Salamis.

² See Plutarch in the life of Lysander.

³ Simonides.

⁴ Laura, twenty years, and ten after her death.

⁵ Monody on the death of Mrs. Lyttelton.

But chief your own the solemn lay
That wept Narcissa young and gay;
Darkness clapp'd her sable wing,
While you touch'd the mournful string,
Anguish left the pathless wild,
Grim-faced Melancholy smiled,
Drowsy Midnight ceased to yawn,
The starry host put back the dawn,
Aside their harps e'en seraphs flung,
To hear thy sweet complaint, O Young!

When all nature's hush'd asleep,
Nor Love nor Guilt their vigils keep;
Soft you leave your cavern'd den,
And wander o'er the works of men;
But when Phosphor brings the dawn,
By her dappled coursers drawn,
Again you to the wild retreat,
And the early huntsman meet,
Where as you pensive pace along,
You catch the distant shepherd's song,
Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
Or the rising primrose view:
Devotion lends her heaven-plumed wings,
You mount, and Nature with you sings.
But when midday fervours glow,
To upland airy shades you go,
Where never sunburnt woodman came,
Nor sportsman chased the timid game;
And there, beneath an oak reclined,
With drowsy waterfalls behind,
You sink to rest:—
Till the tuneful bird of night,
From the neighbouring poplar's height,

Wake you with her solemn strain,
And teach pleased Echo to complain.

With you roses brighter bloom,
Sweeter every sweet perfume;
Purer every fountain flows,
Stronger every wilding grows.

Let those toil for gold who please,
Or for fame renounce their ease.
What is fame? an empty bubble;
Gold? a transient, shining trouble.
Let them for their country bleed,
What was Sidney's, Raleigh's meed?
Man's not worth a moment's pain,
Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.
Then let me, sequester'd fair,
To your sibyl grot repair;
On yon hanging cliff it stands,
Scoop'd by Nature's savage hands,
Bosom'd in the gloomy shade
Of cypress, not with age decay'd:
Where the owl still hooting sits,
Where the bat incessant flits,
There in loftier strains I'll sing
Whence the changing seasons spring,
Tell how storms deform the skies,
Whence the waves subside and rise,
Trace the comet's blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a scale:
Bend, great God! before thy shrine,
The boundless macrocosm's thine.

Save me! what's yon shrouded shade,
That wanders in the dark brown glade?
It beckons me! —vain fears, adieu,
Mysterious ghost, I follow you.

Ah me! too well that gait I know,
My youth's first friend, my manhood's woe!
Its breast it bares! what! stain'd with blood?
Quick let me stanch the vital flood.
Oh spirit, whither art thou flown?
Why, left me comfortless alone?—
O Solitude, on me bestow
The heartfelt harmony of woe,
Such, such, as on the Ausonian shore,
Sweet Dorian Moschus⁶ trill'd of yore:
No time should cancel thy desert,
More, more than Bion⁷ was thou wert.

O goddess of the tearful eye,
The never ceasing stream supply,
Let us with Retirement go
To charnels, and the house of woe;
O'er friendship's hearse low drooping mourn,
Where the sickly tapers burn,
Where Death and nun-clad Sorrow dwell,
And nightly ring the solemn knell.
The gloom dispels, the charnel smiles,
Light flashes through the vaulted isles,
Blow silky soft, thou western gale,
O goddess of the desert, hail!

She bursts from yon cliff-riven cave,
Insulted by the wintry wave;
Her brow an ivy garland binds,
Her tresses wanton with the winds,
A lion's spoils, without a zone,
Around her limbs are careless thrown;

⁶ See Idyll.

⁷ Alluding to the death of a friend.

Her right hand wields a knotted mace,
Her eyes roll wild, astride her pace;
Her left a magic mirror holds,
In which she oft herself beholds.

O goddess of the desert, hail !

And softer blow, thou western gale !

‘ Since in each scheme of life I’ve fail’d,

And disappointment seems entail’d ;

Since all on earth I valued most,

My guide, my stay, my friend is lost;

You, only you can make me bless’d,

And hush the tempest in my breast.

Then gently deign to guide my feet

To your hermit-trodden seat,

Where I may live at last my own,

Where I at last may die unknown.’

I spoke, she turn’d her magic ray,

And thus she said, or seem’d to say—

‘ Youth, you’re mistaken, if you think to find

In shades a medicine for a troubled mind ;

Wan Grief will haunt you wheresoe’er you go,

Sigh in the breeze, and in the streamlet flow,

There pale Inaction pines his life away,

And, satiate, curses the return of day :

There naked Frenzy, laughing wild with pain,

Or bares the blade, or plunges in the main :

There Superstition broods o’er all her fears,

And yells of demons in the zephyr hears.

But if a hermit you’re resolved to dwell,

And bid to social life a last farewell ;

’Tis impious——

God never made an independent man,

’Twould jar the concord of his general plan :

See every part of that stupendous whole,
" Whose body nature is, and God the soul ;"
To one great end, the general good, conspire,
From matter, brute, to man, to seraph, sire.
Should man through nature solitary roam,
His will his sovereign, everywhere his home,
What force would guard him from the lion's
 jaw ?

What swiftness wing him from the panther's paw?
Or should fate lead him to some safer shore,
Where panthers never prowl, nor lions roar,
Where liberal nature all her charms bestows,
Suns shine, birds sing, flowers bloom, and water
 flows ;

Fool, dost thou think he 'd revel on the store,
Absolve the care of Heaven, nor ask for more ?
Though waters flow'd, flowers bloom'd, and
 Phœbus shone,

He 'd sigh, he 'd murmur that he was alone.

For know, the Maker on the human breast

A sense of kindred, country, man impress'd ;

And social life to better, aid, adorn,

With proper faculties each mortal 's born.

 ' Though nature's works the ruling mind de-
 clare,

And well deserve inquiry's serious care,

The God (whate'er misanthropy may say)

Shines, beams in man, with most unclouded ray.

What boots it thee to fly from pole to pole ?

Hang o'er the sun, and with the planets roll ?

What boots through space's farthest bourns to
 roam,

If thou, O man ! a stranger art at home ?

Then know thyself, the human mind survey,
 The use, the pleasure will the toil repay.
 Hence Inspiration plans his manner'd lays,
 Hence Homer's crown; and, Shakspeare! hence
 thy bays.

Hence he, the pride of Athens and the shame,
 The best and wisest of mankind became.

Nor study only, practise what you know,
 Your life, your knowledge to mankind you owe.
 With Plato's olive wreath the bays entwine;
 Those who in study, should in practice shine.
 Say, does the learned Lord^a of Hagley's shade
 Charm man so much by mossy fountains laid
 As, when aroused, he stems corruption's course,
 And shakes the senate with a Tully's force?
 When Freedom gasp'd beneath a Cæsar's feet,
 Then public virtue might to shades retreat;
 But where she breathes, the least may useful be,
 And freedom, Britain, still belong to thee!
 Though man's ungrateful, or though fortune
 frown;

Is the reward of worth a song, or crown?
 Nor yet unrecompensed are virtue's pains,
 Good Allen^b lives, and bounteous Brunswick
 reigns.

On each condition disappointments wait,
 Enter the hut, and force the guarded gate:
 Nor dare repine, though early friendship bleed,
 From love, the world, and all its cares, he's freed.
 But know, adversity's the child of God;
 Whom Heaven approves of most, most feel her rod.

^a Lord Lyttelton.

^b Ralph Allen, Esq. of Prior Park.

When smooth old Ocean, and each storm's asleep,
Then ignorance may plough the watery deep;
But when the demons of the tempest rave,
Skill must conduct the vessel through the wave.
Sidney¹⁰, what good man envies not thy blow?
Who would not wish Anytus¹¹ for a foe?
Intrepid virtue triumphs over fate,
The good can never be unfortunate:
And be this maxim graven in thy mind,
"The height of virtue is, to serve mankind."
 ' But when old age has silver'd o'er thy head,
When memory fails, and all thy vigour's fled,
Then mayst thou seek the stillness of retreat,
Then hear aloof the human tempest beat;
Then will I greet thee to my woodland cave,
Allay the pangs of age, and smooth thy grave.'

BRYAN AND PEREENE.

A West Indian Ballad.

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,
The ship was safely moor'd,
Young Bryan thought the boat's crew slow,
And so leap'd overboard.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart did long enthral,
And whoso his impatience blames,
I wot, ne'er loved at all.

¹⁰ Sir Philip Sidney, who was killed at the battle of Zutphen.

¹¹ One of the accusers of Socrates.

A long, long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on English land,
Nor once in thought would ever stray,
Though ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
Right blithsome roll'd his e'en,
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,
He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
That graced his mistress true;
Such charms the old world never saw,
Nor oft, I ween, the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy rosebuds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well known ship she spied,
She cast her weeds away,
And to the palmy shore she hied,
All in her best array.

In seagreen silk so neatly clad,
She there impatient stood;
The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave;
Well pleased, the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions, one and all,
Rejoicing crowd the strand;
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain;
When, ah! a shark bit through his waist:
His heart's blood dyed the main!

He shriek'd! his half sprung from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And soon it found a living grave,
And, ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the spring:
She falls, she falls, she dies away—
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb,
Ye fair, fresh flowerets strew,
So may your lovers scape his doom,
Her hapless fate scape you.

THE SUGARCANE.

A POEM.

In four Books.

Agredior primusque novis Heliconæ movere
Cantibus, et viridi nutantes vertice sylvas;
Hospita sacra ferens, nulli memorata priorum.

MANIL.

PREFACE.

SOON after my arrival in the West Indies, I conceived the design of writing a poem on the cultivation of the sugarcane. My inducements to this arduous undertaking were, not only the importance and novelty of the subject, but more especially this consideration; that, as the face of this country was wholly different from that of Europe, so whatever hand copied its appearances, however rude, could not fail to enrich poetry with many new and picturesque images.

I cannot, indeed, say I have satisfied my own ideas in this particular: yet I must be permitted to recommend the precepts contained in this poem. They are the children of truth, not of genius; the result of experience, not the productions of fancy. Thus, though I may not be able to please, I shall stand some chance of instructing the reader; which, as it is the nobler end of



GRAIN GIE.
 Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray
 Fetch water from the spring:
 She falls, she falls, she dies away—
 And soon her knell they ring.

John D. Brown.

Drawn by Ruth^d Cook

Engraved by A. Gordon.

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all poetry, so it should be the principal aim of every writer who wishes to be thought a good man.

It must, however, be observed, that, though the general precepts are suited to every climate, where the cane will grow, yet, the more minute rules are chiefly drawn from the practice of St. Christopher. Some selection was necessary; and I could adopt no modes of planting with such propriety, as those I had seen practised in that island, where it has been my good fortune chiefly to reside since I came to the West Indies.

I have often been astonished, that so little has been published on the cultivation of the sugar-cane, while the press has groaned under folios on every other branch of rural economy. It were unjust to suppose planters were not solicitous for the improvement of their art, and injurious to assert they were incapable of obliging mankind with their improvements.

And yet, except some scattered hints in Pere Labat, and other French travellers in America; an essay, by colonel Martyn of Antigua, is the only piece on plantership I have seen deserving a perusal. That gentleman's pamphlet is, indeed, an excellent performance; and to it I own myself indebted.

It must be confessed, that terms of art look awkward in poetry; yet didactic compositions cannot wholly dispense with them. Accordingly we find that Hesiod and Virgil, among the ancients, with Philips and Dyer (not to mention some other poets now living in our own country), have been obliged to insert them in their poems.

Their example is a sufficient apology for me, for in their steps I shall always be proud to tread.

Vos sequor, ô Graiæ gentis decus, inque vestris nunc
Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis ;
Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem,
Quod vos imitari aveau.—————

Yet, like them too, I have generally preferred the way of description, wherever that could be done without hurting the subject.

Such words as are not common in Europe I have briefly explained : because an obscure poem affords both less pleasure and profit to the reader. —For the same reason, some notes have been added, which, it is presumed, will not be disagreeable to those who have never been in the West Indies.

In a West India Georgic, the mention of many indigenous remedies, as well as diseases, was unavoidable. The truth is, I have rather courted opportunities of this nature, than avoided them. Medicines of such amazing efficacy, as I have had occasion to make trials of in these islands, deserve to be universally known. And wherever, in the following poem, I recommended any such, I beg leave to be understood as a physician, and not as a poet.

Basseterre, Jan. 1763.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

Subject proposed. Invocation and address. What soils the cane grows best in. The gray light earth. Praise of St. Christopher. The red brick mould. Praise of Jamaica, and of Christopher Columbus. The black soil mixed with clay and gravel. Praise of Barbadoes, Nevis, and Mount Serrat. Composts may improve other soils. Advantages and disadvantages of a level plantation. Of a mountain estate. Of a midland one. Advantages of proper cultivation. Of fallowing. Of compost. Of leaving the Woura, and penning cattle on the distant cane-pieces. Whether yams improve the soil. Whether dung should be buried in each hole, or scattered over the piece. Cane lands may be holed at any time. The ridges should be open to the trade wind. The beauty of holing regularly by a line. Alternate holing, and the wheel-plough recommended to trial. When to plant. Wet weather the best. Rain often falls in the West Indies, almost without any previous signs. The signs of rainy weather. Of fogs round the high mountains. Planting described. Begin to plant mountain land in July: the low ground in November, and the subsequent months, till May. The advantage of changing tops in planting. Whether the moon has any influence over the cane plant. What quantity of mountain and of low cane land may be annually planted. The last cane piece should be cut off before the end of July. Of hedges. Of stone enclosures. Myrtle hedges recommended. Whether trees breed the blast. The character of a good planter. Of weeding. Of moulding. Of strip-ping.

WHAT soil the cane affects ; what care demands ;
Beneath what signs to plant ; what ills await ;
How the hot nectar best to crystalize ;
And Afric's sable progeny to treat :

A Muse, that long hath wander'd in the groves
Of myrtle indolence, attempts to sing.

Spirit of inspiration, that didst lead
The' Ascrean poet to the sacred mount,
And taught'st him all the precepts of the swain;
Descend from heaven, and guide my trembling
steps

To Fame's eternal dome, where Maro reigns;
Where pastoral Dyer, where Pomona's bard,
And Smart and Somerville in varying strains,
Their silvan lore convey: O, may I join
This choral band, and from their precepts learn
To deck my theme, which, thought to song unknown,
Is most momentous to my country's weal!

So shall my numbers win the public ear;
And not displease Aurelius; him to whom,
Imperial George, the monarch of the main,
Hath given to wield the sceptre of those isles,
Where first the Muse beheld the spiry cane¹,
Supreme of plants, rich subject of my song.

¹ *the spiry cane.*] The botanical name of the cane is *saccharum*. The Greeks and Romans seem to have known very little of this most useful and beautiful plant. Lucan and Pliny are the only authors among the former who mention it; and so far as I can find, Arrian is the only Greek. The cane, however, as it was a native of the East, so has it been probably cultivated there time immemorial. When the Indians began to make the cane-juice into sugar, I cannot discover; probably, it soon found its way into Europe in that form, first by the Red Sea, and afterwards through Persia, by the Black Sea and Caspian; but the plant itself was not known to Europe, till the Arabians introduced it into the southern parts of Spain, Sicily, and those provinces of France which border on the Pyrenean mountains. It was also successfully cultivated in Egypt, and in many places on the Barbary coast. From the Mediterranean, the Spaniards and Portuguese transported the cane to the Azores, the Madeiras, the Canary, and the Cape Verd islands, soon after they had been discovered in the

Where'er the clouds relent in frequent rains,
And the Sun fiercely darts his tropic beam,

fifteenth century: and, in most of these, particularly in Madeira, it thrived exceedingly. Whether the cane is a native of either the Great or Less Antilles cannot now be determined, for their discoverers were so wholly employed in searching after imaginary gold-mines, that they took little or no notice of the natural productions. Indeed, the wars wherein they wantonly engaged themselves with the natives, was another hindrance to physical investigation. But whether the cane was a production of the West Indies or not, it is probable, the Spaniards and Portuguese did not begin to cultivate it either there or in South America (where it certainly was found), till some years after their discovery. It is also equally uncertain whether sugar was first made in the islands or on the continent, and whether the Spaniards or Portuguese were the first planters in the new world: it is indeed most likely that the latter erected the first sugar-works in Brazil, as they are more lively and enterprising than the Spaniards. However they had not long the start of the latter; for, in 1506, Ferdinand the Catholic ordered the cane to be carried from the Canaries to St. Domingo, in which island one Pedro de Atencu soon after built an ingenio de açúcar, for so the Spaniards call a sugar-work. But though they began thus early to turn their thoughts to sugar, the Portuguese far outstripped them in that trade; for Lisbon soon supplied most of Europe with that commodity; and, notwithstanding the English then paid the Portuguese at the rate of four pound per cwt. for muscovado, yet that price, great as it may now appear, was probably much less than what the sugar from the East Indies had commonly been sold for. Indeed, so intent was the crown of Portugal on extending their Brazil trade, that that of the East Indies began to be neglected, and soon after suffered a manifest decay. However, their sugar made them ample amends, in which trade they continued almost without a rival for upwards of a century. At last the Dutch, in 1623, drove the Portuguese out of all the northern part of Brazil; and, during the one and twenty years they kept that conquest, those industrious republicans learned the art of making sugar. This probably inspired the English with a desire of coming in for a share of the sugar-trade; accordingly they, renouncing their chimerical search after gold mines in Florida and Guiana, settled themselves soon after at

The cane will joint, ungenial though the soil.
 But wouldst thou see huge casks, in order due,
 Roll'd numerous on the bay, all fully fraught
 With strong-grain'd muscovado², silvery gray,
 Joy of the planter; and if happy Fate
 Permit a choice, avoid the rocky slope,
 The clay-cold bottom, and the sandy beach.
 But let thy biting axe with ceaseless stroke
 The wild red cedar³, the tough locust⁴ fell:

the mouth of the river Surinam, where they cultivated the cane with such success, that when the colony was ceded to the Dutch by the treaty of Breda, it maintained not less than 40,000 whites, half that number of slaves, and employed, one year with another, 15,000 ton of shipping. This cession was a severe blow to the English trade, which it did not recover for several years, though many of the Surinam planters carried their art and negroes to the Leeward Islands and Jamaica, which then began to be the object of political consideration in England.

Sugar is twice mentioned by Chaucer, who flourished in the fourteenth century; and succeeding poets, down to the middle of the last, use the epithet sugared, whenever they would express any thing uncommonly pleasing: since that time, the more elegant writers seldom admit of that adjective in a metaphorical sense; but herein perhaps they are affectedly squeamish.

² *muscovado*.] The cane-juice being brought to the consistence of sirup, and, by subsequent coction, granulated, is then called muscovado (a Spanish word probably, though not to be found in Pineda), vulgarly brown sugar; the French term it *sucre brut*.

³ *wild red cedar*.] There are two species of cedar commonly to be met with in the West Indies, the white and red, which differ from the cedars cultivated in the Bermudas: both are lofty, shady, and of quick growth. The white succeeds in any soil, and produces a flower which, infused like tea, is useful against fish poison. The red requires a better mould, and always emits a disagreeable smell before rain. The wood of both are highly useful for many mechanical purposes, and but too little planted.

⁴ *locust*.] This is also a lofty tree. It is of quick growth

Nor let his nectâr, nor his silken pods,
 The sweet smell'd cassia, or vast ceiba save⁵.
 Yet spare the guava⁶, yet the guaiac spare⁷;
 A wholesome food the ripened guava yields,

and handsome, and produces a not disagreeable fruit in a flat pod or legumen, about three inches long. It is a serviceable wood. In botanical books, I find three different names for the locust-tree; that meant here is the *sili qua edulis*.

⁵ or vast ceiba save.] Canoes have been scooped out of this tree, capable of holding upwards of a hundred people; and many hundreds, as authors relate, have been at once sheltered by its shade. Its pods contain a very soft short cotton, like silk: hence the English call the tree the silk-cotton-tree; and the Spaniards name its cotton *lana de ceiba*. It has been wrought into stockings; but its commonest use is to stuff pillows and mattresses. It might be made an article of commerce, as the tree grows without trouble, and is yearly covered with pods. An infusion of the leaves is a gentle diaphoretic, and much recommended in the smallpox. The botanical name of the ceiba is *bombax*; and the French call it *fromager*. There are two species; the stem of the one being prickly, and that of the other smooth.

⁶ Yet spare the guava.] The Spaniards call this tree *guayava*. It bears a fruit as large, and of much the same shape, as a golden pippin. This is of three species, the yellow, the amazon, and the white; the last is the most delicate, but the second sort the largest: all are equally wholesome, when stewed or made into jelly or marmalade. When raw, they are supposed to generate worms. Strangers do not always at first like their flavour, which is peculiarly strong. This, however, goes off by use, and they become exceedingly agreeable. Acosta says the Peruvian guavas surpass those of any other part of America. The bark of the tree is an astringent, and tans leather as well as that of oak. The French call the tree *goyavier*.

⁷ yet the guaiac spare.] The *lignum-vitæ*, or pock-wood-tree. The virtues of every part of this truly medical tree are two well known to be enumerated here. The hardness and incorruptibility of its timber make abundant amends for the great slowness of its growth, for of it are formed the best posts for houses against hurricanes, and it is no less usefully employed in building windmills and cattlemills.

Boast of the housewife : while the guaiac grows
 A sovereign antidote, in wood, bark, gum,
 To cause the lame his useless crutch forego,
 And dry the sources of corrupted love.
 Nor let thy bright impatient flames destroy
 The golden shaddoc⁸, the forbidden fruit,
 The white acajou, and rich sabbaca⁹ :
 For, where these trees their leafy banners raise
 Aloft in air, a gray deep earth abounds,
 Fat, light ; yet, when it feels the wounding hoe,

⁸ *The golden shaddoc.*] This is the largest and finest kind of orange. It is not a native of America, but was brought to the islands, from the East Indies, by an Englishman, whose name it bears. It is of three kinds, the sweet, the sour, and the bitter ; the juice of all of them is wholesome, and the rind medical. In flavour and wholesomeness, the sweet shaddoc excels the other two, and indeed every other kind of orange, except the forbidden fruit, which scarce yields to any known fruit in the four quarters of the world.

⁹ *..... sabbaca.*] This is the Indian name of the avocado, avocado, avigato, or, as the English corruptly call it, alligator-pear. The Spaniards in South America name it aguacate, and under that name it is described by Ulloa. However, in Peru and Mexico, it is better known by the appellation of palta or palto. It is a sightly tree, of two species ; the one bearing a green fruit, which is the most delicate, and the other a red, which is less esteemed, and grows chiefly in Mexico. When ripe, the skin peels easily off, and discovers a butyraceous, or rather a marrowlike substance, with greenish veins interspersed. Being eaten with salt and pepper, or sugar and lime-juice, it is not only agreeable, but highly nourishing ; hence Sir Hans Sloane used to style it vegetable marrow. The fruit is of the size and shape of the pear named lady's-thighs, and contains a large stone, from whence the tree is propagated. These trees bear fruit but once a year. Few strangers care for it ; but, by use, soon become fond of it. The juice of the kernel marks linen with a violet colour. Its wood is soft, and consequently of little use. The French call it bois d' anise, and the tree avocat : the botanical name is persea.

Rising in clods, which ripening suns and rain
 Resolves to crumbles, yet not pulverize :
 In this the soul of vegetation wakes,
 Pleased at the planter's call, to burst on day.

Thrice happy he, to whom such fields are given !
 For him the cane with little labour grows ;
 Spite of the dogstar, shoots long yellow joints ;
 Concocts rich juice, though deluges descend.
 What if an afteroffspring it reject ?
 This land, for many a crop, will feed his mills ;
 Disdain supplies, nor ask from compost aid.
 Such, green St. Christopher¹⁰, thy happy soil !—

¹⁰ *green St. Christopher.*] This beautiful and fertile island, and which, in Shakspeare's words, may justly be styled

A precious stone set in the silver sea,

lies in seventeenth degree N. L. It was discovered by the great Christopher Columbus, in his second voyage, 1493, who was so pleased with its appearance, that he honoured it with his christian name. Though others pretend that appellation was given it from an imaginary resemblance between a high mountain in its centre, now called Mount Misery, to the fabulous legend of the Devil's carrying St. Christopher on his shoulders. But, be this as it will, the Spaniards soon after settled it, and lived in tolerable harmony with the natives for many years ; and, as their fleets commonly called in there to and from America for provision and water, the settlers, no doubt, reaped some advantage from their situation. By Templeman's Survey, it contains eighty square miles, and is about seventy miles in circumference. It is of an irregular oblong figure, and has a chain of mountains, that run south and north almost from the one end of it to the other, formerly covered with wood, but now the cane-plantations reach almost to their summits, and extend all the way, down their easy declining sides, to the sea. From these mountains some rivers take their rise, which never dry up ; and there are many others which, after rain, run into the sea, but which, at other times, are lost before they reach it. Hence, as this island consists of mountain land and valley, it must always make a

**Not Grecian Tempé, where Arcadian Pan,
Knit with the Graces, tuned his silvan pipe,**

middling crop; for when the low grounds fail, the uplands supply that deficiency; and, when the mountain canes are lodged (or become watery from too much rain), those in the plains yield surprisingly. Nor are the plantations here only seasonable, their sugar sells for more than the sugar of any other of his majesty's islands; as their produce cannot be refined to the best advantage, without a mixture of St. Kitt's muscovado. In the barren part of the island, which runs out towards Nevis, are several ponds, which in dry weather crystalize into good salt; and below Mount Misery is a small solfaterre and collection of fresh water, where fugitive negroes often take shelter, and escape their pursuers. Not far below is a large plain which affords good pasture, water, and wood; and, if the approaches thereto were fortified, which might be done at a moderate expense, it would be rendered inaccessible. The English, repulsing the few natives and Spaniards who opposed them, began to plant tobacco here A. D. 1623. Two years after, the French landed in St. Christopher on the same day that the English settlers received a considerable reinforcement from their mother-country; and the chiefs of both nations, being men of sound policy, entered into an agreement to divide the island between them: the French retaining both extremities, and the English possessing themselves of the middle parts of the island. Some time after both nations erected sugar-works, but there were more tobacco, indigo, coffee, and cotton plantations than sugar ones, as these require a much greater fund to carry them on than those other. All the planters, however, lived easy in their circumstances; for, though the Spaniards, who could not bear to be spectators of their thriving condition, did repossess themselves of the island, yet they were soon obliged to retire, and the colony succeeded better than ever. One reason for this was, that it had been agreed between the two nations, that they should here remain neutral, whatever wars their mother countries might wage against each other in Europe. This was a wise regulation for an infant settlement; but, when king James abdicated the British throne, the French suddenly rose, and drove out the unprepared English by force of arms. The French colonists of St. Christopher had soon reason, however, to repent their impolitic breach of faith; for the expelled planters, being assisted by their coun-

While mute Attention hush'd each charmed rill ;
Not purple Enna, whose irriguous lap,
Strow'd with each fruit of taste, each flower of
smell,

Sicilian Proserpine delighted sought ;
Can vie, bless'd isle, with thee.—Though no soft
sound

Of pastoral stop thine echos e'er awaked ;
Nor raptured poet, lost in holy trance,
Thy streams arrested with enchanting song ;
Yet virgins, far more beautiful¹¹ than she
Whom Pluto ravish'd, and more chaste, are thine ;
Yet probity, from principle, not fear,
Actuates thy sons, bold, hospitable, free :
Yet a fertility, unknown of old,
To other climes denied, adorns thy hills ;
Thy vales, thy dells adorns.—O, might my strain
As far transcend the' immortal songs of Greece
As thou the partial subject of their praise !
Thy fame should float familiar through the world ;
Each plant should own thy cane her lawful lord ;

trymen from the neighbouring isles, and supported by a formidable fleet, soon recovered, not only their lost plantations, but obliged the French totally to abandon the island. After the treaty of Ryswick, indeed, some few of those among them, who had not obtained settlements in Martinico and Hispaniola, returned to St. Christopher: but the war of the partition soon after breaking out, they were finally expelled, and the whole island was ceded in sovereignty to the crown of Great Britain, by the treaty of Utrecht. Since that time, St. Christopher has gradually improved, and it is now at the height of perfection. The Indian name of St. Christopher is Liamuiga, or the Fertile Island.

¹¹ *Yet virgins, far more beautiful.*] The inhabitants of St. Christopher look whiter, are less sallow, and enjoy finer complexions than any of the dwellers on the other islands.
—Sloane.

Nor should old Time (song stops the flight of Time)
Obscure thy lustre with his shadowy wing.

Scarce less impregnated, with every power
Of vegetation, is the red brick mould,
That lies on marly beds.—The renter, this
Can scarce exhaust; how happy for the heir!

Such the glad soil, from whence Jamaica's sons
Derive their opulence: thrice fertile land,
'The pride, the glory of the seagirt isles,
Which, like to rich and various gems, inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep,'
Which first Columbus' daring keel explored.

Daughters of Heaven, with reverential awe,
Pause at that godlike name; for not your flights
Of happiest fancy can outsoar his fame.

Columbus, boast of science, boast of man!
Yet, by the great, the learned, and the wise,
Long held a visionary; who, like thee,
Could brook their scorn; wait seven long years
A selfish, sullen, dilatory court; [at court,
Yet never from thy purposed plan decline?
No god, no hero of poetic times,
In Truth's fair annals, may compare with thee!
Each passion, weakness of mankind, thou knewst,
Thine own concealing; firmest base of power:
Rich in expedients; what most adverse seem'd,
And least expected, most advanced thine aim.
What storms, what monsters, what new forms of
In a vast ocean never cut by keel, [death,
And where the magnet¹² first its aid declined;

¹² *And where the magnet.*] The declension of the needle was discovered, A. D. 1492, by Columbus, in his first voyage to America; and would have been highly alarming to any but one of his undaunted and philosophical turn of mind.

Alone, unterrified, didst thou not view?
Wise legislator, had the Iberian king
Thy plan adopted, murder had not drench'd
In blood vast kingdoms; nor had hellborn Zeal,
And hellborn Avarice, his arms disgraced.
Yet, for a world, discover'd and subdued,
What meed hadst thou? With toil, disease,
worn out,

Thine age was spent soliciting the prince,
To whom thou gavest the sceptre of that world.
Yet, blessed spirit, where enthroned thou sit'st,
Chief mid the friends of man, repine not thou:
Dear to the Nine, thy glory shall remain
While winged commerce either ocean ploughs;
While its loved pole the magnet coyly shuns;
While weeps the guaiac, and while joints the cane.

Shall the Muse celebrate the dark deep mould,
With clay or gravel mix'd?—This soil the cane
With partial fondness loves; and oft surveys
Its progeny with wonder.—Such rich veins
Are plenteous scatter'd o'er the sugar isles:
But chief that land, to which the bearded fig¹³,

¹³ *the bearded fig.*] This wonderful tree, by the Indians called the banian-tree; and by the botanists *ficus indica*, or *bengaliensis*, is exactly described by Q. Curtius, and beautifully by Milton in the following lines:

The fig-tree, not that kind renown'd for fruit,
But such as at this day to Indians known,
In Malabar and Decan spreads her arms;
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground,
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother-tree, a pillar'd shade,
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between.
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
At loop-holes cut through thickest shade.

Prince of the forest, gave Barbadoes name :
 Chief Nevis ¹⁴, justly for its hot baths famed :
 And breezy Mountserrat ¹⁵, whose wondrous
 springs
 Change, like Medusa's head, whate'er they touch,
 To stony hardness ; boast this fertile glebe.
 Though such the soils the Antillean cane

¹⁴ *Chief Nevis.*] This island, which does not contain many fewer square miles than St. Christopher, is more rocky, and almost of a circular figure. It is separated from that island by a channel not above one mile and a half over, and lies to windward. Its warm bath possesses all the medical properties of the hot well at Bristol, and its water, being properly bottled, keeps as well at sea, and is no less agreeable to the palate. It was for many years the capital of the Leeward island government ; and, at that period, contained both more whites and blacks than it does at present, often mustering 3000 men. The English first settled there A. D. 1628. Sixty-two years afterwards, the chief town was almost wholly destroyed by an earthquake ; and, in 1706, the planters were well nigh ruined by the French, who carried off their slaves contrary to capitulation. It must have been discovered in Columbus's second voyage, A. D. 1493.

¹⁵ *And breezy Mountserrat.*] This island, which lies about thirty miles to the south-west of Antigua, is not less famous for its solfaterre (or volcano) and hot petrifying spring, than for the goodness of its sugars. Being almost circular in its shape, it cannot contain much less land than either Nevis or St. Christopher. It is naturally strong, so that when the French made descents thereon, in king William and queen Anne's time, they were always repulsed with considerable loss. It was settled by that great adventurer Sir Thomas Warner, A. D. 1632, who sent thither some of his people from St. Christopher, for that purpose. In the beginning of the reign of Charles II. the French took it, but it was restored, A. D. 1667, by the treaty of Breda. In this island, the Roman catholics, who behaved well when our enemies attempted to conquer it, have many privileges, and of course are more numerous there than in any other of the English Caribbee islands. Its capital is called Plymouth. Columbus discovered it in his second voyage.

Supremely loves; yet other soils abound,
Which art may tutor to obtain its smile.
Say, shall the experienced Muse that art recite?
How sand will fertilize stiff barren clay?
How clay unites the light, the porous mould,
Sport of each breeze? And how the torpid nymph
Of the rank pool, so noisome to the smell,
May be solicited, by wily ways,
To draw her humid train, and, prattling, run
Down the reviving slopes? Or shall she say
What glebes, ungrateful to each other art,
Their genial treasures ope to fire alone?
Record the different composts, which the cold
To plastic gladness warm? The torrid, which
By soothing coolness win? The sharp saline,
Which best subdue? Which mollify the sour?

To thee, if Fate low level land assign,
Slightly cohering, and of sable hue,
Far from the hill; be parsimony thine. [scend;
For though this year when constant showers de-
The speedy gale, thy sturdy numerous stock,
Scarcely suffice to grind thy mighty canes:
Yet thou, with rueful eye, for many a year,
Shalt view thy plants burn'd by the torch of day;
Hear their parch'd wan blades rustle in the air;
While their black sugars, doughy to the feel,
Will not e'en pay the labour of thy swains.

Or, if the mountain be thy happier lot,
Let prudent foresight still thy coffers guard.
For though the clouds relent in nightly rain,
Though thy rank canes wave lofty in the gale:
Yet will the arrow¹⁶, ornament of woe,

¹⁶ *Yet will the arrow.*] That part of the cane which shoots up into the fructification, is called by planters its arrow,

(Such monarchs oft times give) their jointing stint;
 Yet will winds lodge them, ravening rats destroy,
 Or troops of monkeys thy rich harvest steal.
 The Earth must also wheel around the Sun,
 And half perform that circuit, ere the bill
 Mow down thy sugars: and though all thy mills,
 Crackling, o'erflow with a redundant juice,
 Poor tastes the liquor; coction long demands,
 And highest temper¹⁷, ere it saccharize;
 A meagre produce. Such is Virtue's meed,
 Alas, too oft in these degenerate days.
 Thy cattle likewise, as they drag the wain,
 Charged from the beach; in spite of whips and
 shouts,
 Will stop, will pant, will sink beneath the load;
 A better fate deserving.....
 Besides, thy land itself is insecure:
 For oft the glebe, and all its waving load,
 Will journey, forced off by the mining rain;
 And, with its faithless burden, disarrange
 Thy neighbour's vale. So Markley-hill of old,
 As sung thy bard, Pomona (in these isles
 Yet unadorn'd), with all its spreading trees,
 Full fraught with apples, changed its lofty site.

having been probably used for that purpose by the Indians.
 Till the arrow drops, all additional jointing in the cane is sup-
 posed to be stopped.

¹⁷ *And highest temper.*] Shell, or rather marble quick-
 lime, is so called by the planters: without this, the juice of
 the cane cannot be concreted into sugar, at least to advantage,
 See Book III. With quick-lime the French join ashes as a
 temper, and this mixture they call *enyvrage*. It is hoped the
 reader will pardon the introduction of the verb *saccharize*, as
 no other so emphatically expressed the author's meaning; for
 some chemists define sugar to be a native salt, and others a
 soap.

But, as in life, the golden mean is best;
So happiest he whose green plantation lies
Nor from the hill too far nor from the shore.

Planter, if thou with wonder wouldst survey
Redundant harvests, load thy willing soil;
Let sun and rain mature thy deep-hoed land,
And old fat dung cooperate with these.
Be this great truth still present to thy mind;
The half well cultured far exceeds the whole,
Which lust of gain, unconscious of its end,
Ungrateful vexes with unceasing toil.

As, not indulged, the richest lands grow poor;
And Liamuiga¹⁸ may, in future times,
If too much urged, her barrenness bewail:
So cultivation, on the shallowest soil,
O'erspread with rocky cliffs, will bid the cane,
With spiry pomp, all bountifully rise.
Thus Britain's flag, should discipline relent,
Spite of the native courage of her sons,
Would to the lily strike: ah, very far,
Far be that woful day: the lily then
Will rule wide ocean with resistless sway;
And to old Gallia's haughty shore transport
The lessening crops of these delicious isles.

Of composts shall the Muse descend to sing,
Nor soil her heavenly plumes? The sacred Muse
Nought sordid deems but what is base; nought
Unless true Virtue stamp it with her seal. [fair
Then, planter, wouldst thou double thine estate;
Never, ah never be ashamed to tread
Thy dung heaps, where the refuse of thy mills,
With all the ashes, all thy coppers yield,

¹⁸ *And Liamuiga.*] The Caribbean name of St. Christopher.

With weeds, mould, dung, and stale, a compost
Of force to fertilize the poorest soil. [form,

But, planter, if thy lands lie far remote,
And of access are difficult; on these,
Leave the cane's sapless foliage: and with pens
Wattled (like those the Muse hath oft times seen
When frolic Fancy led her youthful steps
In green Dorchestria's plains) the whole enclose:
There well thy stock with provender supply;
The well fed stock will soon that food repay.

Some of the skilful teach, and some deny,
That yams improve the soil¹⁹. In meagre lands
'Tis known the yam will ne'er to bigness swell;
And from each mould the vegetable tribes,
However frugal, nutriment derive: [leaves,
Yet may their sheltering vines, their dropping
Their roots dividing the tenacious glebe,
More than refund the sustenance they draw.

Whether the fattening compost, in each hole,
'Tis best to throw, or on the surface spread,
Is undetermined: trials must decide.
Unless kind rains and fostering dews descend,
To melt the compost's fertilizing salts;
A stinted plant, deceitful of thy hopes, [lies:
Will from those beds slow spring where hot dung
But, if 'tis scatter'd generously o'er all,

¹⁹ *That yams improve the soil.*] The botanical name of this plant is dioscoria. Its leaves, like those of the water-melon, or gourd, soon mantle over the ground where it is planted. It takes about eight months to come to perfection, and then is a wholesome root, either boiled or roasted. They will sometimes weigh one and a half or two pounds, but their commonest size is from six ounces to nine. They cannot be kept good above half a year. They are a native of South America, the West Indies, and of most parts of Guinea.

The cane will better bear the solar blaze ;
Less rain demand ; and, by repeated crops,
Thy land improved, its gratitude will show.

Enough of composts, Muse ; of soils, enough :
When best to dig, and when inhume the cane ;
A task how arduous ! next demands thy song.

It not imports beneath what sign thy hoes
The deep trough sink, and ridge alternate raise :
If this from washes guard thy gemmy tops²⁰ ;
And that arrest the moisture these require.

Yet, should the site of thine estate permit,
Let the trade-wind thy ridges ventilate ;
So shall a greener, loftier cane arise,
And richest nectar in thy coppers foam.

As art transforms the savage face of things,
And order captivates the' harmonious mind ;
Let not thy Blacks irregularly hoe :
But, aided by the line, consult the site
Of thy demesnes ; and beautify the whole.
So when a monarch rushes to the war,
To drive invasion from his frightened realm ;
Some delegated chief the frontier views,
And to each squadron and brigade assigns
Their order'd station : soon the tented field,
Brigade and squadron, whiten on the sight ;
And fill spectators with an awful joy.

²⁰ *gemmy tops*.] The summit of the cane being smaller-jointed as well as softer, and consequently having more gems, from whence the young sprouts shoot, is properer for planting than any other part of it. From one to four junks, each about a foot long, are put in every hole. Where too many junks are planted in one hole, the canes may be numerous, but can neither become vigorous, nor yield such a quantity of rich liquor as they otherwise would. In case the young shoots do not appear above ground in four or five weeks, the deficiencies must be supplied with new tops.

Planter, Improvement is the child of Time;
What your sires knew not, ye their offspring
know;

But hath your art received Perfection's stamp?
Thou canst not say.—Unprejudiced, then learn
Of ancient modes to doubt, and new to try:
And if Philosophy, with Wisdom, deign
Thee to enlighten with their useful lore;
Fair fame and riches will reward thy toil.

Then say, ye swains whom wealth and fame
inspire,

Might not the plough, that rolls on rapid wheels,
Save no small labour to the hoe-arm'd gang?
Might not the culture taught the British hinds,
By Ceres' son ²¹, unfailing crops secure;
Though neither dung nor fallowing lent their aid?

The cultured land recalls the devious Muse;
Propitious to the planter be the call:
For much, my friend, it thee imports to know
The meetest season to commit thy tops,
With best advantage, to the well dug mould.
The task how difficult, to cull the best
From thwarting sentiments; and best adorn
What Wisdom chooses, in poetic garb!
Yet, Inspiration, come: the theme unsung,
Whence never poet cropp'd one bloomy wreath;
In vast importance to my native land,
Whose sweet idea rushes on my mind,
And makes me mid this paradise repine;
Urge me to pluck, from Fancy's soaring wing,
A plume to deck Experience' hoary brow.

Attend.—The son of Time and Truth declares,

²¹ *By Ceres' son.*] Jethro Tull, Esq. the greatest improver
in modern husbandry.

Unless the low hung clouds drop fatness down,
No bunching plants of vivid green will spring,
In goodly ranks, to fill the planter's eye.
Let then Sagacity, with curious ken,
Remark the various signs of future rain.
The signs of rain, the Mantuan bard hath sung
In loftiest numbers; friendly to thy swains,
Once fertile Italy: but other marks [climes.
Portend the' approaching shower, in these hot
Short sudden rains, from Ocean's ruffled bed,
Driven by some momentary squalls, will oft
With frequent heavy bubbling drops, down fall;
While yet the Sun in cloudless lustre shines:
And draw their humid train o'er half the isle.
Unhappy he! who journeys then from home,
No shade to screen him. His untimely fate
His wife, his babes, his friends will soon deplore;
Unless hot wines, dry clothes, and friction's aid
His fleeting spirits stay. Yet not e'en these,
Nor all Apollo's arts will always bribe
The insidious tyrant, Death, thrice tyrant here:
Else good Amyntor, him the graces loved,
Wisdom caress'd, and Themis call'd her own,
Had lived by all admired, had now perused
'These lines, with all the malice of a friend.'

Yet future rains the careful may foretell:
Mosquitos²², sandflies²³ seek the shelter'd roof,

²² *Mosquitos*.] This is a Spanish word, signifying a gnat, or fly. They are very troublesome, especially to strangers, whom they bite unmercifully, causing a yellow coloured tumour, attended with excessive itching. Ugly ulcers have often been occasioned by scratching those swellings, in persons of a bad habit of body. Though natives of the West Indies, they are not less common in the coldest regions; for Mr. Maupertius takes notice how troublesome they were to him and his attendants on the snowy summit of certain moun-

And with fell rage the stranger-guest assail,
 Nor spare the sportive child; from their retreats
 Cockroaches crawl²⁴ displeasingly abroad:
 These, without pity let thy slaves destroy
 (Like Harpies they defile whate'er they touch);
 While those, the smother of combustion quell.

tains within the arctic circle. They, however, chiefly love shady, moist, and warm places. Accordingly they are commonest to be met with in the corners of rooms, towards evening, and before rain. They are so light as not to be felt when they pitch on the skin; and, as soon as they have darted in their proboscis, fly off, so that the first intimation one has of being bit by them is the itching tumour. Warm lime-juice is its remedy. The mosquito makes a humming noise, especially in the nighttime.

²³ *sandflies*.] This insect the Spaniards call *mosquitilla*, being much smaller than the mosquito. Its bite is like a spark of fire, falling on the skin, which it raises into a small tumour, accompanied with itching. But if the sandfly causes a sharper and more sudden pain than the mosquito, yet it is a more honourable enemy, for remaining upon the skin after the puncture, it may easily be killed. Its colour is gray and black, striped. Lemon-juice, or first runnings, cure its bite.

²⁴ *Cockroaches crawl*.] This is a large species of the chafer, or scarabeus, and is a most disagreeable as well as destructive insect. There is scarce anything which it will not devour, and, wherever it has remained for any time, it leaves a nauseous smell behind it. Though better than an inch long, their thickness is no ways correspondent, so that they can insinuate themselves almost through any crevice, &c. into cabinets, drawers, &c. The smell of cedar is said to frighten them away; but this is a popular mistake, for I have often killed them in presses of that wood. There is a species of cockroach, which, on account of a beating noise which it makes, especially in the night, is called the drummer. Though larger, it is neither of so burnished a colour, nor so quick in its motions as the common sort, than which it is also less frequent, and not so pernicious; yet both will nibble people's toe ends, especially if not well washed, and have sometimes occasioned uneasy sores there. They are natives of a warm climate. The French call them *ravets*.

The speckled lizard²⁵ to its hole retreats,
 And black crabs²⁶ travel from the mountain down;
 Thy ducks their feathers prune; thy doves return,
 In faithful flocks, and on the neighbouring roof
 Perch frequent; where, with pleased attention, they
 Behold the deepening congregated clouds,
 With sadness, blot the azure vault of heaven.

Now, while the shower depends, and rattle loud
 Your doors and windows, haste, ye housewives,
 place [shade,
 Your spouts and pails; ye Negroes, seek the
 Save those who open with the ready hoe

²⁵ *The speckled lizard.*] This is meant of the ground-lizard, and not of the tree-lizard, which is of a fine green colour. There are many kinds of ground-lizards, which, as they are common in the hot parts of Europe, I shall not describe. All of them are perfectly innocent. The Caribbeans used to eat them; they are not inferior to snakes as a medicated food. Snuff forced into their mouth soon convulses them. They change colour, and become torpid; but in a few hours recover. The guana, or rather iguana, is the largest sort of lizard. This, when irritated, will fly at one. It lives mostly upon fruit. It has a sawlike appearance, which ranges from its head all along its back, to its tail. The flesh of it is esteemed a great delicacy. The first writers on the lues venerea forbid its use to those who labour under that disease. It is a very ugly animal. In some parts of South America the aligator is called iguana.

²⁶ *And black crabs.*] Black land-crabs are excellent eating; but as they sometimes will occasion a most violent cholera morbus (owing, say planters, to their feeding on the mahoe-berry), they should never be dressed till they have fed for some weeks in a crab-house, after being caught by the Negroes. When they moult, they are most delicate; and then, it is believed, never poison. This however is certain, that at that time they have no gall, but, in its stead, the petrification called a crab's-eye is found. As I have frequently observed their great claws (with which they severely bite the unwary) of very unequal sizes, it is probable these regenerate when broke off by accident or otherwise.

The' enriching water-course : for, see, the drops,
Which fell with slight aspersion, now descend
In streams continuous on the laughing land.
The coyest Naiads quit their rocky caves,
And, with delight, run brawling to the main ;
While those, who love still visible to glad
The thirsty plains from never ceasing urns,
Assume more awful majesty, and pour
With force resistless down the channel'd rocks.
The rocks, or split or hurried from their base,
With trees, are whirl'd impetuous to the sea :
Fluctuates the forest ; the torn mountains roar :
The main itself recoils for many a league,
While its green face is changed to sordid brown.
A grateful freshness every sense pervades ;
While beats the heart with unaccustom'd joy :
Her stores fugacious Memory now recalls ;
And Fancy prunes her wings for loftiest flights.
The mute creation share the' enlivening hour ;
Bounds the brisk kid, and wanton plays the lamb.
The drooping plants revive ; ten thousand blooms,
Which with their fragrant scents perfume the air,
Burst into being ; while the canes put on
Glad Nature's liveliest robe, the vivid green.

But chief, let fix'd Attention cast his eye
On the capp'd mountain, whose high rocky verge
The wild fig canopies, (vast woodland king,
Beneath thy branching shade a banner'd host
May lie in ambush !) and whose shaggy sides
Trees shade, of endless green, enormous size,
Wondrous in shape, to botany unknown,
Old as the deluge.—There, in secret haunts,
The watery spirits ope their liquid court ;
There, with the woodnymphs, link'd in festal band

(Soft airs and Phœbus wing them to their arms),
Hold amorous dalliance. Ah, may none profane,
With fire or steel, their mystic privacy :
For there their fluent offspring first see day,
Coy infants sporting ; silver footed dew
To bathe by night thy sprouts in genial balm ;
The green-stoled Naiad of the tinkling rill,
Whose brow the fern-tree²⁷ shades : the power
of rain

To glad the thirsty soil on which, arranged,
The gemmy summits of the cane await
Thy Negro train (in linen lightly wrapp'd),
Who, now that painted Iris girds the sky,
(Aerial arch, which Fancy loves to stride !)
Disperse, all-jocund, o'er the long-hoed land.

The bundles some untie ; the wither'd leaves
Others strip artful off, and careful lay,
Twice one junk, distant in the amplest bed.
O'er these, with hasty hoe, some lightly spread
The mounded interval, and smooth the trench :
Well pleased, the master swain reviews their toil ;
And rolls, in fancy, many a full fraught cask.
So, when the shield was forged for Peleus' son ;
The swarthy Cyclops shared the' important task :
With bellows some revived the seeds of fire ;
Some, gold, and brass, and steel together fused

²⁷ *Whose brow the fern-tree.*] This only grows in mountainous situations. Its stem shoots up to a considerable height, but it does not divide into branches till near the summit, where it shoots out horizontally, like an umbrella, into leaves, which resemble those of the common fern. I know of no medical uses whereto this singularly beautiful tree has been applied ; and indeed its wood, being spongy, is seldom used to economical purposes. It, however, serves well enough for building mountain hats, and temporary fences for cattle.

In the vast furnace; while a chosen few,
 In equal measures lifting their bare arms,
 Inform the mass; and, hissing in the wave,
 Temper the glowing orb; their sire beholds,
 Amazed, the wonders of his fusile art.

While Procyon reigns yet fervid in the sky:
 While yet the fiery Sun in Leo rides;
 And the Sun's child, the mail'd anana²⁸, yields
 His regal apple to the ravish'd taste;
 And thou green avocado, charm of sense,
 Thy ripen'd marrow liberally bestow'st;
 Begin the distant mountain land to plant:
 So shall thy canes defy November's cold,
 Ungenial to the upland young; so best,
 Untinted by the arrow's deadening power,
 Long yellow joints shall flow with generous juice.

But, till the lemon, orange, and the lime,
 Amid their verdant umbrage, countless glow
 With fragrant fruit of vegetable gold;
 Till yellow plantanes bend the unstain'd bough
 With crooked clusters, prodigally full;
 Till Capricorn command the cloudy sky;
 And moist Aquarius melt in daily showers,
 Friend to the cane isles; trust not thou thy tops,
 Thy future riches, to the lowland plain:
 And if kind Heaven in pity to thy prayers
 Shed genial influence, as the Earth absolves
 Her annual circuit, thy rich ripen'd canes
 Shall load thy wagons, mules, and Negro train.

²⁸the mail'd anana.] This is the pineapple, and needs no description; the cherimoya, a South American fruit, is by all, who have tasted both, allowed to surpass the pine, and is even said to be more wholesome. The botanical name of the pineapple is bromelia. Of the wild pineapple, or ananas bravo, hedges are made in South America. It produces an inferior sort of fruit.

But chief thee, planter, it imports to mark
(Whether thou breathe the mountain's humid air,
Or pant with heat continual on the plain)
What months relent, and which from rain are free.
In different islands of the ocean stream,
E'en in the different parts of the same isle,
The seasons vary; yet attention soon
Will give thee each variety to know.
This once observed, at such a time inhume
Thy plants, that, when they joint (important age,
Like youth just stepping into life), the clouds
May constantly bedew them: so shall they
Avoid those ails which else their manhood kill.
Six times the changeful Moon must blunt her horns,
And fill with borrow'd light her silvery urn,
Ere thy tops, trusted to the mountain land,
Commence their jointing; but four moons suffice
To bring to puberty the lowland cane.

In plants, in beasts, in man's imperial race,
An alien mixture meliorates the breed;
Hence canes, that sicken'd dwarfish on the plain,
Will shoot with giant vigour on the hill.
Thus all depends on all; so God ordains.
Then let not man, for little selfish ends,
(Britain, remember this important truth!)
Presume the principle to counteract
Of universal love; for God is love,
And wide creation shares alike his care.

'Tis said by some, and nor unletter'd they,
That chief the planter, if he wealth desire,
Should note the phases of the fickle Moon.
On thee, sweet empress of the night, depend
The tides; stern Neptune pays his court to thee;
The winds, obedient at thy bidding, shift,

And tempests rise or fall ; e'en lordly man
Thine energy controls.—Not so the cane ;
The cane its independency may boast,
Though some less noble plants thine influence own.

Of mountain lands economy permits
A third, in canes of mighty growth to rise ;
But in the lowland plain, the half will yield,
Though not so lofty, yet a richer cane,
For many a crop ; if seasons glad the soil ²⁹.

While rolls the Sun from Aries to the Bull,
And till the Virgin his hot beams inflame ;
The cane, with richest, most redundant juice,
Thy spacious coppers fills. Then manage so,
By planting in succession, that thy crops
The wondering daughters of the main may waft
To Britain's shore, ere Libra weigh the year :
So shall thy merchant cheerful credit grant,
And well earn'd opulence thy cares repay.

Thy fields thus planted, to secure the canes
From the goat's baneful tooth, the churning boar,
From thieves, from fire or casual or design'd,
Unfailing herbage to thy toiling herds
Wouldst thou afford, and the spectators charm
With beauteous prospects, let the frequent hedge
Thy green plantation regular divide.

With limes, with lemons let thy fences glow,
Grateful to sense, now children of this clime ³⁰ :

²⁹ *if seasons glad the soil.*] Long-continued and violent rains are called seasons in the West Indies.

³⁰ *now children of this clime.*] It is supposed that oranges, lemons, and limes were introduced into America by the Spaniards ; but I am more inclined to believe they are natural to the climate. The Spaniards themselves probably had the two first from the Saracens, for the Spanish noun *paranja*, whence the English word orange, is plainly Arabic.

And here and there let oranges erect
 Their shapely beauties, and perfume the sky.
 Nor less delightful blooms the logwood hedge³¹,
 Whose wood to coction yields a precious balm,
 Specific in the flux: endemial ail,
 Much cause have I to weep thy fatal sway.—
 But God is just, and man must not repine.
 Nor shall the ricinus³² unnoted pass;
 Yet, if the colic's deathful pangs thou dread'st,
 Taste not its luscious nut. The acasse³³,

³¹ *the logwood hedge.*] Linnæus's name for this useful tree is hæmotoxylon, but it is better known to physicians by that of lignum campechense. Its virtues as a medicine, and properties as an ingredient in dyeing, need not to be enumerated in this place. It makes a no less strong than beautiful hedge in the West Indies, where it rises to a considerable height.

³² *Nor shall the ricinus.*] This shrub is commonly called the physic-nut. It is generally divided into three kinds, the common, the French, and the Spanish, which differ from each other in their leaves and flowers, if not in their fruit or seeds. The plant from which the castor oil is extracted is also called ricinus, though it has no resemblance to any of the former, in leaves, flowers, or seeds. In one particular they all agree, viz. in their yielding to coction or expression a purgative or emetic oil. The Spaniards name these nuts avellanas purgativas; hence Ray terms them avellanæ purgatrices novi orbis. By roasting they are supposed to lose part of their virulency, which is wholly destroyed, say some people, by taking out a leaflike substance that is to be found between the lobes. The nut exceeds a walnut, or even an almond, in sweetness, and yet three or four of them will operate briskly both up and down. The French call this useful shrub medecinier. That species of it which bears red corallike flowers is named bellyach by the Barbadians; and its ripe seeds are supposed to be specific against melancholy.

³³ *The acasse.*] Acacia. This is a species of thorn; the juice of the root is supposed to be poisonous. Its seeds are contained in a pod or ligumen. It is of the class of the syngenesia. No astringent juice is extracted from it. Its

With which the sons of Jewry, stiffneck'd race,
 Conjecture says, our God-Messiah crown'd ;
 Soon shoots a thick impenetrable fence,
 Whose scent perfumes the night and morning sky,
 Though baneful be its root. The privet³⁴ too,
 Whose white flowers rival the first drifts of snow
 On Grampia's piny hills, (O, might the Muse
 Tread, flush'd with health, the Grampian hills
 again !)

Emblem of innocence, shall grace my song.
 Boast of the shrubby tribe, carnation fair³⁵,
 Nor thou repine, though late the Muse record
 Thy bloomy honours. Tipp'd with burnish'd gold,
 And with imperial purple crested high,
 More gorgeous than the train of Juno's bird,
 Thy bloomy honours oft the curious Muse
 Hath seen transported : seen the humming bird³⁶,

trivial name is cashew.. Tournefort describes it in his voyage to the Levant. Some call it the holy thorn, and others sweet-brier. The half-ripe pod affords a strong cement; and the main stem, being wounded, produces a transparent gum, like the Arabic, to which trees this bears a strong resemblance.

³⁴ *The privet.*] *Ligustrum*. This shrub is sufficiently known. Its leaves and flowers make a good gargle in the apthæ, and ulcered throat.

³⁵ *carnation fair.*] This is indeed a most beautiful flowering shrub. It is a native of the West Indies, and called from a French governor, named Depoinci, poinciana. If permitted, it will grow twenty feet high; but, in order to make it a good fence, it should be kept low. It is always in blossom. Though not purgative, it is of the senna kind. Its leaves and flowers are stomachic, carminative, and emmenagogue. Some authors name it *cauda pavonis*, on account of its inimitable beauty; the flowers have a physicky smell. How it came to be called doodle-doo I know not; the Barbadians more properly term it flower fence. This plant grows also in Guinea.

³⁶ *seen the humming bird.*] The humming bird is called *picafore* by the Spaniards, on account of its hovering

Whose burnish'd neck bright glows with verdant
Least of the winged vagrants of the sky, [gold;
Yet dauntless as the strong pounced bird of Jove;
With fluttering vehemence attack thy cups,
To rob them of their nectar's luscious store.

But if with stones thy meagre lands are spread;
Be these collected, they will pay thy toil:
And let Vitruvius, aided by the line,
Fence thy plantations with a thick built wall.
On this lay cuttings of the prickly pear³⁷;

over flowers, and sucking their juices, without lacerating, or even so much as discomposing their petals. Its Indian name, says Ulloa, is guinde, though it is also known by the appellation of *rahilargo* and *lizongero*. By the Caribbeans it was called *callobree*. It is common in all the warm parts of America. There are various species of them, all exceeding small, beautiful, and bold. The crested one, though not so frequent, is yet more beautiful than the others. It is chiefly to be found in the woody parts of the mountains. Edwards has described a very beautiful humming bird, with a long tail, which is a native of Surinam, but which I never saw in these islands. They are easily caught in rainy weather.

³⁷ *prickly pear*.] The botanical name of this plant is *opuntia*; it will grow in the barrenest soils, and on the tops of the walls, if a small portion of earth be added. There are two sorts of it, one whose fruit is roundish and sweet, the other, which has more the shape of a fig, is sour. The former is sometimes eaten, but the other seldom. The French call them *pomme de raquette*. Both fruit and leaves are guarded with sharp prickles, and, even in the interior part of the fruit, there is one which must be removed before it is eaten. The leaves, which are half an inch thick, having a sort of pulp interposed between their surfaces, being deprived of their spines, and softened by the fire, make no bad poultice for inflammations. The juice of the fruit is an innocent fucus, and is often used to tinge guava jellies. The *opuntia*, upon which the cochineal insect breeds, has no spines, and is cultivated with care in South America, where it also grows wild. The prickly pear makes a strong fence, and is easily trimmed with a scimitar. It grows naturally in some parts of Spain.

They soon a formidable fence will shoot :
 Wild liquorice³⁸ here its red beads loves to hang,
 Whilst scandent blossoms, yellow, purple, blue,
 Unhurt, wind round its shieldlike leaf and spears.
 Nor is its fruit inelegant of taste,
 Though more its colour charms the ravish'd eye ;
 Vermil, as youthful beauty's roseate hue ;
 As thine, fair Christobelle : ah, when will Fate,
 That long hath scowl'd relentless on the bard,
 Give him some small plantation to enclose,
 Which he may call his own ? Not wealth he craves,
 But independence : yet if thou, sweet maid,
 In health and virtue bloom ; though worse betide,
 Thy smile will smoothe Adversity's rough brow.

In Italy's green bounds the myrtle shoots
 A fragrant fence, and blossoms in the Sun.
 Here, on the rockiest verge of these bless'd isles,
 With little care, the plant of love would grow.
 Then to the citron join the plant of love,
 And with their scent and shade enrich your isles.

Yet some pretend, and not unspecious they,
 The woodnymphs foster the contagious blast³⁹.
 Foes to the Dryads, they remorseless fell
 Each shrub of shade, each tree of spreading root,

³⁸ *Wild liquorice.*] This is a scandent plant, from which the Negroes gather what they call jumbée beads. These are about the size of pigeon peas, almost round, of a red colour, with a black speck on one extremity. They act as an emetic, but, being violent in their operation, great caution should be observed in using them. The leaves make a good pectoral drink in disorders of the breast. By the French it is named petit panacoco, to distinguish it from a large tree, which bears seeds of the same colours, only much bigger. This tree is a species of black ebony.

³⁹ *contagious blast.*] So a particular species of blight is called in the West Indies. See its description in the second book.

That woo the first glad fannings of the breeze;
Far from the Muse be such inhuman thoughts;
Far better recks she of the woodland tribes,
Earth's eldest birth, and Earth's best ornament.
Ask him, whom rude necessity compels
To dare the noontide fervour, in this clime,
Ah, most intensely hot; how much he longs
For cooling vast impenetrable shade?
The Muse, alas, the' experienced Muse can tell:
Oft hath she travel'd, while solstitial beams
Shot yellow deaths⁴⁰ on the devoted land;
Oft, oft hath she their ill judged avarice blamed,
Who, to the stranger, to their slaves and herds,
Denied this best of joys, the breezy shade.
And are there none, whom generous pity warms,
Friends to the woodland reign; whom shades delight;
Who, round their green domains, plant hedgerow
And with cool cedars screen the public way?
Yes, good Montano; friend of man was he:
Him persecution, virtue's deadliest foe,
Drove, a lorn exile, from his native shore;
From his green hills, where many a fleecy flock,
Where many a heifer cropp'd their wholesome
And many a swain, obedient to his rule, [food;
Him their loved master, their protector, own'd.
Yet, from that paradise, to Indian wilds,

⁴⁰ *yellow deaths.*] The yellow fever, to which Europeans of a sanguine habit of body, and who exceed in drinking or exercise, are liable on their arrival in the West Indies. The French call it *maladie de Siame*, or more properly, *la fièvre des matelots*. Those who have lived any time in the islands are no more subject to this disease than the Creoles, whence, however, some physicians have too hastily concluded, that it was of foreign extraction.

To tropic suns, to fell barbaric hinds,
 A poor outcast, an alien, did he roam;
 His wife, the partner of his better hours,
 And one sweet infant, cheer'd his dismal way.
 Unused to labour; yet the orient Sun,
 Yet western Phœbus saw him wield the hoe.
 At first a garden all his wants supplied
 (For Temperance sat cheerful at his board)
 With yams, cassada ⁴¹, and the food of strength,
 Thrice wholesome tanies ⁴²: while a neighbouring
 dell,

⁴¹ *cassada*.] Cassavi, cassava, is called jatropha by botanists. Its meal makes a wholesome and well tasted bread, although its juice be poisonous. There is a species of cassada which may be eaten with safety, without expressing the juice; this the French call camagnoc. The colour of its root is white, like a parsnip; that of the common kind is of a brownish red, before it is scraped. By coction, the cassada juice becomes an excellent sauce for fish; and the Indians prepare many wholesome dishes from it. I have given it internally mixed with flour without any bad consequences; it did not however produce any of the salutary effects I expected. A good starch is made from it. The stem is knotty, and, being cut into small junks and planted, young sprouts shoot up from each knob. Horses have been poisoned by eating its leaves. The French name it manihot, magnoc, and manioc, and the Spaniards mandiocha. It is pretended that all creatures but man eat the raw root of the cassada with impunity; and, when dried, that it is a sovereign antidote against venomous bites. A wholesome drink is prepared from this root by the Indians, Spaniards, and Portuguese, according to Pineda. There is one species of this plant which the Indians only use, and is by them called bacacoua.

⁴² *tanies*.] This wholesome root, in some of the islands, is called edda: its botanical name is *arum maximum* *Ægyptiacum*. There are three species of tanies, the blue, the scratching, and that which is commonly roasted. The blossoms of all three are very fragrant, in a morning or evening. The young leaves, as well as the spiral stalks which support the flower, are eaten by Negroes as a salad. The

(Which Nature to the soursop⁴³ had resign'd)
 With ginger, and with Raleigh's pungent plant,
 Gave wealth; and gold bought better land and
 slaves.

Heaven bless'd his labour : now the cotton⁴⁴ shrub,
 Graced with broad yellow flowers, unhurt by
 worms,

root makes a good broth in dysenteric complaints. They are seldom so large as the yam, but most people think them preferable in point of taste.

⁴³ *to the soursop.*] The true Indian name of this tree is *suirsaak*. It grows in the barrenest places to a considerable height. Its fruit will often weigh two pounds. Its skin is green, and somewhat prickly. The pulp is not disagreeable to the palate, being cool, and having its sweetness tempered with some degree of an acid. It is one of the anonas, as are also the custard, star, and sugar-apples. The leaves of the soursop are very shining and green. The fruit is wholesome, but seldom admitted to the tables of the elegant. The seeds are dispersed through the pulp like the guava. It has a peculiar flavour. In grows in the East as well as in the West Indies. The botanical name is *guanabanus*. The French call it *petit corosol*, or *cœur de bœuf*, to which the fruit bears a resemblance. The root, being reduced to a powder, and snuffed up the nose, produces the same effect as tobacco. Taken by the mouth, the Indians pretend it is a specific in the epilepsy.

⁴⁴ *cotton.*] The fine down, which this shrub produces to envelope its seeds, is sufficiently known. The English, Italian, and French names, evidently are derived from the Arabic *algodon*, as the Spaniards at this day call it. It was first brought by the Arabians into the Levant, where it is now cultivated with great success. Authors mention four species of cotton, but they confound the silk cotton tree, or *ceiba*, among them. The flower of the West India cotton shrub is yellow, and campanulated. It produces twice every year. That of Cayenne is the best of any that comes from America. This plant is very apt to be destroyed by a grub within a short time; bating that, it is a profitable production. Pliny mentions *gossipium*, which is the common botanical name of cotton. It is likewise called *zylon*. Martinus, in his *Philological Lexicon*, derives cotton from the Hebrew word *קטון* *katon*, or, as pronounced by the German Jews, *koton*.

O'er many an acre shed its whitest down :
 The power of rain in genial moisture bathed
 His cacao walk ⁴⁵, which teem'd with marrowy
 pods ;
 His coffee ⁴⁶ bathed, that glow'd with berries, red

⁴⁵ *cacao walk*.] It is also called *coco* and *cocó*. It is a native of some of the provinces of South America, and a drink made from it was the common food of the Indians before the Spaniards came among them, who were some time in those countries ere they could be prevailed upon to taste it ; and it must be confessed, that the Indian chocolate had not a tempting aspect ; yet I much doubt whether the Europeans have greatly improved its wholesomeness, by the addition of vanillas and other hot ingredients. The tree often grows fifteen or twenty feet high, and is straight and handsome. The pods, which seldom contain less than thirty nuts of the size of a flatted olive, grow upon the stem and principal branches. The tree loves a moist, rich, and shaded soil : hence those who plant cacao walks, sometimes screen them by a hardier tree, which the Spaniards aptly term *madre de cacao*. They may be planted fifteen or twenty feet distant, though some advise to plant them much nearer, and perhaps wisely ; for it is an easy matter to thin them, when they are past the danger of being destroyed by dry weather, &c. Some recommend planting cassada, or bananas, in the intervals, when the cacao trees are young, to destroy weeds, from which the walk cannot be kept too free. It is generally three years before they produce good pods ; but, in six years, they are in highest perfection. The pods are commonly of the size and shape of a large cucumber. There are three or four sorts of cacao, which differ from one another in the colour and goodness of their nuts. That from the Caracacas is certainly the best. None of the species grow in Peru. Its alimentary, as well as physical properties, are sufficiently known. This word is Indian.

⁴⁶ *His coffee*.] This is certainly of Arabic derivation ; and has been used in the East, as a drink, time immemorial. The inhabitants about the mouth of the Red Sea were taught the use of it by the Persians, say authors, in the fifteenth century ; and the coffee shrub was gradually introduced into Arabia Felix, whence it passed into Egypt, Syria, and lastly Constantinople. The Turks, though so excessively fond of coffee, have not known it much above one hundred and fifty years ; whereas the English have been acquainted therewith

As Danaë's lip, or, Theodosia, thine,
 Yet countless as the pebbles on the shore ;
 Oft, while drought kill'd his impious neighbour's
 grove,

In time, a numerous gang of sturdy slaves,
 Well fed, well clothed, all emulous to gain
 Their master's smile, who treated them like men ;
 Blacken'd his cane lands : which with vast in-
 crease

Beyond the wish of avarice, paid his toil. [mules ;
 No cramps, with sudden death, surprised his
 No glander-pest his airy stables thinn'd ;
 And, if disorder seized his Negro train,
 Celsus was call'd, and pining Illness flew.
 His gate stood wide to all ; but chief the poor,
 The' unfriended stranger, and the sickly shared
 His prompt munificence : no surly dog,
 Nor surlier Ethiop, their approach debarr'd.
 The Muse, that pays this tribute to his fame,
 Oft hath escaped the Sun's meridian blaze.
 Beneath yon tamarind-vista⁴⁷, which his hands

for upwards of a hundred, one Pasqua, a Greek, having opened a coffee-house in London about the middle of the seventeenth century. The famous traveller, Thevenot, introduced coffee into France. This plant is cultivated in the West Indies, particularly by the French, with great success ; but the berry from thence is not equal to that from Mocha. It is a species of Arabian jasmine : the flower is particularly redolent, and from it a pleasant cordial water is distilled. It produces fruit twice every year ; but the shrub must be three years old before any can be gathered. It should not be allowed to grow above six feet high. It is very apt to be destroyed by a large fly, which the French call *mouche à café* ; as well as by the white grub, which they name *puceron*. Its medical and alimentary qualities are as generally known as those of tea.

⁴⁷ *tamarind-vista*.] This large, shady, and beautiful tree grows fast even in the driest soils, and lasts long ; and

Planted ; and which, impervious to the Sun,
 His latter days beheld.—One noon he sat
 Beneath its breezy shade, what time the Sun
 His sultry vengeance from the Lion pour'd ;
 And calmly thus his eldest hope address'd :—
 ' Be pious, be industrious, be humane ;
 From proud Oppression guard the labouring
 hind.

Whate'er their creed, God is the Sire of man,
 His image they ; then dare not thou, my son,
 To bar the gates of mercy on mankind.
 Your foes forgive, for merit must make foes ;
 And in each virtue far surpass your sire.
 Your means are ample, Heaven a heart bestow :
 So health and peace shall be your portion here ;
 And yon bright sky, to which my soul aspires,
 Shall bless you with eternity of joy.' [dore⁴⁸

He spoke, and, ere the swift-wing'd zumba-
 The mountain desert startled with his hum ;

yet its wood is hard, and very fit for mechanical uses. The leaves are smaller than those of senna, and pennated: they taste sourish, as does the pulp, which is contained in pods four or five inches long. They bear once a year. An excellent vinegar may be made from the fruit; but the Creoles chiefly preserve it with sugar, as the Spaniards with salt. A pleasant ayrupe may be made from it. The name is, in Arabic, *tamara*. The ancients were not acquainted therewith; for the Arabians first introduced tamarinds into physic; it is a native of the East as well as of the West Indies and South America, where different provinces call it by different names. Its cathartic qualities are well known. It is good in sea sickness. The botanical name is *tamarindus*.

⁴⁸ and ere the swift-wing'd *zumbadore*.] This bird, which is one of the largest and swiftest known, is only seen at night, or rather heard; for it makes a hideous humming noise (whence its name) on the desert tops of the Andes. See Ulloa's Voyage to South America. It is also called condor. Its wings, when expanded, have been known to exceed sixteen feet from tip to tip. See Phil. Trans. No. 208.

Ere fire-flies⁴⁹ trimm'd their vital lamps, and ere
Dun Evening trod on rapid Twilight's heel⁵⁰,
His knell was rung; * * * * *

And all the cane lands wept their father lost.

Muse, yet awhile indulge my rapid course;
And I'll unharness, soon, the foaming steeds.

If Jove descend, propitious to thy vows,
In frequent floods of rain; successive crops
Of weeds will spring. Nor venture to repine,
Though oft their toil thy little gang renew;
Their toil tenfold the melting heavens repay:
For soon thy plants will magnitude acquire,
To crush all undergrowth; before the Sun,
The planets thus withdraw their puny fires.
And though untutor'd, then, thy canes will shoot:
Care meliorates their growth. The trenches fill
With their collateral mould; as in a town
Which foes have long beleaguer'd, unawares
A strong detachment sallies from each gate,
And levels all the labours of the plain. [lose,

And now thy cane's first blades their verdure
And hang their idle heads. Be these stripp'd off;
So shall fresh sportive airs their joints embrace,
And by their dalliance give the sap to rise.
But, O, beware, let no unskilful hand
The vivid foliage tear: their channel'd spouts,
Well pleased, the watery nutriment convey,
With filial duty, to the thirsty stem;
And, spreading wide their reverential arms,
Defend their parent from solstitial skies.

⁴⁹ *Ere fire-flies.*] This surprising insect is frequent in Guadaloupe, &c. and all the warmer parts of America. There are none of them in the English Caribbee, or Virgin Islands.

⁵⁰ *on rapid Twilight's heel.*] There is little or no twilight in the West Indies. All the year round it is dark before eight at night. The dawn is equally short.

THE SUGARCANE.

BOOK II.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following book having been originally addressed to William Shenstone, Esq. and by him approved of; the author would deem it a kind of poetical sacrilege, now, to address it to any other. To his memory, therefore, be it sacred; as a small but sincere testimony of the high opinion the author entertained of that gentleman's genius and manners; and as the only return now, alas! in his power to make, for the friendship wherewith Mr. Shenstone had condescended to honour him.

The Argument.

Subject proposed. Address to William Shenstone, esq. Of monkeys. Of rats and other vermin. Of weeds. Of the yellow fly. Of the greasy fly. Of the blast. A hurricane described. Of calms and earthquakes. A tale.

ENOUGH of culture.—A less pleasing theme,
 What ills await the ripening cane, demands
 My serious numbers: these, the thoughtful Muse
 Hath oft beheld, deep pierced with generous woe.
 For she, poor exile! boasts no waving crops;
 For her no circling mules press dulcet streams;

No Negro band huge foaming coppers skim;
Nor fermentation (wine's dread sire) for her,
With Vulcan's aid, from cane a spirit draws,
Potent to quell the madness of despair.
Yet, oft, the range she walks, at shut of eve;
Oft sees red lightning at the midnight hour,
When nod the watches, stream along the sky;
Not innocent, as what the learned call
The Boreal morn, which, through the azure air,
Flashes its tremulous rays, in painted streaks,
While o'er Night's veil her lucid tresses flow:
Nor quits the Muse her walk, immersed in
thought,

How she the planter haply may advise;
Till tardy Morn unbar the gates of light,
And, opening on the main with sultry beam,
To burnish'd silver turns the blue-green wave.

Say, will my Shenstone lend a patient ear,
And weep at woes unknown to Britain's isle?
Yes, thou wilt weep; for Pity chose thy breast,
With Taste and Science, for their soft abode:
Yes, thou wilt weep: thine own distress thou
bear'st

Undaunted; but another's melts thy soul.

'O, were my pipe as soft, my dittied song'
As smooth as thine, my too, too distant friend,
Shenstone; my soft pipe, and my dittied song
Should hush the hurricane's tremendous roar,
And from each evil guard the ripening cane!

Destructive, on the upland sugar groves
The monkey nation preys: from rocky heights,
In silent parties, they descend by night,
And posting watchful sentinels, to warn
When hostile steps approach, with gambols they

Pour o'er the cane grove. Luckless he to whom
 That land pertains ! in evil hour, perhaps,
 And thoughtless of to-morrow, on a die
 He hazards millions; or, perhaps, reclines
 On Luxury's soft lap, the pest of wealth;
 And, inconsiderate, deems his Indian crops
 Will amply her insatiate wants supply.
 From these insidious droles (peculiar pest¹
 Of Liamuiga's hills) wouldst thou defend
 Thy waving wealth; in traps put not thy trust,
 However baited: treble every watch,
 And well with arms provide them; faithful dogs
 Of nose sagacious, on their footsteps wait.
 With these attack the predatory bands;
 Quickly the' unequal conflict they decline,
 And, chattering, fling their ill got spoils away.
 So when, of late, innumerable Gallic hosts
 Fierce, wanton, cruel, did by stealth invade
 The peaceable American's domains,
 While desolation mark'd their faithless rout;
 No sooner Albion's martial sons advanced
 Than the gay dastards to their forests fled,
 And left their spoils and tomahawks behind.

Nor with less waste the whisker'd vermin
 race,
 A countless clan, despoil the lowland cane.

¹ peculiar pest.] The monkeys which are now so numerous in the mountainous parts of St. Christopher, were brought thither by the French when they possessed half that island. This circumstance we learn from Père Labat, who farther tells us, that they are a most delicate food. The English Negroes are very fond of them, but the white inhabitants do not eat them. They do a great deal of mischief in St. Kitts, destroying many thousand pounds sterling's worth of canes every year.

These to destroy², while commerce hoists the sail,

Loose rocks abound, or tangling bushes bloom,
 What planter knows?—Yet prudence may reduce.
 Encourage then the breed of savage cats,
 Nor kill the winding snake; thy foes they eat.
 Thus, on the mangrove-banks³ of Guayaquil,
 Child of the rocky desert, sealike stream,
 With studious care, the American preserves
 The gallinazo, else that sealike stream
 (Whence Traffic pours her bounties on mankind)
 Dread alligators⁴ would alone possess.

² *These to destroy.*] Rats, &c. are not natives of America, but came by shipping from Europe. They breed in the ground, under loose rocks and bushes. Durante, a Roman, who was physician to pope Sixtus Quintus, and who wrote a Latin poem on the preservation of health, enumerates domestic rats among animals that may be eaten with safety. But if these are wholesome, cane rats must be much more delicate, as well as more nourishing. Accordingly we find most field Negroes fond of them, and I have heard that straps of cane rats are publicly sold in the markets of Jamaica,

³ *..... mangrove banks.*] This tree, which botanists call rizophora, grows in marshy soils, and on the sides of rivers; and, as the branches take root, they frequently render narrow streams impassable to boats. Oysters often adhere to their roots, &c. The French name of this strange water shrub is paltavter. The species meant here is the red mangrove.

⁴ *Dread alligators.*] This dreadful animal is amphibious, and seldom lays fewer than a hundred eggs. These she carefully covers with sand. But, notwithstanding this precaution, the gallinazo (a large species of carrion crow) conceals itself among the thick boughs of the neighbouring trees, and thus often discovers the hoard of the alligator, which she no sooner leaves than the gallinazo souses down upon it, and, greedily scraping off the sand, regales on its contents. Nor is the male alligator less an enemy to the increase of his own horrid brood than these useful birds; for, when instinct prompts the female to let her young fry out by breaking the

Thy foes, the teeth-filed Ibbos⁵ also love;
Nor thou their wayward⁶ appetite restrain.

Some place decoys, nor will they not avail,
Replete with roasted crabs, in every grove
These fell marauders gnaw; and pay their slaves
Some small reward for every captive foe.
So practise Gallia's sons; but Britons trust
In other wiles; and surer their success.

With Misnian arsenic, deleterious bane,
Pound up the ripe cassada's well rasp'd root,
And form in pellets; these profusely spread
Round the cane groves, where sculk the vermin
breed:

They, greedy, and unweeting of the bait,
Crowd to the' inviting cates, and swift devour
Their palatable death; for soon they seek

eggs, he never fails to accompany her, and to devour as many of them as he can: so that the mother scarce ever escapes into the river with more than five out of all her hundred. Thus Providence doubly prevents the otherwise immense propagation of that voracious animal, on the banks of the river Guayaquil; for the gallinazo is not always found where alligators are. Ulloa.

⁵ *teeth-filed Ibbos.*] Or Ebbos, as they are more commonly called, are a numerous nation. Many of them have their teeth filed, and blackened in an extraordinary manner. They make good slaves when bought young; but are, in general, foul feeders, many of them greedily devouring the raw guts of fowls: they also feed on dead mules and horses; whose carcasses, therefore, should be buried deep, that the Negroes may not come at them. But the surest way is to burn them; otherwise they will be apt, privily, to kill those useful animals, in order to feast on them.

⁶ *Nor thou their wayward.*] Père Labat says that cane rats give those Negroes who eat them pulmonic disorders, but the good jesuit was no physician. I have been told by those who have eat them, that they are very delicate food.

The neighbouring spring; and drink, and swell,
and die.

But dare not thou, if life deserve thy care,
The' infected rivulet taste; nor let thy herds
Graze its polluted brinks, till rolling time
Have fined the water, and destroy'd the bane.

'Tis safer then to mingle nightshade's juice ⁷
With flour, and throw it liberal 'mong thy canes:
They touch not this; its deadly scent they fly,
And sudden colonize some distant vale.

Shall the Muse deign to sing of humble weeds,
That check the progress of the' imperial cane?

In every soil unnumber'd weeds will spring;
Nor fewest in the best: (thus oft we find
Enormous vices taint the noblest souls!)
These let thy little gang, with skilful hand,
Oft as they spread abroad, and oft they spread,
Careful pluck up, to swell thy growing heap
Of rich manure. And yet some weeds arise,
Of aspect mean, with wondrous virtues fraught:
(And doth not oft uncommon merit dwell
In men of vulgar looks, and trivial air?)
Such, planter, be not thou ashamed to save
From foul pollution, and unseemly rot;
Much will they benefit thy house and thee.
But chief the yellow thistle ⁸ thou select,

⁷ *'Tis safer then to mingle nightshade's juice.*] See the article *Solanum*, in Newman's Chemistry, published by Dr. Lewis. There is a species of East India animal, called a mungoes, which bears a natural antipathy to rats. Its introduction into the sugar-islands would, probably, effectuate the extirpation of this destructive vermin.

⁸ *..... the yellow thistle.*] The seeds of this plant are an excellent emetic; and almost as useful in dysenteric complaints as *ipécacuanha*. It grows every where.

Whose seed the stomach frees from nauseous
 And, if the music of the mountain dove [loads;
 Delight thy pensive ear, sweet friend to thought!
 This prompts their cooing, and inflames their love.
 Nor let rude hands the knotted grass profane⁹,
 Whose juice worms fly: ah, dire endemial-ill!
 How many fathers, fathers now no more;
 How many orphans, now lament thy rage?
 The cowitch also save¹⁰; but let thick gloves
 Thine hands defend, or thou wilt sadly rue
 Thy rash imprudence, when ten thousand darts,
 Sharp as the bee-sting, fasten in thy flesh,
 And give thee up to torture. But unhurt,
 Planter, thou mayst the humble chickweed¹¹ cull;

⁹ *Nor let rude hands the knotted grass profane.*] This is truly a powerful vermifuge; but, uncautiously administered, has often proved mortal. The juice of it clarified is sometimes given; but a decoction of it is greatly preferable. Its botanical name is *spigelia*.

¹⁰ *The cowitch also save.*] This extraordinary vine should not be permitted to grow in a cane piece; for negroes have been known to fire the canes, to save themselves from the torture which attends working in grounds where it has abounded. Mixed with melasses, it is a safe and excellent vermifuge. Its seeds, which resemble blackish small beans, are purgative. Its flower is purple; and its pods, on which the stinging brown setæ are found, are as large as a full grown English field pea.

¹¹ *Planter, thou mayst the humble chickweed.*] There are two kinds of chickweed, which grow spontaneously in the Caribbees, and both possess very considerable virtues, particularly that which botanists call *cajacia*, and which the Spaniards emphatically name *erudos cobres*, or *snakeweed*, on account of its remarkable qualities against poisonous bites. It is really of use against fish poison; as is also the sensitive plant, which the Spaniards prettily call the *vergonzoza*, the *bashful*, and *la donzella*, or the *maiden*. There are many kinds of this extraordinary plant, which grow everywhere in the islands and South America. The botanical name of the former is *alsine*, and that of the latter *mimosa*.

Not the confection¹² named from Pontus' king;
Not the bless'd apple¹³ Median climes produce,
Though lofty Maro (whose immortal Musé
Distaunt I follow, and, submiss, adore)
Hath sung its properties, to counteract
Dire spells, slow mutter'd o'er the baneful bowl,
Where cruel stepdames poisonous drugs have
brew'd;

Can vie with these low tenants of the vale,
In driving poisons from the' infected frame:
For here, alas! (ye sons of Luxury, mark!)
The sea, though on its bosom halcyons sleep,
Abounds with poison'd fish; whose crimson fins,
Whose eyes, whose scales, bedropp'd with azure,
gold,

Purple, and green, in all gay Summer's pride,
Amuse the sight; whose taste the palate charms;
Yet Death, in ambush, on the banquet waits,
Unless these antidotes be timely given.
But say, what strains, what numbers can recite
Thy praises, vervain; or, wild liquorice, thine?
For not the costly root¹⁴, the gift of God,
Gather'd by those who drink the Volga's wave,
(Prince of Europa's streams, itself a sea)
Equals your potency! Did planters know

¹² *Not the confection.*] This medicine is called Mithridatum, in honour of Mithridates king of Pontus.

¹³ *Not the bless'd apple.*] Authors are not agreed what the apple is, to which Virgil attributes such remarkable virtues, nor is it indeed possible they ever should. However, we have this comfort on our side, that our not knowing it is of no detriment to us; for as spells cannot affect us, we are at no loss for antidotes to guard against them.

¹⁴ *For not the costly root.*] Some medical writers have bestowed the high appellation of donum Dei on rhubarb.

But half your virtues, not the cane itself
Would they with greater, fonder pains preserve!

Still other maladies infest the cane,
And worse to be subdued. The insect tribe
That, fluttering, spread their pinions to the Sun,
Recall the Muse: nor shall their many eyes,
Though edged with gold, their many-coloured
down,

From death preserve them. In what distant clime,
In what recesses are the plunderers hatch'd,
Say, are they wafted in the living gale,
From distant islands? Thus, the locust-breed,
In winged caravans, that blot the sky,
Descend from far, and, ere bright morning dawns,
Astonish'd Afric sees her crop devour'd.
Or, doth the cane a proper nest afford,
And food adapted to the yellow fly?—

The skill'd in Nature's mystic lore observe,
Each tree, each plant, that drinks the golden day,
Some reptile life sustains. Thus cochinille¹⁸
Feeds on the Indian fig; and, should it harm
The foster plant, its worth that harm repays:
But ye, base insects! no bright scarlet yield,
To deck the British Wolfe; who now, perhaps,
(So Heaven and George ordain) in triumph mounts
Some strong built fortress, won from haughty
Gaul!

And though no plant such luscious nectar yields,

¹⁸ *Thus cochinille.*] This is a Spanish word. For the manner of propagating this useful insect, see Sir Hans Sloane's *Natural History of Jamaica*. It was long believed in Europe to be a seed, or vegetable production. The botanical name of the plant on which the cochinille feeds, is *opuntia maxima*, folio oblongo, majore, spinulis obtusis, mollibus et innocentibus obsito, flore, striis rubris variegato.—Sloane.

As yields the cane-plant; yet, vile parricides!
Ungrateful ye! the parent-cane destroy.

Muse! say, what remedy hath skill devised
To quell this noxious foe? Thy Blacks send forth,
A strong detachment! ere the' increasing pest
Have made too firm a lodgment! and, with care,
Wipe every tainted blade, and liberal lave
With sacred Neptune's purifying stream.
But this Augæan toil long time demands,
Which thou to more advantage mayst employ:
If vows for rain thou ever didst prefer,
Planter, prefer them now: the rattling shower,
Pour'd down in constant streams, for days and
nights,

Not only swells, with nectar sweet, thy canes;
But, in the deluge, drowns thy plundering foe.

When may the planter idly fold his arms,
And say, 'My soul, take rest?' Superior ills,
Ills which no care nor wisdom can avert,
In black succession rise. Ye men of Kent,
When nipping Eurus, with the brutal force
Of Boreas, join'd in ruffian league, assail
Your ripen'd hop-grounds; tell me what you feel,
And pity the poor planter, when the blast,
Fell plague of Heaven! perdition of the isles!
Attacks his waving gold. Though well manured;
A richness though thy fields from Nature boast;
Though seasons¹⁶ pour; this pestilence¹⁷ invades:

¹⁶ *Though seasons.*] Without a rainy season, the sugar-cane could not be cultivated to any advantage: for what Pliny the Elder writes of another plant may be applied to this, *gaudet irriguis, et toto anno bibere amat.*

¹⁷ *..... this pestilence.*] It must, however, be confessed, that the blast is less frequent in lands naturally rich, or such as are made so by well rotted manure.

Too oft it seizes the glad infant throng,
 Nor pities their green nonage: their broad blades,
 Of which the graceful woodnymphs erst composed
 The greenest garlands to adorn their brows,
 First pallid, sickly, dry, and wither'd show;
 Unseemly stains succeed; which nearer view'd
 By microscopic arts, small eggs appear,
 Dire fraught with reptile life; alas, too soon
 They burst their filmy gaol, and crawl abroad,
 Bugs of uncommon shape; thrice hideous show!
 Innumerable as the painted shells, that load
 The wave-worn margin of the Virgin isles!
 Innumerable as the leaves the plum-tree sheds¹⁸,
 When, proud of her fecundity, she shows,
 Naked, her gold fruit to the god of noon.
 Remorseless to its youth; what pity, say,
 Can the cane's age expect? In vain, its pith
 With juice nectareous flows; to pungent sour,
 Foe to the bowels, soon its nectar turns:
 Vain every joint a gemmy embryo bears,
 Alternate ranged; from these no filial young
 Shall grateful spring, to bless the planter's eye.
 With bugs confederate, in destructive league,
 The ants' republic joins; a villain crew,
 As the waves countless that plough up the deep
 (Where Eurus reigns¹⁹ vicegerent of the sky,

¹⁸ *the plum-tree sheds.*] This is the Jamaica plum-tree. When covered with fruit, it has no leaves upon it. The fruit is wholesome. In like manner, the panspan is destitute of foliage when covered with flowers. The latter is a species of jessamine, and grows as large as an apple-tree.

¹⁹ *Eurus reigns.*] The east is the centre of the trade-wind in the West Indies, which veers a few points to the north or south. What Homer says of the west wind, in his islands of the blessed, may more aptly be applied to the trade winds.

Whom Rhea bore to the bright god of day),
When furious Auster dire commotions stirs :
These wind, by subtle sap, their secret way,
Pernicious pioneers! while those invest,
More firmly daring, in the face of Heaven,
And win, by regular approach, the cane.

'Gainst such ferocious, such unnumber'd bands,
What arts, what arms shall sage experience
use?

Some bid the planter load the favouring gale
With pitch, and sulphur's suffocating steam,
Useless the vapour o'er the cane-grove flies,
In curling volumes lost; such feeble arms,
To man though fatal, not the blast subdue.
Others again, and better their success,
Command their slaves each tainted blade to pick
With care, and burn them in vindictive flames.
Labour immense! and yet, if small the pest;
If numerous, if industrious be thy gang;
At length, thou mayst the victory obtain.
But, if the living taint be far diffused,
Bootless this toil; nor will it then avail
(Though ashes lend their suffocating aid)
To bare the broad roots, and the mining swarms
Expose, remorseless, to the burning noon.
Ah! must then ruin desolate the plain?
Must the lost planter other climes explore?
Howe'er reluctant, let the hoe uproot
The infected cane-piece; and, with eager flames,
The hostile myriads thou to embers turn:
Far better, thus, a mighty loss sustain,
Which happier years and prudence may retrieve,
Than risk thine all. As when an adverse storm,

Impetuous, thunders on some luckless ship,
 From green St. Christopher, or Cathäy²⁰ bound :
 Each nautic art the reeling seamen try :
 The storm redoubles : Death rides every wave :
 Down by the board the cracking masts they hew ;
 And heave their precious cargo in the main.

Say, can the Muse, the pencil in her hand,
 The' all wasting hurricane observant ride ?
 Can she, undazzled, view the lightning's glare,
 That fires the welkin ? Can she, unappall'd,
 When all the floodgates of the sky are ope,
 The shoreless deluge stem ? The Muse hath seen
 The pillar'd flame, whose top hath reach'd the
 stars ;

Seen rocky, molten fragments, slung in air
 From Ætna's vex'd abyss ; seen burning streams
 Pour down its channel'd side ; tremendous scenes !
 Yet not vex'd Ætna's pillar'd flames, that strike
 The stars ; nor molten mountains hurl'd on high ;
 Nor ponderous rapid deluges, that burn
 Its deeply channel'd side, cause such dismay,
 Such desolation, Hurricane ! as thou ;
 When the Almighty gives thy rage to blow,
 And all the battles of thy winds engage.

Soon as the Virgin's charms engross the Sun ;
 And till his weaker flame the Scorpion feels ;
 But, chief, while Libra weighs the' unsteady
 year :

Planter, with mighty props thy dome support ;
 Each flaw repair ; and well, with massy bars,
 Thy doors and windows guard ; securely lodge

²⁰ Cathäy.] An old name for China,

Thy stocks and mill-points".—Then, or calms obtain ;

Breathless the royal palm-tree's airiest van ;
 While, o'er the panting isle, the demon Heat
 High hurls his flaming brand ; vast, distant waves
 The main drives furious in, and heaps the shore
 With strange productions : or, the blue serene
 Assumes a louring aspect, as the clouds
 Fly, wild-careering, through the vault of heaven ;
 Then transient birds, of various kinds, frequent
 Each stagnant pool ; some hover o'er thy roof ;
 Then Eurus reigns no more ; but each bold wind,
 By turns, usurps the empire of the air
 With quick inconstancy ;

Thy herds, as sapient of the coming storm
 (For beasts partake some portion of the sky),
 In troops associate ; and, in cold sweats bathed,
 Wild-bellowing, eye the pole. Ye seamen, now
 Ply to the southward, if the changeful Moon,
 Or, in her interlunar palace hid, [glows :
 Shuns Night ; or, full-orb'd, in Night's forehead
 For, see ! the mists, that late involved the hill,
 Disperse ; the midday Sun looks red ; strange
 burs ²²

Surround the stars, which vaster fill the eye.
 A horrid stench the pools, the main emits ;
 Fearful the genius of the forest sighs ;

²¹ *stocks and mill-points.*] The sails are fastened to the mill-points, as those are to the stocks. They should always be taken down before the hurricane season.

²² *strange burs.*] These are astral halos. Columbus soon made himself master of the signs that precede a hurricane in the West Indies, by which means he saved his own squadron ; while another large fleet, whose commander despised his prognostics, put to sea, and was wrecked.

The mountains moan; deep groans the cavern'd
A night of vapour, closing fast around, [cliff.
Snatches the golden noon.—Each wind appeased,
The North flies forth, and hurls the frightened air:
Not all the brazen engineeries of man,
At once exploded, the wild burst surpass.
Yet thunder, yoked with lightning and with rain,
Water with fire, increase the' infernal din:
Canes, shrubs, trees, huts are whirl'd aloft in air.—
The wind is spent; and 'all the isle below
Is hush as death.'

Soon issues forth the West, with sudden burst,
And blasts more rapid, more resistless drives:
Rushes the headlong sky; the city rocks;
The good man throws him on the trembling ground;
And dies the murderer in his inmost soul.
Sullen the West withdraws his eager storms.—
Will not the tempest now his furies chain?
Ah, no! as when in Indian forests, wild,
Barbaric armies suddenly retire
After some furious onset, and, behind
Vast rocks and trees, their horrid forms conceal,
Brooding on slaughter, not repulsed; for soon
Their growing yell the' affrighted welkin rends,
And bloodier carnage mows the' ensanguined
plain:

So the South, sallying from his iron caves
With mightier force, renews the' aerial war;
Sleep, frightened, flies; and, see! yon lofty palm,
Fair Nature's triumph, pride of Indian groves,
Cleft by the sulphurous bolt! See yonder dome,
Where grandeur with propriety combined,
And Theodorus with devotion dwelt; [rock
Involved in smouldering flames.—From every

Dashes the turbid torrent ; through each street
A river foams, which sweeps, with untamed might,
Men, oxen, cane-lands to the billowy main.—
Pauses the wind.—Anon the savage East
Bids his wing'd tempests more relentless rave ;
Now brighter, vaster coruscations flash ;
Deepens the deluge ; nearer thunders roll ;
Earth trembles ; Ocean reels ; and, in her fangs,
Grim Desolation tears the shrieking isle,
Ere rosy Morn possess the' etherial plain,
To pour on darkness the full flood of day.—

Nor does the Hurricane's all wasting wrath
Alone bring ruin on its sounding wing :
E'en calms are dreadful, and the fiery South
Oft reigns a tyrant in these fervid isles :
For, from its burning furnace, when it breathes,
Europe and Asia's vegetable sons,
Touch'd by its tainting vapour, shrivel'd, die.
The hardiest children of the rocks repine :
And all the upland tropic plants hang down
Their drooping heads ; show arid, coil'd, adust.
The main itself seems parted into streams,
Clear as a mirror ; and, with deadly scents,
Annoys the rower ; who, heart-fainting, eyes
The sails hang idly, noiseless from the mast.
Thrice hapless he, whom thus the hand of Fate
Compels to risk the' insufferable beam !
A fiend, the worst the angry skies ordain
To punish sinful man, shall fatal seize
His wretched life, and to the tomb consign.

When such the ravage of the burning calm
On the stout sunny children of the hill ;
What must thy cane-lands feel ? Thy late green
sprouts

Nor bunch nor joint; but sapless, arid, pine:
Those who have manhood reach'd, of yellow hue
(Symptom of health and strength), soon ruddy
show;

While the rich juice that circled in their veins,
Acescent, watery, poor, unwholesome tastes.

Nor only, planter, are thy cane-groves burn'd;
Thy life 'is threaten'd. Muse, the manner sing.

Then earthquakes, Nature's agonizing pangs,
Oft shake the' astonish'd isles: the solfaterre²³
Or sends forth thick, blue, suffocating steams;
Or shoots to temporary flame. A din, [caves,
Wild, through the mountain's quivering rocky
Like the dread crash of tumbling planets, roars.
When tremble thus the pillars of the globe,
Like the tall cocoa by the fierce North blown;
Can the poor, brittle tenements of man [homes
Withstand the dread convulsion? Their dear
(Which shaking, tottering, crashing, bursting, fall)
The boldest fly; and, on the open plain
Appall'd, in agony the moment wait,
When, with disrapture vast, the waving earth
Shall overwhelm them in her sea-disgorging womb.

Nor less affrighted are the bestial kind.
The bold steed quivers in each panting vein,
And staggers, bathed in deluges of sweat:
Thy lowing herds forsake their grassy food,
And send forth frightened, woful, hollow sounds:
The dog, thy trusty sentinel of night,
Deserts his post assign'd; and, piteous, howls.

²³ *solfaterre*.] Volcanos are called sulphurs, or solfaterres, in the West Indies. There are few mountainous islands in that part of the globe without them, and those probably will destroy them in time.

Wide Ocean feels : [bounds,
The mountain waves, passing their custom'd
Make direful, loud incursions on the land,
All overwhelming: sudden they retreat,
With their whole troubled waters; but, anon,
Sudden return, with louder, mightier force
(The black rocks whiten, the vex'd shores resound);
And yet, more rapid, distant they retire.

Vast coruscations lighten all the sky, [voice,
With volumed flames; while Thunder's awful
From forth his shrine, by night and horror girt,
Astounds the guilty, and appals the good:
For oft the best, smote by the bolt of Heaven,
Wrapp'd in etherial flame, forget to live:
Else, fair Theana—Muse, her fate deplore,

Soon as young reason dawn'd in Junio's breast,
His father sent him from these genial isles,
To where old Thames with conscious pride surveys
Green Eton, soft abode of every Muse.

Each classic beauty soon he made his own;
And soon famed Isis saw him woo the Nine,
On her inspiring banks: Love tuned his song;
For fair Theana was his only theme,
Acasto's daughter, whom, in early youth,
He oft distinguish'd; and for whom he oft
Had climb'd the bending cocoa's²⁴ airy height,

²⁴ „..... *the bending cocoa.*] The cocoa-nut tree is of the palm genus; there are several species of them, which grow naturally in the torrid zone. The cocoa-nut tree is, by no means, so useful as travellers have represented it. The wood is of little or no service, being spongy, and the brown covering of the nuts is of too rough a texture to serve as apparel. The shell of the nut receives a good polish; and, having a handle put to it, is commonly used to drink water out of. The

To rob it of its nectar; which the maid,
 When he presented, more nectareous deem'd.
 The sweetest sappadillas²⁵ oft he brought;

milk, or water of the nut, is cooling and pleasant; but, if drunk too freely, will frequently occasion a pain in the stomach. A salutary oil may be extracted from the kernel; which, if old, and eaten too plentifully, is apt to produce a shortness of breathing. A species of arrack is made from this tree in the East Indies. The largest cocoa-nut trees grow on the banks of the river Oronoko. They thrive best near the sea, and look beautiful at a distance. They afford no great shade. Ripe nuts have been produced from them in three years after planting. The nuts should be macerated in water, before they are put in the ground. Cocoa is an Indian name; the Spaniards call it also palma de las Indias; as the smallest kind, whose nuts are less than walnuts, is termed by them coquillo. This grows in Chili, and the nuts are esteemed more delicate than those of a larger size. In the Maldivy islands, it is pretended, they not only build houses of the cocoa-nut tree, but also vessels, with all their rigging; nay, and load them too with wine, oil, vinegar, black sugar, fruit, and strong water, from the same tree. If this be true, the Maldivian cocoa-nut trees must differ widely from those that grow in the West Indies. The cocoa must not be confounded with the cocoa-nut tree. That shrub grows in the hottest and moistest vales of the Andes. Its leaf, which is gathered two or three times a year, is much coveted by the natives of South America, who will travel great journeys upon a single handful of the leaves, which they do not swallow, but only chew. It is of an unpleasant taste, but, by use, soon grows agreeable. Some authors have also confounded the cocoa-nut palm with the cocoa or chocolate-tree. The French call the cocoa-nut tree cocotier. Its stem, which is very lofty, is always bent; for which reason it looks better in an orchard than in a regular garden. As one limb fades, another shoots up in the centre, like a pike. The botanical name is palma indica, coccifera, angulosa.

²⁵ *sappadillas*.] This is a pleasant tasted fruit, somewhat resembling a bergamot-pear, in shape and colour. The tree which produces it is large and shady. Its leaves are of a shining green; but the flowers, which are monopetalous, are

From him more sweet ripe sappadillas seem'd.—
Nor had long absence yet effaced her form;
Her charms still triumph'd o'er Britannia's fair.
One morn he met her in Sheen's royal walks;
Nor knew, till then, sweet Sheen contain'd his all.
His taste mature approved his infant choice.
In colour, form, expression, and in grace
She shone all perfect; while each pleasing art,
And each soft virtue that the sex adorns,
Adorn'd the woman. My imperfect strain,
Which Percy's happier pencil would demand,
Can ill describe the transports Junio felt
At this discovery: he declared his love;
She own'd his merit, nor refused his hand.

And shall not Hymen light his brightest torch,
For this delighted pair? Ah, Junio knew,
His sire detested his Theana's house!—
Thus duty, reverence, gratitude conspired
To check their happy union. He resolved
(And many a sigh that resolution cost)
To pass the time, till death his sire removed,
In visiting old Europe's letter'd climes:
While she (and many a tear that parting drew)
Embark'd, reluctant, for her native isle.

Though learned, curious, and though nobly bent,
With each rare talent to adorn his mind,
His native land to serve; no joys he found.
Yet sprightly Gaul; yet Belgium, Saturn's reign;
Yet Greece, of old the seat of every Muse,
Of freedom, courage; yet Ausonia's clime,

of a palish white. The fruit is coronated when ripe, and contains, in its pulp, several longish black seeds. It is wholesome. Antigua produces the best sappadillas I ever tasted. The trivial name is Spanish. Botanists call it cainito.

His steps explored; where painting, music's strains,

Where arts, where laws (Philosophy's best child),
With rival beauties, his attention claim'd.

To his just-judging, his instructed eye,

The' all perfect Medicean Venus seem'd

A perfect semblance of his Indian fair:

But, when she spoke of love, her voice surpass'd
The' harmonious warblings of Italian song.

Twice one long year elapsed, when letters came,
Which briefly told him of his father's death.

Afflicted, filial, yet to Heaven resign'd,

Soon he reach'd Albion, and as soon embark'd,

Eager to clasp the object of his love.

Blow, prosperous breezes; swiftly sail, thou Po:
Swift sail'd the Po, and happy breezes blew.

In Biscay's stormy seas an armed ship,

Of force superior, from loud Charente's wave

Clapp'd them on board. The frightened flying crew

Their colours strike; when dauntless Junio, fired

With noble indignation, kill'd the chief,

Who on the bloody deck dealt slaughter round.

The Gauls retreat; the Britons loud huzza;

And touch'd with shame, with emulation stung,

So plied their cannon, plied their missile fires,

That soon in air the hapless thunderer blew.

Blow, prosperous breezes, swiftly sail, thou Po,
May no more dangerous fights retard thy way!

Soon Porto Santo's²⁶ rocky heights they spy,

²⁶ *Porto Santo*.] This is one of the Madeira islands, and of course subject to the king of Portugal. It lies in 32.33 degrees of N. latitude. It is neither so fruitful nor so large as Madeira Proper, and is chiefly peopled by convicts, &c.

Like clouds dim rising in the distant air.
 Glad Eurus whistles; laugh the sportive crew;
 Each sail is set to catch the favouring gale,
 While on the yard-arm the harpooner sits,
 Strikes the boneta²⁷, or the shark²⁸ insnares.
 The fringed urchin²⁹ spreads her purple form
 To catch the gale, and dances o'er the waves.
 Small winged fishes³⁰ on the shrouds alight;
 And beauteous dolphins³¹ gently play'd around.
 Though faster than the tropic bird³² they flew,

²⁷ *the boneta.*] This fish, which is equal in size to the largest salmon, is only to be found in the warm latitudes. It is not a delicate food, but those who have lived for any length of time on salt meats at sea, do not dislike it. Sir Hans Sloane, in his Voyage to Jamaica, describes the method of striking them.

²⁸ *or the shark.*] This voracious fish needs no description; I have seen them from fifteen to twenty feet long. Some naturalists call it *canis carbarias*. They have been known to follow a slave-ship from Guinea to the West Indies. They swim with incredible celerity, and are found in some of the warmer seas of Europe, as well as between the tropics.

²⁹ *urchin.*] This fish the seamen call a Portuguese man of war. It makes a most beautiful appearance on the water.

³⁰ *winged fishes.*] This extraordinary species of fish is only found in the warm latitudes. Being pursued in the water by a fish of prey called albacores, they betake themselves in shoals to flight, and in the air are often snapped up by the garayio, a sea fowl. They sometimes fall on the shrouds or decks of ships. They are well tasted, and commonly sold at Barbadoes.

³¹ *dolphins.*] This is a most beautiful fish, when first taken out of the sea; but its beauty vanishes almost as soon as it is dead.

³² *tropic bird.*] The French call this bird fregate, on account of its swift flying. It is only to be met with in the warm latitudes.

Oft Junio cried, ' Ah! when shall we see land?
Soon land they made: and now in thought he
clasp'd

His Indian bride, and deem'd his toils o'erpaid.

She, no less amorous, every evening walk'd
On the cool margin of the purple main,
Intent her Junio's vessel to descry.

One eve (faint calms for many a day had raged)
The winged demons of the tempest rose;
Thunder, and rain, and lightning's awful power.
She fled: could innocence, could beauty claim
Exemption from the grave, the' etherial bolt,
That stretch'd her speechless, o'er her lovely
head

Had innocently roll'd.

Meanwhile, impatient Junio leap'd ashore,
Regardless of the demons of the storm.
Ah, youth! what woes, too great for man to bear,
Are ready to burst on thee? Urge not so
Thy flying courser. Soon Theana's porch
Received him: at his sight, the ancient slaves
Affrighted shriek, and to the chamber point:—
Confounded, yet unknowing what they meant,
He enter'd hasty.....

Ah! what a sight for one who loved so well!
All pale and cold, in every feature death,
Theana lay; and yet a glimpse of joy
Play'd on her face, while with faint, faltering
voice,

She thus address'd the youth, whom yet she knew.

' Welcome, my Junio, to thy native shore!
Thy sight repays this summons of my fate:
Live, and live happy; sometimes think of me:

By night, by day, you still engaged my care ;
And, next to God, you now my thoughts employ :
Accept of this——my little all I give ;
Would it were larger'——Nature could no more,
She look'd, embraced him, with a groan expired.

But say, what strains, what language can express

The thousand pangs which tore the lover's breast ?
Upon her breathless corse himself he threw,
And to her clay-cold lips, with trembling haste,
Ten thousand kisses gave. He strove to speak ;
Nor words he found : he clasp'd her in his arms ;
He sigh'd, he swoon'd, look'd up, and died
away.

One grave contains this hapless, faithful pair ;
And still the cane-isles tell their matchless love !

BOOK III.

The Argument.

Hymn to the month of January, when crop begins. Address. Planters have employment all the year round. Planters should be pious. A ripe cane-piece on fire at midnight. Crop begun. Cane-cutting described. Effects of music. Great care requisite in feeding the mill. Humanity towards the maimed recommended. The tainted canes should not be ground. Their use. How to preserve the laths and mill-points from sudden squalls. Address to the Sun, and praise of Antigua. A cattle-mill described. Care of mules, &c. Diseases to which they are subject. A water-mill the least liable to interruption. Common in Gaudaloupe and Martinico. Praise of Lord Romney. The necessity of a strong, clear fire, in boiling. Planters should always have a spare set of vessels, because the iron furnaces are apt to crack, and copper vessels to melt. The danger of throwing cold water into a thorough-heated furnace. Cleanliness and skimming well recommended. A boiling-house should be lofty, and open at top, to the leeward. Constituent parts of vegetables. Sugar an essential salt. What retards its granulation. How to forward it. Dumb cane. Effects of it. Bristol lime the best temper. Various uses of Bristol lime. Good muscovado described. Bermudas lime recommended. The Negroes should not be hindered from drinking the hot liquor. The cheerfulness and healthiness of the Negroes in crop-time. Boilers to be encouraged. They should neither boil the sugar too little nor too much. When the sugar is of too loose a grain, and about to boil over the teache, or last copper, a little grease settles it, and makes it boil closer. The French often mix sand with their sugars. This practice not followed by the English. A character. Of the skimmings. Their various uses. Of rum. Its praise. A West India prospect when crop is finished. An address to the Creoles, to live more upon their estates than they do. The reasons.

FROM scenes of deep distress, the heavenly Muse,
 Emerging joyous, claps her dewy wings.
 As when a pilgrim, in the howling waste,
 Hath long time wander'd, fearful at each step,

Of tumbling cliffs, fell serpents, whelming bogs;
 At last, from some long eminence, descries
 Fair haunts of social life; wide cultured plains,
 O'er which glad reapers pour; he cheerly sings:
 So she to sprightlier notes her pipe attunes,
 Than e'er these mountains heard; to gratulate,
 With duteous carols, the beginning year.

Hail, eldest birth of Time! in other climes,
 In the old world, with tempests usher'd in;
 While rifled Nature thine appearance wails,
 And savage Winter wields his iron mace:
 But not the rockiest verge of these green isles,
 Though mountains heap'd on mountains' brave the
 Dares Winter, by his residence, profane. [sky,
 At times the ruffian, wrapp'd in murky state,
 Inroads will, sly, attempt; but soon the Sun,
 Benign protector of the cane-land isles,
 Repels the' invader, and his rude mace breaks.
 Here, every mountain, every winding dell
 (Haunt of the Dryads; where, beneath the shade
 Of broad leaf'd China¹, idly they repose,

¹ *Though mountains heap'd on mountains.*] This more particularly alludes to St. Kitt's; where one of the highest ridges of that chain of mountains, which run through its centre, from one end of it to the other, bears upon it another mountain, which somewhat resembling the legendary prints of the Devil's carrying on his shoulders St. Christopher; or, as others write, of a giant, of that appellation, carrying our Saviour, in the form of a child, in the same manner, through a deep sea; gave name to this island.

² *Of broad-leaf'd China.*] The leaves of this medicinal tree are so large that the Negroes commonly use them to cover the water which they bring in pails from the mountain, where it chiefly grows. The roots of this tree were introduced into European practice soon after the venereal disease; but, unless they are fresh, it must be confessed they possess fewer virtues than either sarsaparilla or lignum vitæ. It also

Charm'd with the murmur of the tinkling rill ;
 Charm'd with the hummings of the neighbouring
 hive)

Welcome thy glad approach : but chief the cane,
 Whose juice now longs to murmur down the spout,
 Hails thy loved coming ; January, hail !

O M—— ! thou, whose polish'd mind contains

Each science useful to thy native isle !
 Philosopher, without the hermit's spleen !
 Polite, yet learned ; and, though solid, gay !
 Critic, whose head each beauty, fond, admires ;
 Whose heart each error flings in friendly shade !
 Planter, whose youth sage Cultivation taught
 Each secret lesson of her silvan school :
 To thee the Muse a grateful tribute pays ;
 She owes to thee the precepts of her song :
 Nor wilt thou, sour, refuse ; though other cares,
 The public welfare, claim thy busy hour ;
 With her to roam (thrice pleasing devious walk)
 The ripen'd cane-piece ; and, with her, to taste
 (Delicious draught !) the nectar of the mill !

The planter's labour in a round revolves ;
 Ends with the year, and with the year begins.

Ye swains, to Heaven bend low in grateful
 prayer, [hand
 Worship the' Almighty ; whose kind-fostering

grows in China, and many parts of the East Indies, where it is greatly recommended in the gout, palsy, sciatica, obstructions, and obstinate headaches : but it can surely not effect the removal of these terrible disorders ; since, in China, the people eat the fresh root, boiled with their meat, as we do turnips ; and the better sort there use a water distilled from it. The Spaniards call it *palo de China*. The botanical name is *smilax*.

Hath bless'd your labour, and hath given the cane
To rise superior to each menaced ill.

Nor less, ye planters, in devotion, sue,
That nor the heavenly bolt, nor casual spark,
Nor hand of Malice may the crop destroy.

Ah me! what numerous, deafening bells re-
sound?

What cries of horror startle the dull sleep?
What gleaming brightness makes, at midnight,
By its portentous glare, too well I see [day?
Palemon's fate; the virtuous, and the wise!
Where were ye, watches, when the flame burst
forth?

A little care had then the hydra quell'd: [sky!
But, now, what clouds of white smoke load the
How strong, how rapid the combustion pours!
Aid not, ye winds! with your destroying breath,
The spreading vengeance.—They contemn my
prayer. [blaze,

Roused by the deafening bells, the cries, the
From every quarter, in tumultuous bands,
The Negroes rush; and, 'mid the crackling flames,
Plunge, demonlike! All, all urge every nerve:
This way, tear up those canes; dash the fire out,
Which sweeps, with serpent-error, o'er the ground.
There these hew down; their topmost branches
burn:

And here bid all thy watery engines play;
For here the wind the burning deluge drives.

In vain.—More wide the blazing torrent rolls;
More loud it roars, more bright it fires the pole!
And toward thy mansion, see it bends its way.
Haste! far, O, far your infant throng remove:

Quick from your stables drag your steeds and mules:

With well wet blankets guard your cypress roofs;
And where thy dried canes³ in large stacks are piled.—

Efforts but serve to irritate the flames:
Naught but thy ruin can their wrath appease.
Ah, my Palemon! what avail'd thy care,
Oft to prevent the earliest dawn of day,
And walk thy ranges at the noon of night?
What though no ills assail'd thy bunching sprouts,
And seasons pour'd obedient to thy will:
All, all must perish; nor shalt thou preserve
Wherewith to feed thy little orphan throng.

Oh, may the cane-isles know few nights like this!
For now the sail-clad points, impatient, wait
The hour of sweet release, to court the gale.
The late-hung coppers wish to feel the warmth,
Which well dried fuel from the cane imparts:
The Negro-train, with placid looks, survey
Thy fields, which full perfection have attain'd,
And pant to wield the bill (no surly watch
Dare now deprive them of the luscious cane):
Nor thou, my friend, their willing ardour check;
Encourage rather; cheerful toil is light.
So from no field shall slow-paced oxen draw
More frequent loaded wains; which many a day,
And many a night shall feed thy crackling mills
With richest offerings: while thy far seen flames,

³ *And where thy dried canes.*] The cane-stalks which have been ground, are called magoss; probably a corruption of the French word bagasse, which signifies the same thing. They make an excellent fuel.

Bursting through many a chimney, bright emblaze
The Æthiop-brow of night. And see, they pour
(Ere Phosphor his pale circlet yet withdraws,
What time gray Dawn stands tiptoe on the hill)
O'er the rich cane-grove: Muse, their labour sing.

Some bending, of their sapless burden ease
The yellow jointed canes (whose height exceeds
A mounted trooper, and whose clammy round
Measures two inches full), and near the root
Lop the stem off, which quivers in their hand
With fond impatience: soon its branchy spires
(Food to thy cattle) it resigns; and soon
Its tender prickly tops, with eyes thick set,
To load with future crops thy long hoed land.
These with their green, their pliant branches bound
(For not a part of this amazing plant [young:
But serves some useful purpose) charge the
Not laziness declines this easy toil;
E'en lameness from its leafy pallet crawls,
To join the favour'd gang. What of the cane
Remains, and much the largest part remains,
Cut into junks a yard in length, and tied
In small light bundles, load the broad-wheel'd
wain,

The mules crook-harness'd, and the sturdier crew,
With sweet abundance. As on Lincoln-plains,
(Ye plains of Lincoln sound your Dyer's praise!)
When the laved snow-white flocks are numerous
penn'd;

The senior swains, with sharpen'd shears, cut off
The fleecy vestment; others stir the tar;
And some impress, upon their captives' sides,
Their master's cipher; while the infant throng

Strive by the horns to hold the struggling ram,
Proud of their prowess. Nor meanwhile the jest
Light-banded round, but innocent of ill;
Nor choral song are wanting: echo rings.

Nor need the driver, Æthiop authorized,
Thence more inhuman, crack his horrid whip;
From such dire sounds the indignant Muse averts
Her virgin ear, where music loves to dwell:
'Tis malice now, 'tis wantonness of power
To lash the laughing, labouring, singing throng.

What cannot song? all nature feels its power:
The hind's blithe whistle, as through stubborn
soils

He drives the shining share, more than the goad
His tardy steers impells.—The Muse hath seen,
When health danced frolic in her youthful veins,
And vacant gambols wing'd the laughing hours;
The Muse hath seen on Annan's pastoral hills,
Of theft and slaughter erst the fell retreat,
But now the shepherd's best beloved walk:
Hath seen the shepherd, with his silvan pipe,
Lead on his flock o'er crags, through bogs, and
streams,

A tedious journey; yet not weary they,
Drawn by the' enchantment of his artless song.
What cannot music?—When brown Ceres asks
The reaper's sickle; what like magic sound,
Puff'd from sonorous bellows by the squeeze
Of tuneful artist, can the rage disarm
Or the swart dogstar, and make harvest light?

And now thy mills dance eager in the gale;
Feed well their eagerness; but O, beware!
Nor trust, between the steel-cased cylinders,

The hand incautious: off the member snapp'd⁴
Thou'lt ever rue; sad spectacle of woe!

Are there, the Muse can scarce believe the tale;
Are there, who, lost to every feeling sense,
To reason, interest lost; their slaves desert,
And manumit them, generous boon! to starve
Maim'd by imprudence, or the hand of Heaven?
The good man feeds his blind, his aged steed,
That in his service spent his vigorous prime:
And dares a mortal to his fellow-man
(For spite of vanity, thy slaves are men),
Deny protection? Muse, suppress the tale.

Ye! who in bundles bind the lopp'd-off canes;
But chiefly, ye who feed the tight-braced mill!
In separate parcels, far the infected fling:
Of bad cane-juice the least admixture spoils

⁴ *off the member snapp'd.*] This accident will sometimes happen, especially in the night: and the unfortunate wretch must fall a victim to his imprudence or sleepiness, if a hatchet do not immediately strike off the entangled member; or the mill be not instantly put out of the wind.

Père Labat says, he was informed the English were wont, as a punishment, thus to grind their Negroes to death. But one may venture to affirm this punishment never had the sanction of law; and if any Englishman ever did grind his Negroes to death, I will take upon me to aver, he was universally detested by his countrymen.

Indeed the bare suspicion of such a piece of barbarity leaves a stain: and therefore authors cannot be too cautious of admitting into their writings any insinuation that bears hard on the humanity of a people.

Daily observation affords but many too proofs, where domestic slavery does not obtain, of the fatal consequences of indulged passion and revenge; but where one man is the absolute property of another, those passions may perhaps receive additional activity: planters, therefore, cannot be too much on their guard against the first sallies of passion; as by indulgence, passion, like a favourite, will at last grow independently powerful.

The richest, soundest; thus, in pastoral walks,
One tainted sheep contaminates the fold.

Nor yet to dung-heaps thou resign the canes,
Which or the Sun hath burn'd, or rats have
gnaw'd.

These, to small junks reduced, and in huge casks
Steep'd, where no cool winds blow, do thou ferment:—

Then, when from his entanglements enlarged
The' evasive spirit mounts; by Vulcan's aid
(Nor Amphitrite⁵ will her help deny)

Do thou through all his winding ways pursue
The runaway; till in thy sparkling bowl
Confined, he dances; more a friend to life,
And joy, than that Nepenthe famed of yore,
Which Polydamna, Thone's imperial queen,
Taught Jove-born Helen on the banks of Nile.

As on old ocean, when the wind blows high,
The cautious mariner contracts his sail;
So here, when squally bursts the speeding gale,
If thou from ruin wouldst thy points preserve,
Less-bellying canvass to the storm oppose.

Yet the faint breeze oft flags on listless wings,
Nor tremulates the cocoa's airiest arch,
While the red Sun darts deluges of fire,
And soon (if on the gale thy crop depend)
Will all thy hopes of opulence defeat.

' Informer of the planetary train!
Source undiminish'd of all cheering light,
Of roseate beauty, and heart-gladdening joy!
Fountain of being, on whose water broods
The' organic spirit, principle of life!

⁵ *Amphitrite*.] A mixture of sea water is a real improvement in the distillation of rum.

Lord of the seasons! who in courtly pomp
Lackey thy presence, and with glad dispatch,
Pour at thy bidding o'er the land and sea!
Parent of vegetation, whose fond grasp
The sugarcane displays; and whose green car
Soft-stealing dews, with liquid pearls adorn'd,
Fat-fostering rains, and buxom genial airs
Attend triumphant! why, ah why so oft,
Why hath Antigua⁶, sweetly social isle,
Nurse of each art; where Science yet finds friends
Amid this waste of waters; wept thy rage?

Then trust not, planter, to the' unsteady gale:
But in Tobago's endless forests fell
The tall tough hiccory⁷, or calaba⁸.
Of this, be forced two pillars in the ground,
Four paces distant, and two cubits high:
Other two pillars raise; the wood the same,
Of equal size and height. The calaba,
Than steel more durable, contemns the rain

⁶ *Why hath Antigua.*] This beautiful island lies in 16 deg. and 14 min. north latitude. It was long uninhabited on account of its wanting fresh water rivers; but is now more fully peopled, and as well cultivated as any of the Leeward Islands. In a seasonable year, it has made thirty thousand hogsheads of sugar. It has no very high mountains. The soil is, in general, clayey. The water of the body-ponds may be used for every purpose of life. Antigua is well fortified, and has a good militia.

⁷ *hiccory.*] This is a lofty spreading tree, of very hard wood, excellently adapted to the purposes of the millwright. The nut, whose shell is thick, hard, and roughish, contains an agreeable and wholesome kernel. It grows in great abundance in St. Croix, Crab-island, and Tobago.

⁸ *calaba.*] This lofty tree is commonly called mastio: it is a hard wood, and is found in the places where the hiccory grows. The flowers are yellow, and are succeeded by a fruit, which bears a distant resemblance to a shrub.

And Sun's intensest beam ; the worm, that pest
 Of mariners, which winds its fatal way
 Through heart of British oak, reluctant leaves
 The closer calaba.—By transverse beams
 Secure the whole; and in the pillar'd frame
 Sink, artist, the vast bridge-tree's mortised form
 Of ponderous hiccory ; hiccory time defies :
 To this be nail'd three polish'd iron plates ;
 Whereon three steel capouces turn with ease,
 Of three long rollers, twice nine inches round,
 With iron cased, and jagg'd with many a cogg.
 The central cylinder exceeds the rest
 In portly size, thence aptly captain named.
 To this be riveted the' extended sweeps ;
 And harness to each sweep two season'd mules :
 They, pacing round, give motion to the whole.
 The close-braced cylinders with ease revolve
 On their greased axle ; and with ease reduce
 To trash the canes thy Negroes throw between.
 Fastflows the liquor through the lead-lined spouts ;
 And depurated by opposing wires,
 In the receiver floats a limpid stream.
 So twice five casks, with muscovado fill'd, [god
 Shall from thy staunchions drip, ere Day's bright
 Hath in the' Atlantic six times cool'd his wheels.
 Wouldst thou against calamity provide ?
 Let a well shingled roof, from Raleigh's land⁹,
 Defend thy stock from noon's inclement blaze,
 And from night dews ; for night no respite knows.

⁹ *Raleigh's land.*] Sir Walter Raleigh gave the name of Virginia, in honour of Queen Elizabeth, to the whole of the north-east of North America, which Sebastian Cabot, a native of Bristol (though others call him a Venetian), first discovered, A. D. 1497, in the time of King Henry VII. by whom he was employed.

Nor, when their destined labour is perform'd,
Be thou ashamed to lead the panting Muse
(The Muse, soft parent of each social grace,
With eyes of love God's whole creation views)
To the warm pen ; where copious forage strow'd,
And strenuous rubbing, renovate their strength.
So, fewer ails (alas, how prone to ails !)
Their days shall shorten ; ah, too short at best !

For not, even then, my friend, art thou secure
From Fortune : spite of all thy steady care,
What ills, that laugh to scorn Machaon's art,
Await thy cattle ! farcy's tabid form,
Joint racking spasms, and colic's pungent pang,
Need the Muse tell ? which in one luckless moon,
Thy sheds dispeople ; when perhaps thy groves,
To full perfection shot, by day, by night,
Indesinent demand their vigorous toil.

Then happiest he, for whom the Naiads pour,
From rocky urns, the never ceasing stream,
To turn his rollers with unbought dispatch.

In Karukera's¹⁰ rich well watered isle !
In Matanina¹¹ ! boast of Albion's arms,
The brawling Naiads for the planters toil,
Howe'er unworthy ; and, through solemn scenes,
Romantic, cool, with rocks and woods between,
Enchant the senses ! but, among thy swains,
Sweet Liamuiga ! who such bliss can boast ?
Yes, Romney¹², thou mayst boast ; of British
heart,

¹⁰ *Karukera*.] The Indian name of Guadaloupe.

¹¹ *Matanina*.] The Caribbean name of Martinico.
The Havannah had not then been taken.

¹² *Romney*.] The late Lord Romney.

Of courtly manners, join'd to ancient worth :
 Friend to thy Britain's every blood-earn'd right,
 From tyrants wrung, the many or the few.
 By wealth, by titles, by ambition's lure,
 Not to be tempted from fair honour's path :
 While others, falsely flattering their prince,
 Bold disapproved, or by oblique surmise
 Their terror hinted, of the people arm'd ;
 Indignant, in the senate, he uprose,
 And, with the well urged energy of zeal,
 Their specious, subtle sophistry disproved ;
 The' importance, the necessity display'd,
 Of civil armies, freedom's surest guard !
 Nor in the senate didst thou only win
 The palm of eloquence, securely bold ;
 But rear'dst thy banners, fluttering in the wind :
 Kent, from each hamlet, pour'd her marshal'd
 swains,



To hurl defiance on the threatening Gaul.

Thy foaming coppers well with fuel feed ;
 For a clear, strong, continued fire improves
 Thy muscovado's colour and its grain.
 Yet vehement heat, protracted, will consume
 Thy vessels ¹³, whether from the martial mine,
 Or from thine ore, bright Venus, they are drawn ;
 Or hammer, or hot fusion, give them form.
 If prudence guides thee then, thy stores shall hold

¹³ *Thy vessels.*] The vessels, wherein the cane-juice is reduced to sugar by coction, are either made of iron or of copper. Each sort hath its advantages and disadvantages. The teache, or smallest vessel from whence the sugar is laved into the cooler, is generally copper. When it melts, it can be patched ; but, when the large sort of vessels, called iron-furnaces, crack, which they are too apt to do, no further use can be made of them.

Of well sized vessels a complete supply :
For every hour, thy boilers cease to skim
(Now Cancer reddens with the solar ray),
Defeats thy honest purposes of gain.

Nor small the risk (when piety, or chance,
Force thee from boiling to desist) to lave
Thy heated furnace with the gelid stream.
The chymist knows, when all dissolving fire
Bids the metalline ore abruptly flow ;
What dread explosions, and what dire effects
A few cold drops of water will produce,
Uncautious, on the novel fluid thrown.

For grain and colour, wouldst thou win, my
friend,

At every curious mart, the constant palm ?
O'er all thy works let Cleanliness preside,
Child of Frugality ; and, as the skum
Thick mantles o'er the boiling wave, do thou
The skum that mantles carefully remove.

From bloating dropsy, from pulmonic ails,
Wouldst thou defend thy boilers (prime of slaves),
For days, for nights, for weeks, for months, involved
In the warm vapour's all relaxing steam ;
Thy boiling-house be lofty : all atop
Open, and pervious¹⁴ to the tropic breeze ;
Whose cool perflation, woo'd through many a
grate,

Dispels the steam, and gives the lungs to play.

The skill'd in chemia, boast of modern arts,
Know from Experiment, the sire of Truth,
In many a plant that oil, and acid juice,
And ropy mucilage, by nature live :

¹⁴ *Open and pervious.*] This also assists the crystalization
of the sugar.

These, envious, stop the much desired embrace
Of the essential salts, though coction bid
The aqueous particles to mount in air.

'Mong salts essential, sugar wins the palm,
For taste, for colour, and for various use¹⁵:

And, in the nectar of the yellowest cane,
Much acor, oil, and mucilage abound:

But in the less mature, from mountain land,
These harsh intruders so redundant float,
Muster so strong as scarce to be subdued.

Muse, sing the ways to quell them. Some
use cane,

That cane¹⁶, whose juices to the tongue applied,

¹⁵ *For taste, for colour, and for various use.*] It were impossible, in the short limits of a note, to enumerate the various uses of sugar; and, indeed, as these are in general so well known, it is needless. A few properties of it, however, wherewith the learned are not commonly acquainted, I shall mention. In some places of the East Indies, an excellent arrac is made from the sugarcane: and, in South America, sugar is used as an antidote against one of the most sudden as well as fatal poisons in the world. Taken by mouth *po-cula morte carent*, this poison is quite innocent; but the slightest wound made by an arrow, whose point is tinged therewith, proves immediate death; for, by driving all the blood of the body immediately to the heart, it forthwith bursts it. The fish and birds killed by these poisoned arrows (in the use of which the Indians are astonishingly expert) are perfectly wholesome to feed on. See Ulloa and De la Condamine's account of the great river of Amazon. It is a vegetable preparation.

¹⁶ *That cane.*] This, by the natives, is emphatically called the *dumb cane*; for a small quantity of its juice being rubbed on the brim of a drinking vessel, whoever drinks out of it, soon after will have his lips and tongue enormously swelled. A physician, however, who wrote a short account of the diseases of Jamaica, in Charles the Second's time, recommends it both by the mouth and externally, in dropsical and other cases: but I cannot say I have had any experience of its efficacy in these disorders. It grows wild in the mountains;

In silence lock it, sudden, and constrain'd
(Death to Xantippe), with distorting pain.

Nor is it not effectual : but wouldst thou
Have rival brokers for thy cades contend ;
Superior arts remain.—Small casks provide,
Replete with lime-stone thoroughly calcined,
And from the air secured : this Bristol sends,
Bristol, Britannia's second mart and eye !

Nor ' to thy waters only trust for fame,'
Bristol ; nor to thy beamy diamonds trust :
Though these oft deck Britannia's lovely fair :
And those oft save the guardians of her realm.
Thy marble quarries claim the voice of praise,
Which rich incrusts thy Avon's banks, sweet
banks ! [child,
Though not to you young Shakspeare, Fancy's
All-rudely warbled his first woodland notes ;
Though not your caves, while Terror stalk'd
around,

Saw him essay to clutch the ideal sword,
With drops of blood distain'd : yet, lovely banks,
On you reclined, another tuned his pipe ;
Whom all the Muses emulously love,
And in whose strains your praises shall endure,
While to Sabrina speeds your healing stream.

Bristol, without thy marble, by the flame
Calcined to whiteness, vain the stately reed
Would swell with juice mellifluent ; heat would
soon

The strongest, best-hung furnaces consume.
Without its aid the cool imprison'd stream,

and, by its use in sugar-making, should seem to be somewhat
of an alcalescent nature. It grows to four feet high, having,
at the top, two green shining leaves, about nine inches long ;
and, between these, a small spire emerges.

Seldom allow'd to view the face of day,
Though late it roam'd a denizen of air;
Would steal from its involuntary bounds,
And, by sly windings, set itself at large.
But chief thy lime the' experienced boiler loves,
Nor loves ill founded; when no other art
Can bribe to union the coy floating salts,
A proper portion of this precious dust,
Cast in the wave (so showers alone of gold
Could win fair Danae to the god's embrace),
With nectar'd muscovado soon will charge
Thy shelving coolers, which, severely press'd
Between the fingers, not resolves; and which
Rings in the cask; and or a light-brown hue,
Or thine, more precious silvery-gray, assumes.

The famed Bermuda's ever healthy isles,
More famed by gentle Waller's deathless strains,
Than for their cedars, which, insulting, fly
O'er the wide ocean; mid their rocks contain
A stone, which, when calcined (experience says),
Is only second to Sabrina's lime.

While flows the juice mellifluent from the cane,
Grudge not, my friend, to let thy slaves, each
morn,

But chief the sick and young, at setting day,
Themselves regale with oft-repeated draughts
Of tepid nectar; so shall health and strength
Confirm thy Negroes, and make labour light.

While flame thy chimneys, while thy coppers
foam,

How blithe, how jocund the plantation smiles!
By day, by night, resounds the choral song
Of glad barbarity; serene, the Sun
Shines not intensely hot; the trade-wind blows:
How sweet, how silken is its noontide breath!

While to far climes the fell destroyer, Death,
Wings his dark flight. Then seldom pray for rain :
Rather for cloudless days thy prayers prefer ;
For, if the skies too frequently relent,
Crude flows the cane-juice, and will long elude
The boiler's wariest skill : thy canes will spring
To an unthrifty loftiness ; or, weigh'd
Down by their load (ambition's curse), decay.

Encourage thou thy boilers ; much depends
On their skill'd efforts. If too soon they strike¹⁷,
Ere all the watery particles have fled,
Or lime sufficient granulate the juice,
In vain the thickening liquor is effused ;
A heterogeneous, an uncertain mass,
And never in thy coolers to condense.

Or, planter, if the coction they prolong
Beyond its stated time ; the viscous wave
Will in huge flinty masses crystallize,
Which forceful fingers scarce can crumble down ;
And which with its melasses ne'er will part :
Yet this, fast-dripping in nectareous drops,
Not only betters what remains, but, when
With art fermented, yields a noble wine,

¹⁷ *If too soon they strike.*] When the cane-juice is granulated sufficiently, which is known by the sugar's sticking to the ladle, and roping like a syrup, but breaking off from its edges ; it is poured into a cooler, where, its surface being smoothed, the crystalization is soon completed. This is called *striking*. The general precept is to temper high, and strike low. When the muscovado is of a proper consistence, it is dug out of the cooler, and put into hogsheads ; this is called *potting*. The casks being placed upon staunchions, the melasses drips from them into a cistern, made on purpose, below them, to receive it. The sugar is sufficiently cured when the hogshead rings upon being struck with a stick ; and when the two canes, which are put into every cask, show no melasses upon them, when drawn out of it.

Than which nor Gallia, nor the Indian clime,
Where rolls the Ganges, can a nobler show.
So misers in their coffers lock that gold
Which, if allow'd at liberty to roam,
Would better them, and benefit mankind.

In the last coppers, when the' embrowning wave
With sudden fury swells; some grease immix'd,
The foaming tumult sudden will compose,
And force to union the divided grain.

So when two swarms in airy battle join,
The winged heroes heap the bloody field;
Until some dust, thrown upward in the sky,
Quell the wild conflict, and sweet peace restore.

False Gallia's sons, that hoe the ocean-isles,
Mix with their sugar loads of worthless sand,
Fraudful, their weight of sugar to increase.
Far be such guile from Britain's honest swains.
Such arts, a while, the' unwary may surprise,
And benefit the' impostor; but, ere long,
The skilful buyer will the fraud detect,
And, with abhorrence, reprobate the name.

Fortune had crown'd Avaro's younger years
With a vast tract of land, on which the cane
Delighted grew, nor ask'd the toil of art.
The sugar-bakers deem'd themselves secure
Of mighty profit, could they buy his cades;
For whiteness, hardness, to the leeward-crop,
His muscovado gave. But, not content
With this preeminence of honest gain,
He baser sugars started in his casks;
His own, by mixing sordid things, debased.
One year the fraud succeeded; wealth immense
Flowed in upon him, and he bless'd his wiles:
The next, the brokers spurn'd the' adulterate mass,

Both on the Avon and the banks of Thame.

Be thrifty, planter, e'en thy skimming save :
For, planter, know, the refuse of the cane
Serves needful purposes. Are barbecues
The cates thou lovest? What like rich skim-
mings feed

The grunting, bristly kind? Your labouring mules
They soon invigorate: give old Baynard these,
Untired he trudges in his destined round ;
Nor need the driver crack his horrid lash.

Yet, with small quantities indulge the steed,
Whom skimmings ne'er have fatten'd: else, too
fond,

So gluttons use, he'll eat intemperate meals ;
And, staggering, fall the prey of ravening sharks.

But say, ye boon companions, in what strains,
What grateful strains shall I record the praise
Of their best produce, heart-recruiting rum?
Thrice wholesome spirit! well matured with age,
Thrice grateful to the palate! when, with thirst,
With heat, with labour, and wan care oppress'd,
I quaff thy bowl, where fruit my hands have cull'd,
Round, golden fruit; where water from the
spring,

[round:
Which dripping coolness spreads her umbrage
With hardest, whitest sugar, thrice refined ;
Dilates my soul with genuine joy; low care
I spurn indignant; toil a pleasure seems.
For not Marne's flowery banks, nor Tille's¹⁸
green bounds,

Where Ceres with the god of vintage reigus

¹⁸ *Marne's flowery banks, nor Tille's.*] Two rivers in France, along whose banks the best Burgundy and Champagne grapes grow.

In happiest union; not Vigornian hills,
 Pomona's loved abode, afford to man
 Goblets more prized, or laudable of taste,
 To slake parch'd thirst, and mitigate the clime.

Yet, mid this bless'd ebriety, some tears,
 For friends I left in Albion's distant isle,
 For Johnson, Percy, White, escape mine eyes:
 For her, fair authoress¹⁹! whom first Calpe's rocks
 A sportive infant saw; and whose green years
 True genius bless'd with her benignest gifts
 Of happiest fancy. O, were ye all here,
 O, were ye here; with him, my Pæon's son!
 Long known, of worth approved, thrice candid
 soul!

How would your converse charm the lonely hour?
 Your converse, where mild wisdom tempers mirth;
 And charity, the petulance of wit;
 How would your converse polish my rude lays,
 With what new noble images adorn!
 Then should I scarce regret the banks of Thames,
 All as we sat beneath that sand-box²⁰ shade;
 Whence the delighted eye expatiates wide
 O'er the fair landscape; where, in loveliest forms,
 Green cultivation hath array'd the land.

¹⁹ *For her, fair authoress.*] Mrs. Lennox.

²⁰ *sand-box.*] So called, from the pericarpiums being often made use of for containing sand, when the seeds, which are a violent emetic, are taken out. This is a fine shady tree, especially when young; and its leaves are efficaciously applied in headaches to the temples, which they sweat. It grows fast; but loses much of its beauty by age. Its wood is brittle, and when cut emits a milky juice, which is not caustic. The sand-box thrives best in warm shady places. The sun often splits the pericarpium, which then cracks like a pistol. It is round, flattened both above and below, and divided into a great number of regular compartments, each of which contains one seed flattened ovularly. The botanical name is *hura*.

See! there, what mills, like giants, raise their
arms,
To quell the speeding gale! what smoke ascends
From every boiling-house? What structures rise,
Neat though not lofty, pervious to the breeze;
With galleries, porches, or piazzas graced!
Nor not delightful are those reed-built huts,
On yonder hill, that front the rising Sun;
With plantanes, with bananas bosom'd deep,
That flutter in the wind: where frolic goats
Butt the young Negroes, while their swarthy sires,
With ardent gladness wield the bill; and hark,
The crop is finish'd, how they rend the sky!

Nor, beauteous only shows the cultured soil,
From this cool station. No less charms the eye
That wild interminable waste of waves:
While on the' horizon's furthest verge are seen
Islands of different shape and different size;
While sail-clad ships, with their sweet produce
fraught,
Swell on the straining sight; while near yon rock,
On which ten thousand wings with ceaseless clang
Their airies build, a waterspout descends,
And shakes mid ocean; and while there below,
That town, embower'd in the different shade
Of tamarinds, panspans²¹, and papaws²², o'er
which

²¹ *panspans*.] See the notes on book ii.

²² *papaws*.] This singular tree, whose fruits surround
its summit immediately under the branches and leaves like a
necklace, grows quicker than almost any other in the West
Indies. The wood is of no use, being spongy, hollow, and
herbaceous; however, the blossoms and fruit make excellent
sweetmeats; but above all, the juice of the fruit being rubbed
upon a spit, will intenerate new killed fowls, &c. a circum-

A double Iris throws her painted arch,
Shows commerce toiling in each crowded street,
And each throng'd street with limpid currents
laved. [sense

What though no bird of song here charms the
With her wild minstrelsy; far, far beyond,
The' unnatural quavers of Hesperian throats!
Though the chaste poet of the vernal woods,
That shuns rude Folly's din, delight not here
The listening eve; and though no herald lark
Here leave his couch, high towering to descry
The' approach of dawn, and hail her with his song:
Yet not unmusical the tinkling lapse
Of yon cool argent rill, which Phœbus gilds
With his first orient rays; yet musical
Those buxom airs that through the plantanes play,
And tear with wantonness their leafy scrolls;
Yet not unmusical the wave's hoarse sound,
That dashes, sullen, on the distant shore;
Yet musical those little insects' hum,
That hover round us, and to Reason's ear
Deep, moral truths convey; while every beam
Flings on them transient tints, which vary when
They wave their purple plumes; yet musical
The lovelorn cooing of the mountain dove,
That woos to pleasing thoughtfulness the soul;

stance of great consequence in a climate, where the warmth soon renders whatever meats are attempted to be made tender by keeping, unfit for culinary purposes. Nor will it only intenerate fresh meat; but, being boiled with salted beef, will render it easily digestible. Its milky juice is sometimes used to cure ringworms. It is said, that the guts of hogs would in time be lacerated, were they to feed on the ripe unpeeled fruit. Its seed is said to be anthelmintic. The botanical name is papaya.

But chief the breeze, that murmurs through yon
Enchants the ear with tunable delight. [canes,

While such fair scenes adorn these blissful isles;
Why will their sons, ungrateful, roam abroad?
Why spend their opulence in other climes?

Say, is preeminence your partial aim?—
Distinction courts you here; the senate calls.
Here crouching slaves, attendant, wait your nod:
While there, unnoted, but for Folly's garb,
For Folly's jargon; your dull hours ye pass,
Eclipsed by titles, and superior wealth.

Does martial ardour fire your generous veins?
Fly to your native isles: Bellona, there,
Hath long time rear'd her bloody flag; these isles
Your strenuous arms demand; for ye are brave!
Nor longer to the lute and tabour's sound
Weave antic measures. O, could my weak song,
O, could my song, like his, heaven favoured
bard²³,

Who led desponding Sparta's oft beat hosts
To victory, to glory; fire your souls
With English ardour! for now England's swains
(The man of Norfolk²⁴, swains of England, thank),
All emulous, to Freedom's standard fly,
And drive Invasion from their native shore:
How would my soul exult with conscious pride;
Nor grudge those wreaths Tyrtæus gain'd of yore.

Or are ye fond of rich luxurious cates?—
Can aught in Europe emulate the pine,
Or fruit forbidden, native of your isles?
Sons of Apicius, say, can Europe's seas,
Can aught the edible creation yields,

²³ *heaven-favour'd bard.*] Glover.

²⁴ *The man of Norfolk.*] The honourable general George Townshend.

Compare with turtle, boast of land and wave?
 Can Europe's seas, in all their finny realms,
 Aught so delicious as the Jew-fish²⁵ show?
 Tell me what viands, land or streams produce,
 The large, black, female, moulting crab excel?
 A richer flavour not wild Cambria's hills,
 Nor Scotia's rocks with heath and thyme o'er-
 spread,
 Give to their flocks; than, lone Barbuda²⁶, you,
 Than you, Anguilla²⁷, to your sheep impart.
 E'en Britain's vintage here, improved, we quaff;
 E'en Lusitanian, e'en Hesperian wines.
 Those from the Rhine's imperial banks (poor
 Rhine! [blood!
 How have thy banks been dyed with brother-
 Unnatural warfare!) strength and flavour gain
 In this delicious clime. Besides, the cane,
 Wafted to every quarter of the globe,
 Makes the vast produce of the world your own.

²⁵ *Jew-fish*.] This, though a very large, is one of the most delicate fishes that swim; being preferable to caramaw, king-fish, or camaree: some even choose it before turtle. The Jew-fish is often met with at Antigua, which enjoys the happiness of having on its coast few, if any, poisoned fishes.

²⁶ *Barbuda*.] This is a low, and not large stock-island, belonging to the Codrington family. Part of this island, as also two plantations in Barbadoes, were left by Colonel Christopher Codrington, for building a college in Barbadoes, and converting Negroes to the Christian religion.

²⁷ *Anguilla*.] This island is about thirty miles long and ten broad. Though not mountainous, it is rocky, and abounds with strong passes; so that a few of its inhabitants, who are indeed expert in the use of fire-arms, repulsed, with great slaughter, a considerable detachment of French, who made a descent thereon in the war preceding the last. Cotton and cattle are its chief commodities. Many of the inhabitants are rich; the captain-general of the Leeward Islands nominates the governor and council. They have no assembly.

Or rather, doth the love of Nature charm;
Its mighty love your chief attention claim?
Leave Europe; there, through all her coyest ways,
Her secret mazes, Nature is pursued:
But here, with savage loneliness, she reigns
On yonder peak, whence giddy Fancy looks,
Affrighted, on the labouring main below. [trees,
Heavens! what stupendous, what unnumber'd
'Stage above stage, in various verdure dress'd,
Unprofitable, shag its airy cliffs! [less bloom,
Heavens! what new shrubs, what herbs with use-
Adorn its channel'd sides; and, in its caves
What sulphurs, ores, what earths and stones
abound!

There let Philosophy conduct thy steps,
'For nought is useless made:' with candid search,
Examine all the properties of things;
Immense discoveries soon will crown your toil,
Your time will soon repay. Ah, when will cares,
The cares of fortune, less my minutes claim?
Then, with what joy, what energy of soul
Will I not climb yon mountain's airiest brow!
The dawn, the burning noon, the setting Sun,
The midnight-hour shall hear my constant vows
To Nature; see me prostrate at her shrine!
And, O, if haply I may aught invent
Of use to mortal man, life to prolong,
To soften, or adorn; what genuine joy,
What exultation of supreme delight,
Will swell my raptured bosom. Then, when Death
Shall call me hence, I'll unrepining go;
Nor envy conquerors their storied tombs,
Though not a stone point out my humble grave.

BOOK IV.

The Argument.

Invocation to the Genius of Africa. Address. Negroes when bought should be young and strong. The Congo Negroes are fitter for the house and trades than for the field. The Gold coast, but especially the Papaw Negroes, make the best field Negroes; but even these, if advanced in years, should not be purchased. The marks of a sound Negro at a Negro sale. Where the men do nothing but hunt, fish, or fight, and all field drudgery is left to the women: these are to be preferred to their husbands. The Minnahs make good tradesmen, but addicted to suicide. The Mundingoes, in particular, subject to worms; and the Congoes, to dropsical disorders. How salt water, or new Negroes should be seasoned. Some Negroes eat dirt. Negroes should be habituated by gentle degrees to field labour. This labour, when compared to that in lead mines, or of those who work in the gold and silver mines of South America, is not only less toilsome, but far more healthy. Negroes should always be treated with humanity. Praise of freedom. Of the draunculus, or dragonworm. Of chigres. Of the yawa. Might not this disease be imparted by inoculation? Of worms, and their multiform appearance. Praise of commerce. Of the imaginary disorders of Negroes, especially those caused by their conjurors or Obia-men. The composition and supposed virtues of a magic phial. Field Negroes should not begin to work before six in the morning, and should leave off between eleven and twelve; and beginning again at two, should finish before sunset. Of the weekly allowance of Negroes. The young, the old, the sickly, and even the lazy must have their victuals prepared for them. Of Negro ground, and its various productions. To be fenced in and watched. Of an American garden. Of the situation of the Negro huts. How best defended from fire. The great Negro dance described. Drumming, and intoxicating spirits not to be allowed. Negroes should be made to marry in their master's plantation. Inconveniences arising

from the contrary practice. Negroes to be clothed once a year, and before Christmas. Praise of Louis XIV. for the Code Noir. A body of laws of this kind recommended to the English sugar colonies. Praise of the river Thames. A moonlight landscape and vision.

GENIUS of Afric! whether thou bestridest
The castled elephant; or at the source
(While howls the desert fearfully around)
Of thine own Niger, sadly thou reclinest
Thy temples shaded by the tremulous palm,
Or quick papaw, whose top is necklaced round
With numerous rows of party-colour'd fruit:
Or hear'st thou rather from the rocky banks
Of Rio Grandê, or black Sanaga?
Where dauntless thou the headlong torrent bravest
In search of gold, to brede thy woolly locks,
Or with bright ringlets ornament thine ears,
Thine arms and ankles: O, attend my song.
A Muse that pities thy distressful state;
Who sees, with grief, thy sons in fetters bound;
Who wishes freedom to the race of man;
Thy nod assenting craves: dread Genius, come!
Yet vain thy presence, vain thy favouring nod;
Unless once more the Muses, that erewhile
Upheld me fainting in my past career,
Through Caribbee's cane isles; kind condescend
To guide my footsteps through parch'd Libya's
wolds,
And bind my sunburnt brow with other bays
Than ever deck'd the silvan bard before.
Say, will my Melvil¹, from the public care,
Withdraw one moment to the Muses' shrine?

¹ The veteran general Melvil.

Who, smit with thy fair fame, industrious cull
An Indian wreath to mingle with thy bays,
And deck the hero, and the scholar's brow!
Wilt thou, whose mildness smooths the face of
War,

Who round the victor-blade the myrtle twinest,
And makest subjection loyal and sincere;
O, wilt thou gracious hear the' unartful strain,
Whose mild instructions teach, no trivial theme,
What care the jetty African requires?
Yes, thou wilt deign to hear; a man thou art
Who deem'st nought foreign that belongs to man.

In mind and aptitude for useful toil,
The Negroes differ: Muse, that difference sing.

Whether to wield the hoe, or guide the plane,
Or for domestic uses thou intend'st
The sunny Libyan, from what clime they spring,
It not imports; if strength and youth be theirs.

Yet those from Congo's wide extended plains,
Through which the long Zaire winds with crystal
stream,

Where lavish Nature sends indulgent forth
Fruits of high flavour, and spontaneous seeds
Of bland nutritious quality, ill bear,
The toilsome field; but boast a docile mind,
And happiness of features. These, with care,
Be taught each nice mechanic art: or trained
To household offices: their ductile souls
With all thy care and all thy gold, repay.

But, if the labours of the field demand
Thy chief attention, and the' ambrosial cane
Thou long'st to see, with spiry frequency, shade
Many an acre—planter, choose the slave
Who sails from barren climes; where Want alone,

Offspring of rude Necessity, compels
The sturdy native, or to plant the soil,
Or stem vast rivers for his daily food.

Such are the children of the Golden Coast;
Such the Papaws, of Negroes far the best:
And such the numerous tribes, that skirt the shore
From rapid Volta to the distant Rey.

But, planter, from what coast soe'er they sail,
Buy not the old: they ever sullen prove;
With heartfelt anguish, they lament their home;
They will not, cannot work; they never learn
Thy native language; they are prone to ails:
And oft by suicide their being end.

Must thou from Afric reinforce thy gang?—
Let health and youth their every sinew firm;
Clear roll their ample eye, their tongue be red,
Broad swell their chest, their shoulders wide
expand,

Not prominent their belly, clean and strong
Their thighs and legs, in just proportion rise.
Such soon will brave the fervours of the clime;
And free from ails, that kill thy Negro train,
A useful servitude will long support.

Yet, if thine own, thy children's life be dear,
Buy not a Cormantee, though healthy, young.
Of breed too generous for the servile field,
They, born to freedom in their native land,
Choose death before dishonourable bonds:
Or, fired with vengeance, at the midnight hour,
Sudden they seize thine unsuspecting watch,
And thine own poniard bury in thy breast.

At home, the men, in many a silvan realm,
Their rank tobacco, charm of sauntering minds,
From clayey tubes inhale; or, vacant, beat

For prey the forest; or, in war's dread ranks,
Their country's foes affront: while, in the field,
Their wives plant rice, or yams, or lofty maize,
Fell hunger to repel. Be these thy choice:
They, hardy, with the labours of the cane
Soon grow familiar; while unusual toil,
And new severities their husbands kill.

The slaves from Minnah are of stubborn breed:
But, when the bill, or hammer, they affect,
They soon perfection reach. But fly, with care,
The Moco nation; they themselves destroy.

Worms lurk in all: yet, pronest they to worms
Who from Munding sail. When therefore such
Thou buy'st, for sturdy and laborious they,
Straight let some learned leach strong medicines
give,

Till food and climate both familiar grow.
Thus, though from rise to set, in Phæbus' eye,
They toil, unceasing; yet, at night, they'll sleep,
Lapp'd in Elysium; and, each day, at dawn,
Spring from their couch, as blithesome as the Sun.

One precept more, it much imports to know.
The Blacks, who drink the Quanza's lucid stream,
Fed by ten thousand springs, are prone to bloat,
Whether at home or in these ocean isles:
And though nice art the water may subdue,
Yet many die; and few, for many a year,
Just strength attain to labour for their lord.

Wouldst thou secure thine Ethiop from those
ails

Which change of climate, change of waters breed,
And food unusual? let Machaon draw
From each some blood, as age and sex require;
And well with vervain, well with semprevive,

Unload their bowels.—These in every hedge
Spontaneous grow.—Nor will it not conduce
To give what chymists, in mysterious phrase,
Term the white eagle; deadly foe to worms.
But chief do thou, my friend, with hearty food,
Yet easy of digestion, likest that
Which they at home regaled on, renovate
Their seaworn appetites. Let gentle work,
Or rather playful exercise, amuse
The novel gang: and far be angry words;
Far ponderous chains, and far disheartening blows.
From fruits restrain their eagerness; yet if
The acajou, haply, in thy garden bloom,
With cherries², or of white or purple hue,
Thrice wholesome fruit in this relaxing clime!
Safely thou mayst their appetite indulge.
Their arid skins will plump, their features shine:
No rheums, no dysenteric ails torment;

² cherries.] The tree which produces this wholesome fruit is tall, shady, and of quick growth. Its Indian name is acajou; hence corruptly called cashew by the English. The fruit has no resemblance to a cherry, either in shape or size; and bears, at its lower extremity, a nut (which the Spaniards name anacardo, and physicians anacardium) that resembles a large kidney bean. Its kernel is as grateful as an almond, and more easy of digestion. Between its rinds is contained a highly caustic oil; which, being held to a candle, emits bright salient sparkles, in which the American fortunetellers pretended they saw spirits who gave answers to whatever questions were put to them by their ignorant followers. This oil is used as a cosmetic by the ladies, to remove freckles and sunburning; but the pain they necessarily suffer makes its use not very frequent. This tree also produces a gum not inferior to gum arabic; and its bark is an approved astringent. The juice of the cherry stains exceedingly. The long citron, or amber coloured, is the best. The cashew nuts, when unripe, are of a green colour; but, ripe, they assume that of a pale olive. This tree bears fruit but once a year.

The thirsty hydrops flies.—'Tis e'en averr'd,
 (Ah, did experience sanctify the fact;
 How many Libyans now would dig the soil,
 Who pine in hourly agonies away!)
 This pleasing fruit if turtle join its aid,
 Removes that worst of ails, disgrace of art,
 The loathsome leprosy's infectious bane.

There are, the Muse hath oft abhorrent seen,
 Who swallow dirt (so the chlorotic fair
 Oft chalk prefer to the most poignant cates);
 Such dropsy bloats, and to sure death consigns;
 Unless restrain'd from this unwholesome food,
 By soothing words, by menaces, by blows:
 Nor yet will threats, or blows, or soothing words
 Perfect their cure; unless thou, Pæan, deign'st
 By medicine's power their cravings to subdue.

To easy labour first inure thy slaves;
 Extremes are dangerous. With industrious search,
 Let them fit grassy provender collect [Earth
 For thy keen stomach'd herds.—But when the
 Hath made her annual progress round the Sun,
 What time the conch³ or bell resounds, they may
 All to the cane ground, with thy gang, repair.

Nor, Negro, at thy destiny repine,
 Though doom'd to toil from dawn to setting Sun.
 How far more pleasant is thy rural task
 Than theirs who sweat, sequester'd from the day,
 In dark tartarean caves, sunk far beneath
 The Earth's dark surface; where sulphureous
 flames,

Oft from their vapoury prisons bursting wild,
 To dire explosion give the cavern'd deep,

³ *the conch.*] Plantations that have no bells, assemble
 their Negroes by sounding a conch shell.

And in dread ruin all its inmates overwhelm!—
Nor fateful only is the bursting flame;
The exhalations of the deep dug mine, [death.
Though slow, shake from their wings as sure a
With what intense severity of pain
Hath the afflicted Muse, in Scotia, seen
The miners rack'd, who toil for fatal lead!
What cramps, what palsies shake their feeble
limbs,

Who, on the margin of the rocky Drave⁴,
Trace silver's fluent ore! Yet white men these!

How far more happy ye, than those poor slaves,
Who, whilom, under native, gracious chiefs,
Incas and emperors, long time enjoy'd
Mild government, with every sweet of life
In blissful climates! See them dragg'd in chains,
By proud insulting tyrants, to the mines
Which once they call'd their own, and then de-
See, in the mineral bosom of their land, [spised!
How hard they toil! how soon their youthful limbs
Feel the decrepitude of age! how soon
Their teeth desert their sockets! and how soon
Shaking paralysis unstrings their frame!
Yet scarce, e'en then, are they allow'd to view
The glorious god of day, of whom they beg,
With earnest hourly supplications, death;
Yet death slow comes, to torture them the more!

With these compared, ye sons of Afric, say,
How far more happy is your lot! Bland health,
Of ardent eye, and limb robust, attends
Your custom'd labour; and, should sickness seize,
With what solicitude are ye not nursed!

⁴ *the rocky Drave.*] A river in Hungary, on whose banks are found mines of quicksilver.

Ye Negroes, then, your pleasing task pursue,
And, by your toil, deserve your master's care.

When first your Blacks are novel to the hoe,
Study their humours: some, soft soothing words;
Some, presents; and some, menaces subdue;
And some I've known, so stubborn is their kind,
Whom blows, alas! could win alone to toil.

Yet, planter, let humanity prevail,
Perhaps thy Negro, in his native land, [herds:
Possess'd large fertile plains, and slaves, and
Perhaps, whene'er he deign'd to walk abroad,
The richest silks, from where the Indus rolls,
His limbs invested in their gorgeous pleats:
Perhaps he wails his wife, his children left
To struggle with adversity: perhaps
Fortune, in battle for his country fought,
Gave him a captive to his deadliest foe:
Perhaps, incautious, in his native fields,
(On pleasurable scenes his mind intent)
All as he wander'd, from the neighbouring grove,
Fell ambush dragg'd him to the hated main.
Were they e'en sold for crimes; ye polish'd, say!
Ye, to whom Learning opes her amplest page!
Ye, whom the knowledge of a living God
Should lead to virtue! Are ye free from crimes?
Ah, pity, then, these uninstructed swains;
And still let Mercy soften the decrees
Of rigid Justice, with her lenient hand.

Oh, did the tender Muse possess the power,
Which monarchs have, and monarchs oft abuse:
'Twould be the fond ambition of her soul
To quell tyrannic sway; knock off the chains
Of heart-debasing slavery; give to man,
Of every colour and of every clime,

Freedom, which stamps him image of his God.
Then laws, Oppression's scourge, fair Virtue's
prop,
Offspring of Wisdom! should impartial reign,
To knit the whole in well accorded strife:
Servants, not slaves; of choice, and not compell'd;
The Blacks should cultivate the cane land isles.

Say, shall the Muse the various ills recount
Which Negro nations feel? Shall she describe
The worm that subtly winds into their flesh,
All as they bathe them in their native streams?
There, with fell increment, it soon attains
A direful length of harm. Yet, if due skill
And proper circumspection are employed,
It may be won its volumes to wind round
A leaden cylinder: but, O, beware,
No rashness practise; else 't will surely snap,
And suddenly, retreating, dire produce
An annual lameness to the tortured Moor.

Nor only is the dragon worm to dread:
Fell, winged insects⁵, which the visual ray
Scarcely discerns, their sable feet and hands

⁵ *winged insects*.] These, by the English, are called chigoes or chigres. They chiefly perforate the toes, and sometimes the fingers; occasioning an itching, which some people think not displeasing, and are at pains to get, by going to the copper holes, or mill-round, where chigres most abound. They lay their nits in a bag, about the size of a small pea, and are partly contained therein themselves. This the Negroes extract without bursting, by means of a needle; and, filling up the place with a little snuff, it soon heals, if the person has a good constitution. One species of them is supposed to be poisonous; but, I believe, unjustly. When they bury themselves near a tendon, especially if the person is in a bad habit of body, they occasion troublesome sores. The South Americans call them mignas.

Oft penetrate; and, in the fleshy nest,
Myriads of young produce; which soon destroy
The parts they breed in, if assiduous care,
With art, extract not the prolific foe.

Or, shall she sing, and not debase her lay,
The pest peculiar to the Æthiop kind,
The yaw's infectious bane?—The' infected far
In huts, to leeward, lodge; or near the main.
With heartening food, with turtle, and with conchs,
The flowers of sulphur, and hard niccars ⁶ burn'd,
The lurking evil from the blood expel,
And throw it on the surface: there in spots,
Which cause no pain, and scanty ichor yield,
It chiefly breaks about the arms and hips,
A virulent contagion!—When no more
Round knobby spots deform, but the disease
Seems at a pause: then let the learned leach
Give, in due dose, live silver from the mine;
Till copious spitting the whole taint exhaust.—
Nor thou repine, though halfway round the Sun
This globe her annual progress shall absolve,
Ere, clear'd, thy slave from all infection shine.
Nor then be confident: successive crops
Of defædations oft will spot the skin:
These thou, with turpentine and guaiac pods,
Reduced by coction to a wholesome draught,
Total remove, and give the blood its balm.

Say, as this malady but once infests
The sons of Guinea, might not skill ingraft

⁶ . . . *niccars*.] The botanical name of this medicinal shrub is *guilandina*. The fruit resembles marbles, though not so round. Their shell is hard and smooth, and contains a farinaceous nut, of admirable use in seminal weaknesses. They are also given to throw out the yaws.

(Thus the smallpox are happily convey'd)
This ailment early to thy Negro train?

Yet, of the ills which torture Libya's sons,
Worms tyrannize the worst. They, Proteuslike,
Each symptom of each malady assume;
And, under every mask, the' assassins kill.
Now, in the guise of horrid spasms, they writhe
The tortured body, and all sense o'erpower.
Sometimes like Mania, with her head downcast,
They cause the wretch in solitude to pine;
Or frantic, bursting from the strongest chains,
To frown with look terrific, not his own.
Sometimes like Ague, with a shivering mien,
The teeth gnash fearful, and the blood runs chill:
Anon the ferment maddens in the veins,
And a false vigour animates the frame.
Again, the Dropsy's bloated mask they steal;
Or, 'melt with minings of the hectic fire.'

Say, to such various mimic forms of death,
What remedies shall puzzled art oppose?—
Thanks to the' Almighty, in each pathway hedge
Rank cowitch⁷ grows, whose sharp unnumber'd
stings,

Sheath'd in melasses, from their dens expel,
Fell dens of death, the reptile lurking foe.
A powerful vermifuge, in skilful hands,
The wormgrass proves; yet, e'en in hands of skill,
Sudden, I've known it dim the visual ray
For a whole day and night. There are who use
(And sage Experience justifies the use)
The mineral product of the Cornish mine⁸;

⁷ cowitch.] See notes in Book II.

⁸ The mineral product of the Cornish mine.] Tin filings are a better vermifuge than tin in powder.

Which in old times, ere Britain laws enjoy'd,
The polish'd Tyrians, monarchs of the main,
In their swift ships convey'd to foreign realms:
The Sun by day, by night the northern star,
Their course conducted.—Mighty Commerce, hail!
By thee the sons of Attic's sterile land,
A scanty number, laws imposed on Greece:
Nor awed they Greece alone; vast Asia's king,
Though girt by rich arm'd myriads, at their frown
Felt his heart wither on his farthest throne.
Perennial source of population thou!
While scanty peasants plough the flowery plains
Of purple Enna; from the Belgian fens
What swarms of useful citizens spring up,
Hatch'd by thy fostering wing. Ah, where is flown
That dauntless freeborn spirit, which of old
Taught them to shake off the tyrannic yoke
Of Spain's insulting king; on whose wide realms
The Sun still shone with undiminish'd beam?
Parent of wealth! in vain coy Nature hoards
Her gold and diamonds; Toil, thy firm compeer,
And Industry of unremitting nerve,
Scale the cleft mountain, the loud torrent brave,
Plunge to the centre, and through Nature's wiles,
(Led on by skill of penetrative soul)
Her following close, her secret treasures find,
To pour them plenteous on the laughing world.
On thee Sylvanus, thee each rural god,
On thee chief Ceres, with unfailing love
And fond distinction, emulously gaze.
In vain hath Nature pour'd vast seas between
Far distant kingdoms; endless storms in vain
With double night brood o'er them; thou dost
throw,

O'er far divided Nature's realms, a chain
 To bind in sweet society mankind.
 By thee white Albion, once a barbarous clime,
 Grew famed for arms, for wisdom, and for laws;
 By thee she holds the balance of the world,
 Acknowledged now sole empress of the main.
 Coy though thou art, and mutable of love,
 There mayst thou ever fix thy wandering steps;
 While Eurus rules the wide Atlantic foam!
 By thee, thy favourite, great Columbus found
 That world, where now thy praises I rehearse
 To the resounding main and palmy shore;
 And Lusitania's chiefs those realms explored
 Whence Negroes spring, the subject of my song.
 Nor pine the Blacks, alone, with real ills,
 That baffle oft the wisest rules of art:
 They likewise feel imaginary woes,
 Woes no less deadly. Luckless he who owns
 The slave, who thinks himself bewitch'd; and
 whom, [struck!
 In wrath, a conjurer's snake-mark'd⁹ staff hath
 They mope, love silence, every friend avoid;
 They inly pine, all aliment reject,

⁹ *snake-mark'd.*] The Negro conjurers, or Obia men, as they are called, carry about them a staff, which is marked with frogs, snakes, &c. The Blacks imagine that its blow, if not mortal, will at least occasion long and troublesome disorders. A belief in magic is inseparable from human nature, but those nations are most addicted thereto, among whom learning, and of course philosophy, have least obtained. As in all other countries, so in Guinea, the conjurers, as they have more understanding, so are they almost always more wicked than the common herd of their deluded countrymen; and as the Negro magicians can do mischief, so they can also do good on a plantation, provided they are kept by the white people in proper subordination.

Or insufficient for nutrition take ;
Their features droop, a sickly yellowish hue
Their skin deforms, their strength and beauty fly.
Then comes the feverish fiend, with fiery eyes,
Whom drowth, convulsions, and whom death sur-
Fatal attendants! if some subtle slave [round,
(Such Obia-men are styled) do not engage
To save the wretch by antidote or spell.

In magic spells, in Obia, all the sons
Of sable Afric trust:—Ye sacred Nine!
(For ye each hidden preparation know)
Transpierce the gloom which ignorance and fraud
Have render'd awful; tell the laughing world
Of what these wonder-working charms are made.

Fern root cut small, and tied with many a knot,
Old teeth extracted from a white man's skull;
A lizard's skeleton, a serpent's head,
These mix'd with salt, and water from the spring,
Are in a phial pour'd; o'er these the leach
Mutters strange jargon, and wild circles forms.

Of this possess'd, each Negro deems himself
Secure from poison; for to poison they
Are infamously prone: and arm'd with this,
Their sable country demons they defy,
Who fearful haunt them at the midnight hour,
To work them mischief. This, diseases fly;
Diseases follow: such its wondrous power!
This o'er the threshold of their cottage hung,
No thieves break in; or, if they dare to steal,
Their feet in blotches, which admit no cure,
Burst loathsome out; but should its owner filch,
As slaves were ever of the pilfering kind,
This from detection screens;—so conjurers swear.

Till morning dawn, and Lucifer withdraw

His beamy chariot, let not the loud bell
Call forth thy Negroes from their rushy couch:
And ere the Sun with midday fervour glow,
When every broom-bush¹⁰ opes her yellow flower,
Let thy black labourers from their toil desist:
Nor till the broom her every petal lock
Let the loud bell recall them to the hoe.
But when the jalap her bright tint displays,
When the solanum¹¹ fills her cup with dew,
And crickets, snakes, and lizards 'gin their coil;
Let them find shelter in their cane-thatch'd huts:
Or, if constrain'd unusual hours to toil
(For e'en the best must sometimes urge their gang),
With double nutriment reward their pains.

Howe'er insensate some may deem their slaves,
Nor 'bove the bestial rank; far other thoughts
The Muse, soft daughter of Humanity!
Will ever entertain.—The Ethiop knows,
The Ethiop feels, when treated like a man;
Nor grudges, should necessity compel,
By day, by night, to labour for his lord.

Not less inhuman, than unthrifty those,

¹⁰ *broom-bush*.] This small plant, which grows in every pasture, may, with propriety, be termed an American clock; for it begins every forenoon at eleven to open its yellow flowers, which about one are fully expanded, and at two closed. The jalap, or marvel of Peru, unfolds its petals between five and six in the evening, which shut again as soon as night comes on, to open again in the cool of the morning. This plant is called four o'clock by the natives, and bears either a yellow or purple coloured flower.

¹¹ *solanum*.] So some authors name the fire weed, which grows everywhere, and is the datura of Linnæus; whose virtues Dr. Stork, at Vienna, has greatly extolled in a late publication. It bears a white monopetalous flower, which opens always about sunset.

Who, half the year's rotation round the Sun,
Deny subsistence to their labouring slaves,
But wouldst thou see thy Negro train increase,
Free from disorders, and thine acres clad
With groves of sugar, every week dispense
Or English beans, or Carolinian rice,
Iërne's beef, or Pennsylvanian flour;
Newfoundland cod, or herrings from the main
That howls tempestuous round the Scotian isles!

Yet some there are so lazily inclined,
And so neglectful of their food, that thou,
Wouldst thou preserve them from the jaws of
Death,

Daily their wholesome viands must prepare;
With these let all the young, and childless old,
And all the morbid share;—so Heaven will bless,
With manifold increase, thy costly care.

Suffice not this: to every slave assign
Some mountain ground; or, if waste broken land
To thee belong, that broken land divide.
This let them cultivate, one day, each week;
And there raise yams, and there cassada's¹² root:
From a good demon's staff cassada sprang,
Tradition says, and Caribbees believe;
Which into three the white-robed genius broke,
And bade them plant, their hunger to repel.

¹² *cassada*.] To an ancient Caribbean, bemoaning the savage uncomfortable life of his countrymen, a deity clad in white apparel appeared, and told him, he would have come sooner to have taught him the ways of civil life, had he been addressed before. He then showed him sharp cutting stones to fell trees and build houses; and bade him cover them with the palm leaves. Then he broke his staff in three, which being planted, soon after produced cassada. See Ogilvy's America.

There let angola's¹³ bloomy bush supply,
For many a year, with wholesome pulse their board.
There let the bonavist¹⁴, his fringed pods
Throw liberal o'er the prop; while ochra¹⁵ bears
Aloft his slimy pulp, and help disdains.
There let potatoes¹⁶ mantle o'er the ground,
Sweet as the canejuice is the root they bear.

¹³ *angola*.] This is called pigeon pea, and grows on a sturdy shrub, that will last for years: It is justly reckoned among the most wholesome legumens. The juice of the leaves, dropped into the eye, will remove incipient films. The botanic name is *cytissus*.

¹⁴ *bonavist*.] This is the Spanish name of a plant which produces an excellent bean. It is a parasitical plant. There are five sorts of bonavist, the green, the white, the moonshine, the small or common, and lastly, the black and red. The flowers of all are white and papilionaceous, except the last, whose blossoms are purple. They commonly bear in six weeks. Their pulse is wholesome, though somewhat flatulent; especially those from the black and red. The pods are flattish, two or three inches long, and contain from three to five seeds in partitional cells.

¹⁵ *ochra*.] Or ockro. This shrub, which will last for years, produces a not less agreeable than wholesome pod. It bears all the year round. Being of a slimy and balsamic nature, it becomes a truly medicinal aliment in dysenteric complaints. It is of the malva species. It rises to about four or five feet high, bearing, on and near the summit, many yellow flowers; succeeded by green, conic, fleshy pods, channeled into several grooves. There are as many cells, filled with small round seeds, as there are channels.

¹⁶ *potatos*.] I cannot positively say whether these vines are of Indian original or not; but as in their fructification they differ from potatoes at home, they probably are not European. They are sweet. There are four kinds, the red, the white, the long, and round: the juice of each may be made into a pleasant cool drink; and, being distilled, yield an excellent spirit.

There too let eddas¹⁷ spring in order meet,
 With Indian cale¹⁸, and foodful calaloo¹⁹:
 While mint, thyme, balm, and Europe's coyer
 herbs

Shoot gladsome forth, nor reprobate the clime.

This tract secure, with hedges or of limes,
 Or bushy citrons, or the shapely tree²⁰
 That glows at once with aromatic blooms,
 And golden fruit mature. To these be join'd,
 In comely neighbourhood, the cotton shrub;
 In this delicious clime the cotton bursts
 On rocky soils.—The coffee also plant;
 White as the skin of Albion's lovely fair
 Are the thick snowy fragrant blooms it boasts:
 Nor wilt thou, cocô, thy rich pods refuse;
 Though years, and heat, and moisture they require,
 Ere the stone grind them to the food of health.
 Of thee, perhaps, and of thy various sorts,
 And that kind sheltering tree, thy mother named²¹,
 With crimson flowerets prodigally graced,
 In future times, the' enraptured Muse may sing,
 If public favour crown her present lay.

But let some ancient, faithful slave erect

¹⁷ eddas.] See notes on Book I. The French call this plant tayove. It produces eatable roots every four months, for one year only.

¹⁸ Indian cale.] This green, which is a native of the new world, equals any of the greens in the old.

¹⁹ calaloo.] Another species of Indian pot herb, no less wholesome than the preceding. These, with mezamby, and the Jamaica prickleweed, yield to no esculent plants in Europe. This is an Indian name.

²⁰ the shapely tree.] The orange tree.

²¹ thy mother named.] See Book I. note 46.

His shelter'd mansion near, and, with his dog,
 His loaded gun and cutlass, guard the whole :
 Else Negro fugitives, who skulk mid rocks
 And shrubby wilds, in bands will soon destroy
 Thy labourer's honest wealth ; their loss and yours.

Perhaps of Indian gardens I could sing,
 Beyond what bloom'd on bless'd Phœacia's isle,
 Or eastern climes admired in days of yore :
 How Europe's foodful culinary plants,
 How gay Pomona's ruby tintured births,
 And gaudy Flora's various vested train,
 Might be instructed to unlearn their clime,
 And by due discipline adopt the Sun.
 The Muse might tell what culture will entice
 The ripen'd melon to perfume each month,
 And with the' anana load the fragrant board.
 The Muse might tell what trees will best exclude
 (' Insuperable height of airiest shade')
 With their vast umbrage the noon's fervent ray.
 Thee, verdant mammey ²², first her song should
 praise,

²² *mammey*.] This is a lofty, shady, and beautiful tree. Its fruit is as large as the largest melon, and of an exquisite smell, greatly superior to it in point of taste. Within the fruit are contained one or two large stones, which, when distilled, give to spirits a ratafia flavour, and therefore the French call them les apricots de St. Domingue: accordingly, the l'eau des noiaux, one of the best West Indian cordials, is made from them. The fruit, eaten raw, is of an aperient quality; and made into sweetmeats, &c. is truly exquisite. This tree, contrary to most others in the new world, shoots up to a pyramidal figure: the leaves are uncommonly green; and it produces fruit but once a year. The name is Indian. The English commonly call it mammey sapota. There are two species of it, the sweet, and the tart. The botanical name is *achras*.

Thee, the first natives of these ocean isles,
 Fell anthropophagi, still sacred held;
 And from thy large high flavour'd fruit abstain'd
 With pious awe; for thine high flavour'd fruit
 The airy phantoms of their friends deceased
 Joy'd to regale on.—Such their simple creed.
 The tamarind ²³ likewise should adorn her theme,
 With whose tart fruit the sweltering fever loves
 To quench his thirst, whose breezy umbrage soon
 Shades the pleased planter, shades his children
 long.

Nor, lofty cassia ²⁴, should she not recount
 Thy woodland honours! See, what yellow flowers
 Dance in the gale, and scent the ambient air;
 While thy long pods, full fraught with nectar'd
 sweets,

Relieve the bowels from their lagging load.
 Nor chirimoia, though these torrid isles
 Boast not thy fruit, to which the' anana yields
 In taste and flavour, wilt thou coy refuse
 Thy fragrant shade to beautify the scene.
 But, chief of palms, and pride of Indian grove,
 Thee, fair palmeto ²⁵, should her song resound:

²³ *tamarind*.] See Book I. note 47.

²⁴ *cassia*.] Both this tree and its mild purgative pulp are sufficiently known.

²⁵ *palmeto*.] This being the most beautiful of palms, nay, perhaps, superior to any other known tree in the world, has with propriety obtained the name of royal. The botanical name is *palma maxima*. It will shoot up perpendicularly to a hundred feet and more. The stem is perfectly circular; only towards the root, and immediately under the branches at top, it bulges out. The bark is smooth, and of an ash brown colour, except at the top, where it is green. It grows very fast, and the seed from whence it springs is

What swelling columns, form'd by Jones or Wren,
 Or great Palladio, may with thee compare?
 Not nice proportion'd, but of size immense,
 Swells the wild fig tree, and should claim her lay:
 For, from its numerous bearded twigs proceed
 A filial train, stupendous as their sire,
 In quick succession; and, o'er many a rood
 Extend their uncouth limbs, which not the bolt
 Of Heaven can scathe; nor yet the' all wasting
 rage
 Of Typhon, or of hurricane, destroy.
 Nor should, though small, the' anata²⁶ not be
 sung:

not bigger than an acorn. In this, as in all the palm genus, what the natives call cabbage is found; but it resembles in taste an almond, and is in fact the pith of the upper, or greenish part of the stem. But it would be the most unpardonable luxury to cut down so lovely a tree, for so mean a gratification; especially as the wild, or mountain cabbage tree sufficiently supplies the table with that esculent. I never ride past the charming vista of royal palms on the Cayon estate of Daniel Mathew, Esq. in St. Christopher, without being put in mind of the pillars of the temple of the Sun at Palmyra. This tree grows on the tops of hills, as well as in valleys; its hard cortical part makes very durable laths for houses. There is a smaller species not quite so beautiful.

²⁶ *anata*.] Or anotto, or arnotta; thence corruptly called Indian otter, by the English. The tree is about the size of an ordinary apple tree. The French call it rocou; and send the farina home as a paint, &c. for which purpose the tree is cultivated by them in their islands. The flower is pentapetalous, of a bluish and spoonlike appearance. The yellow filaments are tipped with purplish apices. The style proves the rudiment of the succeeding pod, which is of a conic shape, an inch and a half long. This is divided into many cells, which contain a great number of small seeds, covered with a red farina.

Thy purple dye, the silk and cotton fleece
Delighted drink; thy purple dye the tribes
Of northern Ind, a fierce and wily race,
Carouse, assembled; and with it they paint
Their manly make in many a horrid form,
To add new terrors to the face of war.
The Muse might teach to twine the verdant arch,
And the cool alcove's lofty roof adorn
With ponderous granadillas²⁷, and the fruit
Call'd water lemon, grateful to the taste:
Nor should she not pursue the mountain streams,
But pleased decoy them from their shady haunts,
In rills, to visit every tree and herb;
Or fall o'er fernclad cliffs with foaming rage,
Or in huge basons float, a fair expanse;
Or, bound in chains of artificial force,
Arise through sculptured stone, or breathing
brass.—

But I'm in haste to furl my windworn sails,
And anchor my tired vessel on the shore.

It much imports to build thy Negro huts,
Or on the sounding margin of the main,
Or on some dry hill's gently sloping sides,

²⁷ *granadilla*.] This is the Spanish name, and is a species of the *passiflora*, or passion flower, called by Linnæus *musa*. The seeds and pulp, through which the seeds are dispersed, are cooling and grateful to the palate. This, as well as the water lemon, bell apple, or honeysuckle, as it is named, being parasitical plants, are easily formed into cooling arbours, than which nothing can be more grateful in warm climates. Both fruits are wholesome. The granadilla is commonly eat with sugar, on account of its tartness, and yet the pulp is viscid. Plumier calls it *granadilla, latefolia, fructu maliformi*. It grows best in shady places. The unripe fruit makes an excellent pickle.

In streets, at distance due.—When near the beach,

Let frequent coco cast its wavy shade;
'Tis Neptune's tree; and, nourish'd by the spray,
Soon round the bending stem's aerial height
Clusters of mighty nuts, with milk and fruit
Delicious fraught, hang clattering in the sky.
There let the bay grape²⁸, too, its crooked limbs
Project enormous; of empurpled hue
Its frequent clusters grow. And there, if thou
Wouldst make the sand yield salutary food,
Let Indian millet²⁹ rear its corny reed,
Like arm'd battalions in array of war.
But, round the upland huts, bananas plant;
A wholesome nutriment bananas yield,

²⁸ *bay grape*.] Or seaside grape, as it is more commonly called. This is a large, crooked, and shady tree (the leaves being broad, thick, and almost circular), and succeeds best in sandy places. It bears large clusters of grapes once a year; which, when ripe, are not disagreeable. The stones, seeds, or acini, contained in them, are large in proportion; and, being reduced to a powder, are an excellent astringent. The bark of the tree has the same property. The grapes, steeped in water and fermented with sugar, make an agreeable wine.

²⁹ *Indian millet*.] Or maize. This is commonly called Guinea corn, to distinguish it from the great or Indian corn, that grows in the southern parts of North America. It soon shoots up to a great height, often twenty feet high, and will ratoon like the other; but its blades are not so nourishing to horses as those of the great corn, although its seeds are more so, and rather more agreeable to the taste. The Indians, Negroes, and poor white people make many (not unsavoury) dishes with them. It is also called Turkey wheat. The turpentine tree will also grow in the sand, and is most useful upon a plantation.

And sunburnt labour loves its breezy shade.
Their graceful screen let kindred plantanes join,
And with their broad vans shiver in the breeze;
So flames design'd, or by imprudence caught,
Shall spread no ruin to the neighbouring roof.

Yet nor the sounding margin of the main,
Nor gently sloping side of breezy hill,
Nor streets, at distance due, imbower'd in trees,
Will half the health, or half the pleasure yield,
Unless some pitying Naiad deign to lave,
With an unceasing stream, thy thirsty bounds.

On festal days, or when their work is done,
Permit thy slaves to lead the choral dance
To the wild banshaw's ³⁰ melancholy sound.
Responsive to the sound, head, feet, and frame
Move awkwardly harmonious; hand in hand
Now lock'd, the gay troop circularly wheels,
And frisks and capers with intemperate joy.
Halts the vast circle, all clap hands and sing;
While those distinguish'd for their heels and air,
Bound in the centre, and fantastic twine.
Meanwhile some stripling from the choral ring
Trips forth; and, not ungallantly, bestows
On her who nimblest hath the greensward beat,
And whose flush'd beauties have inthrall'd his
soul,

A silver token of his fond applause.
Anon they form in ranks; nor inexpert
A thousand tuneful intricacies weave,
Shaking their sable limbs; and oft a kiss

³⁰ banshaw.] This is a sort of rude guitar, invented by the Negroes. It produces a wild pleasing melancholy sound.

Steal from their partners; who, with neck reclined,

And semblant scorn, resent the ravish'd bliss.

But let not thou the drum their mirth inspire,

Nor vinous spirits : else to madness fired,

(What will not bacchanalian frenzy dare ?)

Fell acts of blood and vengeance they pursue.

Compel by threats, or win by soothing arts,

Thy slaves to wed their fellow slaves at home ;

So shall they not their vigorous prime destroy,

By distant journeys, at untimely hours,

When muffled midnight decks her raven hair

With the white plumage of the prickly vine³¹.

Wouldst thou from countless ails preserve thy gang ;

To every Negro, as the candle-weed³²

Expands his blossoms to the cloudy sky,

And moist Aquarius melts in daily showers ;

A woolly vestment give (this Wiltshire weaves),

Warm to repel chill night's unwholesome dews :

³¹ *prickly vine*.] This beautiful white rosaceous flower is as large as the crown of one's hat, and only blows at midnight. The plant, which is prickly and attaches itself firmly to the sides of houses, trees, &c. produces a fruit, which some call wythe apple, and others with more propriety, mountain-strawberry. But though it resembles the large Chili-strawberry in looks and size ; yet being inelegant of taste, it is seldom eaten. The botanical name is *cereus scandens minor*. The rind of the fruit is here and there studded with tufts of small sharp prickles.

³² *candle-weed*.] This shrub, which produces a yellow flower somewhat resembling a narcissus, makes a beautiful hedge, and blows about November. It grows wild everywhere. It is said to be diuretic, but this I do not know from experience.

While strong coarse linen, from the Scotian loom,
Wards off the fervours of the burning day.

The truly great, though from a hostile clime,
The sacred Nine embalm ; then, Muses, chant,
In grateful numbers, Gallic Lewis' praise :
For private murder quell'd ; for laurel'd arts,
Invented, cherish'd in his native realm ;
For rapine punish'd ; for grim famine fed ;
For sly chicane expell'd the wrangling bar ;
And rightful Themis seated on her throne :
But, chief, for those mild laws his wisdom framed,
To guard the Ethiop from tyrannic sway !

Did such, in these green isles which Albion
claims,

Did such obtain ; the Muse, at midnight hour,
This last brain-racking study had not plied :
But, sunk in slumbers of immortal bliss,
To bards had listened on a fancied Thames !

All hail, old father Thames !, though not from
far

Thy springing waters roll ; nor countless streams,
Of name conspicuous, swell thy watery store ;
Though thou, no Plata³³, to the sea devolve
Vast humid offerings ; thou art king of streams :
Delighted Commerce broods upon thy wave ;
And every quarter of this seagirt globe
To thee due tribute pays ; but chief the world
By great Columbus found, where now the Muse
Beholds, transported, slow vast fleecy clouds,
Alps piled on Alps romantically high,
Which charm the sight with many a pleasing form.

³³ Plata.] One of the largest rivers of South America.

The Moon, in virgin glory, gilds the pole,
And tips yon tamarinds, tips yon cane-crown'd
vale,
With fluent silver; while unnumber'd stars
Gild the vast concave with their lively beams.
The main, a moving burnish'd mirror, shines;
No noise is heard, save when the distant surge
With drowsy murmurings breaks upon the
shore!—

Ah me, what thunders roll! the sky's on fire!
Now sudden darkness muffles up the pole!
Heavens! what wild scenes before the' affrighted
sense

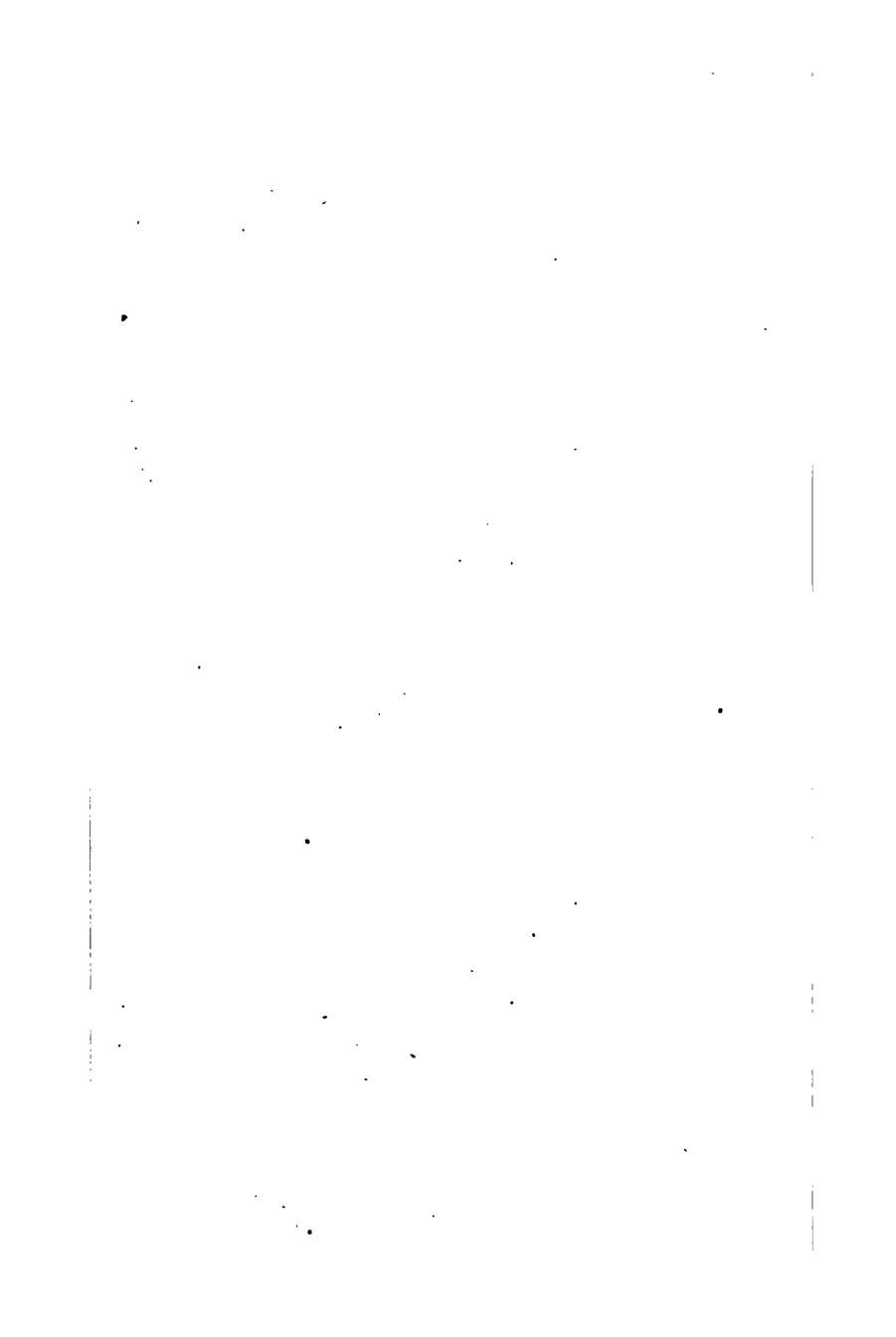
Imperfect swim!—See! in that flaming scroll,
Which Time unfolds, the future germs bud forth
Of mighty empires! independent realms!—
And must Britannia, Neptune's favourite queen,
Protectress of true science, freedom, arts;
Must she, ah! must she, to her offspring crouch?
Ah, must my Thames, old Ocean's favourite
son,

Resign his trident to barbaric streams;
His banks neglected, and his waves unsought,
No bards to sing them, and no fleets to grace?—
Again the fleecy clouds amuse the eye,
And sparkling stars the vast horizon gild—
She shall not crouch; if Wisdom guide the helm,
Wisdom that bade loud Fame, with justest praise,
Record her triumphs! bade the lackeying winds
Transport, to every quarter of the globe,
Her winged navies! bade the sceptred sons
Of Earth acknowledge her preeminence!—
She shall not crouch; if these cane ocean-isles,

Isles which on Britain for their all depend,
And must for ever, still indulgent share
Her fostering smile: and other isles be given,
From vanquish'd foes.—And, see, another race!
A golden era dazzles my fond sight!
That other race, that long'd-for era, hail!
The British George now reigns, the patriot king!
Britain shall ever triumph o'er the main.



THE
POEMS
OF
Samuel Boyse.



THE
LIFE OF SAMUEL BOYSE.

BY

R. A. DAVENPORT, Esq.

SAMUEL BOYSE, one of the most thoughtless and necessitous of poets, was born in the year 1708, and was the son of the Rev. Joseph Boyse, a dissenting minister, eminent for talent, benevolence, and piety. After having received, at a private school in Dublin, the rudiments of education, he was sent, at the age of eighteen, to the University of Glasgow, to finish his studies. It is supposed that his father intended him for the ministry. Before, however, Boyse had been twelve months at Glasgow, he became enamoured of a Miss Atchenson, the daughter of a tradesman in that city. Infatuated by his passion, and careless of consequences, he married her when he had not yet reached his twentieth year. It appears, too, that he committed this act of imprudence without consulting either her parents or his own; and that hers were either unwilling or unable to afford him any assistance. Yet of assistance he soon stood in need. He was naturally extravagant, and his expenses were now increased. A longer stay at the university was, therefore, speedily rendered im-

practicable, and he had no resource but to return to Dublin, to his father, taking with him not only his wife, but her sister, to whom Mrs. Boyse was strongly attached.

The income of his father was scanty. It consisted only of the voluntary subscriptions of those to whom he was the pastor, and of eighty pounds a year, the produce of a small estate in Yorkshire. The parent, however, gave to his prodigal son a fatherly reception. Boyse remained at home for some time; which, instead of employing in pursuits calculated to benefit his purse or his mind, he is said to have wasted in dissipation or in idleness. Nor is this the worst that is laid to his charge. He is accused of a species of baseness, which, were he fairly convicted of it, would brand him as one of the most degraded of the human race. It is affirmed that his wife was a profligate, who granted her favours to other men, and that her doing so was 'not without the knowledge of her husband, who had either too abject a spirit to resent it, or was bribed by some lucrative advantage.'

Such a story as this, unless it be supported by incontrovertible evidence, it is cruel, perhaps criminal, to believe; and still more so to contribute to give it currency. I am of opinion that it is a calumny. It rests entirely on the authority of the person who wrote the life of Boyse, in Cibber's *Lives of the Poets*, and he is manifestly an enemy, who drags forth and dwells on all the faults of Boyse, and they were but too many, with a malicious pleasure.

In relating this disgusting story, he adds, that, 'the two ladies wore such a mask of decency before the old gentleman that his fondness was never abated;' and also that, 'as he was of an unsuspecting temper, he had not the least jealousy of the real conduct of his daughter in law, who grew every day in his favour, and continued to blind him, by the seeming decency of her behaviour, and a perform-

ance of those acts of piety he naturally expected from her.'

This cool and consummate art does not accord well with the character of a woman of 'a very volatile sprightly temper:' but, if we can suppose her to have been capable of such art, there seems no reason why she might not have exerted it as effectually to delude her husband as to delude his father. That Boyse really loved her admits of no dispute. He always spoke and wrote of her with tenderness; and, after a union of twenty years, he lamented his compulsory absence from her, and hoped that, in his last moments, he might 'have the comfort of his poor dear girl to be near him, and to close his eyes.' It is not probable, even had he tolerated her deviations from virtue, that he would have cherished for her such feelings as these. He might, perhaps, have borne with, but he must have despised her. If, however, we admit, to the utmost extent, his folly and meanness of spirit, we shall still be at a loss to reconcile with her presumed guilt the strange perseverance with which she shared his adverse fortune. It seems that she was, for years, the willing partaker of all his poverty and wretchedness, although he is represented to have been so devoid of humanity as often to spend his last half guinea on a tavern dinner, which he devoured in solitary gluttony, 'while his wife and children were starving at home.' Is it to be credited that she who, without the excuse of distress, could play the part of a prostitute, could also, for so long a period, persist in remaining linked to pinching want and a selfish husband, when necessity as well as inclination would have prompted her to break the fetters of marriage? But of her innocence there is something more than presumptive proof. For seventeen years Mr. Stewart, one of Dr. Johnson's amanuenses, was intimately acquainted with Boyse and his wife, and he testifies

that he never saw in her conduct any thing which was deserving of censure.

By the death of his father, which took place in 1728, Boyse was thrown upon the world. He inherited nothing from his parent, the small estate having been sold, in consequence, it is said, of his own extravagance; though, as that extravagance must have been committed in less than two years, and his pleasures were not of the most expensive kind, it seems unlikely that so large a sum should have been squandered with so much rapidity. The estate was, perhaps, already mortgaged. He himself tells us, but without any particulars, that his father died 'in very involved circumstances.'

In 1730 he removed to Edinburgh, where he acquired many friends by his poetical talents. Among them were lords Stormont, Stair, and Tweeddale, and the Countess of Eglinton. To Lady Eglinton he dedicated, in 1731, a volume of poems, to which was subjoined a translation of the *Tablature of Cebes*, and a *Letter upon Liberty*, the latter of which had been printed in the *Dublin Journal*. This was followed by an elegy, called '*The Tears of the Muses*,' on the death of Viscountess Stormont, who had been a patroness of literature, and especially of poetry. This tribute of respect to the memory of his lady was so gratifying to Lord Stormont, that he ordered his solicitor at Edinburgh to make a handsome present to the author. Boyse, however, was not easily to be found, his person and residence being less known than his verses; and the bounty of the peer would never have reached him, had not the agent inserted, in a newspaper, an advertisement, addressed to the author of '*The Tears of the Muses*.' Boyse, like Morland the painter, is said to have felt ill at ease in elegant society, which he, therefore, shunned, and habituated himself to the company of those with whom he could converse on

a familiar footing. An unhappy failing which almost always leads to degradation, and from which genius ought to be protected by a proud consciousness of its own inherent worth.

Fortune, was now, for a moment, propitious to Boyse, and was disposed to afford him the means of future independence; but her fugitive kindness was frustrated by his procrastinating and inert disposition. Through Lady Eglinton and Lord Stormont, he obtained the notice of the Duchess of Gordon, who possessed a literary taste, and was so pleased with his talents that she determined to provide for him. With this view she procured the promise of a place, and gave to him a letter, which he was to deliver, on the following day, to one of the Commissioners of the Customs at Edinburgh. Boyse was then at some distance from the Scottish capital, the day proved to be rainy, and this was sufficient to discourage him from setting out on his journey. Having suffered the appointed time to pass over, he seems either to have thought that his application would be fruitless, or to have delayed it till it was so. After waiting for a while, the Commissioner bestowed the place on another, and Boyse was left in that needy obscurity the proffered opportunity of emerging from which he had madly thrown away.

The clamours of his creditors at length became so loud that he considered it to be no longer safe to remain at Edinburgh. He resolved, therefore, to try his fortune in London. Still desirous to contribute to his welfare, his noble friends furnished him with letters to Pope, to the Lord Chancellor King, and to the Solicitor General, Mr. Murray, afterwards Earl of Mansfield, the brother of Lord Stormont. But all this was unavailing. On Pope he once called, but, not finding him at home, he never repeated his visit; and though he is said to have been admitted to the table of the Lord Chancellor, he does not appear to

have derived any advantage from his introduction to that eminent character.

His first known publication, after his arrival in the metropolis, was a volume of poems, which is believed to have come forth about the year 1738. I fear that it was not productive of much benefit to him. In 1740 he published 'The Deity,' a poem; the most elaborate of his compositions. It was warmly praised by Harvey and Fielding; and Pope declared that there were lines in it which he should not be ashamed to have written. Not more, however, than two editions of it were sold during the life of the author.

Boyse had by this time sunk into a state of deplorable poverty. It appears that before the poem of 'The Deity' was regularly published, he sent copies of it to persons of note, in the hope of obtaining donations. Sir Hans Sloane was one of those to whom he applied; and, in the British Museum, there is a letter extant, in which he returns a shilling to Sir Hans, it not being a good one. A melancholy proof how low he was reduced.

The picture which is drawn of his situation, by his biographer in 'Cibber's Lives,' exhibits human nature in its most fallen and humiliating aspect. 'He had not (says the writer) a shirt, a coat, or any kind of apparel to put on: the sheets in which he lay were carried to the pawnbrokers', and he was obliged to be confined to bed, with no other covering than a blanket. He had little support but what he got by writing letters to his friends in the most abject style. He was perhaps ashamed to let this instance of his distress be known to his friends, which might be the reason of his remaining so for six weeks. During that time, he had some employment in writing verses for the magazines; and whoever had seen him in his study, must have thought the object singular enough. He sat up in bed with the blanket wrapped about him, through which he

had cut a hole large enough to admit his arm, and placing the paper upon his knee, scribbled in the best manner he could the verses he was obliged to make : whatever he got by these, or any of his begging letters, was but just sufficient for the preservation of life. And perhaps he would have remained much longer in this distressed state, had not a compassionate gentleman, upon hearing this circumstance related, ordered his clothes to be taken out of pawn, and enabled him to appear again abroad. This six weeks penance one would imagine to be sufficient to deter him, for the future, from suffering himself to be exposed to such distresses ; but by a long habit of want it grew familiar to him, and, as he had less delicacy than other men, he was perhaps less afflicted with his exterior meanness. For, the future, whenever his distresses so pressed upon him as to induce him to dispose of his shirt, he fell upon an artificial method of supplying one. He cut some white paper in slips, which he tied round his wrists, and in the same manner supplied his neck. In this plight he frequently appeared abroad, with the additional inconvenience of want of breeches.' His kind and candid biographer adds, that Boyse 'sometimes ordered his wife to inform people that he was just expiring, and by this artifice worked upon their compassion; and many of his friends were frequently surprised to meet the man in the street to-day, to whom they had yesterday sent relief as to a person on the verge of death. At other times he would propose subscriptions for poems, of which only the beginning and conclusion were written ; and by this expedient would relieve some present necessity. But as he seldom was able to put any of his poems to the press, his veracity in this case suffered a diminution ; and indeed in almost every other particular he might justly be suspected ; for if he could

but gratify an immediate appetite, he cared not at what expense, whether of the reputation or purse of another.'

The poverty of Boyse is here, perhaps, too truly depicted; but his motives and his conduct we may believe the writer to have in some measure darkened and distorted. There is no evidence that Boyse was a man who would injure the 'reputation of another,' and it is manifest that the account given by the biographer is, in parts, not consistent; and that he writes with an unfeeling if not with a vindictive spirit.

The friend alluded to, as having redeemed the clothes of Boyse, was probably Dr. Johnson, who certainly did him that kindness on one occasion. 'The sum (said he to Boswell) was collected by sixpences, at a time when to me sixpence was a serious object.' The intimacy of Johnson with Boyse arose from their being both engaged in 'The Gentleman's Magazine.' To that magazine Boyse supplied, between the years 1741 and 1743, a variety of translations and of pieces of poetry. His contributions were generally signed Y. or Alcæus, and, in all likelihood, his labours were but poorly recompensed. Of the liberality of Cave, his task master, a tolerable judgment may be formed from one circumstance. It was his custom to pay by the hundred lines; and after a while he wished to make Boyse extend the number to what is termed the long hundred. Boyse might, therefore, well complain, in writing to Dr. Birch, that Cave 'had not used him so kindly as the sense which he expressed of his services gave him reason to expect.' About three months before he thus complained, he had been confined in a spunging house, in Grocers' Alley, in the Poultry, where, as we learn from some Latin lines and a letter to Cave, he was 'without bread or money,' had tasted

nothing 'since Tuesday evening,' and was in danger of being stripped for the payment of his lodging, and sent naked into prison.

Among his schemes was a translation of Voltaire's poems, and a life of Sir Francis Drake. In 1743 he published, without his name, an 'Ode on the Battle of Dettingen.' By Ogle he was employed to modernize some of the 'Canterbury Tales of Chaucer,' for which work he was paid at the rate of three pence a line.

In 1745 he resided at Reading, where he was engaged by David Henry, to compile, in two volumes, 'An Historical Review of the Transactions of Europe, from 1739 to 1745.' This work came from the press in 1747; and, though it has many defects, of which he was fully sensible, it is not a contemptible production. There are parts of it which show that, had he possessed leisure and ease of mind, he was capable of occupying a respectable place among annalists. It is no small merit in him that he had a dislike of writing history without sufficient documents, and would fain have waited till he could procure a larger supply of them. The bookseller, however, seems to have thought that historical truth was of trifling importance, and the luckless drudge of an author was, therefore, compelled to push forward with a toil from which, as he declared, he could not hope for either profit or reputation. His profit was indeed such that the stating of it can hardly fail to excite the incredulity of the reader. For the task of writing and of correcting the press, he was remunerated by the Mæcenæ of Reading with the enormous sum of half-a-guinea a week. If his labours were generally rewarded in so liberal a manner, he could have no excuse for being guilty of the sin of beggary.

While he was at Reading, his wife died, and was buried by the parish. On this occasion, Boyse, if we

may credit his biographer, acted in such a way as to demonstrate that his intellects were disordered. Unable to procure mourning for himself, he stepped into a little shop, and purchased half a yard of black ribbon, to tie round the neck of a lapdog, which he always carried about in his arms. 'But this (continues the writer) was not the only ridiculous instance of his behaviour on the death of his wife. Such was the sottishness of this man, that when he was in liquor he always indulged a dream of his wife's being still alive, and would talk very spitefully of those by whom he suspected she was entertained. This he never mentioned, however, except in his cups, which was only as often as he had money to spend. The manner of his becoming intoxicated was very particular. As he had no spirit to keep good company, so he retired to some obscure alehouse, and regaled himself with hot twopenny, which though he drank in very great quantities, yet he had never more than a pennyworth at a time. Such a practice rendered him so completely sottish that even his abilities, as an author, became sensibly impaired.'

From Reading Boyse returned to London, where, in the summer of 1748, he married a cutler's widow, a native of Dublin, who had no money, but who proved to be a tender hearted and faithful companion. The biographer, with his usual bitterness, calls her 'a woman in low circumstances, but well enough adapted to his taste.' Boyse seemed at length determined to retrieve his character. He left off drinking fermented liquors, and grew more regular in his habits, and more decent in his appearance. From the booksellers he obtained some employment as a translator. He would, perhaps, have atoned for his errors, and filled an honourable place in society, had he not been cut off by an untimely death. Of the cause of his death various accounts are given. The true one seems to be, that he lin-

gered, for many months, under a consumption, brought on or aggravated by the barbarous usage which he received from two or three soldiers who robbed him. He is said to have been found dead in his bed, with the pen in his hand. He died in the month of May, 1749, in obscure lodgings near Shoe Lane, and was buried at the expense of the parish.

Boyse had a taste for painting and music, and is said to have been well acquainted with heraldry. That such powers as he was gifted with should have been so lamentably wasted must call forth a sigh from every person of proper feeling. His faults seem to have been the offspring rather of weakness than of wickedness. He was improvident, he was deficient in strength of mind, and in that just self respect which preserves its possessor from being stained by acts of meanness, and overawed by the minions of fortune; but there is no reason for believing that he was malignant and depraved at heart; he venerated virtue even while he deviated from it; in his writings he teaches no lessons of profligacy, on the contrary, he is invariably chaste and moral, and he displays a generous hatred of cruelty to animals, which testifies strongly to the benevolence of his disposition. His timidity excluded him from polished circles; his miseries, perhaps, drove him to seek the delusive and ruinous aid of intoxicating stimulants; and, when he had once sunk into degradation, his want of mental energy effectually prevented him from ever again emerging. The fate of Boyse has been made the text of a somniferous sermon on the misconduct of men of genius; yet, blamable as he really was, it may be doubted whether he was as much so as those insolent Pharisees who thank their Creator that they are not like others, and who 'pay tithe of mint, and cummin and anise,' while they forget that 'mercy' is among 'the weightier matters of the law.'

The poetry of Boyse, were the whole of it collected,

would form six volumes of moderate size. Much of it bears the marks of haste and compulsory toil; but much of it is above mediocrity. The poem of 'The Deity' would alone be sufficient to assert for him the title of poet. Though in some places turgid and obscure, and in others incorrect, yet it glows with the genuine fervour of the Muse. Fielding scarcely did it more than justice when he called it 'a noble poem.' The smaller pieces of Boyse are often ingenious, elegant, and animated. In reading his works our wonder is, not that he at times wrote badly, but that he was ever able to write so well, oppressed as he incessantly was by misfortune, by sorrow, and by the terrors or the actual miseries of hunger and a jail.

DEITY.

Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.

HOR.

FROM earth's low prospects and deceitful aims,
From wealth's allurements, and ambition's dreams,
The lover's raptures, and the hero's views,
All the false joys mistaken man pursues;
The schemes of science, the delights of wine,
Or the more pleasing follies of the Nine!
Recall, fond bard, thy long enchanted sight
Deluded with the visionary light!
A nobler theme demands thy sacred song,
A theme beyond or man's or angel's tongue!
But oh, alas! unhallow'd and profane,
How shalt thou dare to raise the heavenly strain?
Do thou, who from the altar's living fire
Isaiah's tuneful lips didst once inspire,
Come to my aid, celestial Wisdom, come;
From my dark mind dispel the doubtful gloom:
My passions still, my purer breast inflame,
To sing that God from whom existence came;
Till heaven and nature in the concert join,
And own the Author of their birth divine.

Eternity.

WHENCE sprung this glorious frame? or whence
arose

The various forms the universe compose?
From what Almighty Cause, what mystic springs
Shall we derive the origin of things?
Sing, heavenly Guide! whose all efficient light
Drew dawning planets from the womb of Night!
Since reason, by thy sacred dictates taught,
Adores a power beyond the reach of thought.

First Cause of causes! Sire supreme of birth!
Sole light of heaven! acknowledged life of earth;
Whose Word from nothing call'd this beauteous
whole,

This wide expanded all from pole to pole!
Who shall prescribe the boundary to thee,
Or fix the era of eternity?

Should we, deceived by Error's sceptic glass,
Admit the thought absurd—that nothing was!
Thence would this wild, this false conclusion flow,
That nothing raised this beauteous all below;
When from disclosing darkness splendour breaks,
Associate atoms move, and matter speaks,
When nonexistence bursts its close disguise,
How blind are mortals—not to own the skies!

If one vast void eternal held its place,
Whence started time? or whence expanded space?
What gave the slumbering mass to feel a change,
Or bid consenting worlds harmonious range?
Could nothing link the universal chain?
No, 'tis impossible, absurd, and vain!

Here reason its eternal Author finds,
The whole who regulates, unites, and binds,
Enlivens matter, and produces minds!
Inactive Chaos sleeps in dull repose,
Nor knowledge thence, nor free volition flows!
A nobler source those powers ethereal show,
By which we think, design, reflect, and know;
These from a cause superior date their rise,
Abstract in essence from material ties.
An origin immortal as supreme,
From whose pure day, celestial rays! they came:
From whom all possible perfections shine,
Eternal, self-existent, and divine!
From this great spring of uncreated might!
From this all resplendent orb of vital light;
Hence all created beings take their rise,
Which beautify the earth, or paint the skies;
Profusely wide the boundless blessings flow,
Which heaven enrich and gladden worlds below!
Which are no less, when properly defined,
Than emanations of the' Eternal Mind!
Hence triumphs truth beyond objection clear,
Let unbelief attend and shrink with fear!)
That what for ever was—must surely be
Beyond commencement, and from period free;
Drawn from himself his native excellence,
His date eternal, and his space immense!
And all of whom that man can comprehend,
Is, that he ne'er began, nor e'er shall end.
In him from whom existence boundless flows,
Let humble faith its sacred trust repose:
Assured on his eternity depend,
'Eternal Father! and eternal Friend!

Within that mystic circle safety seek,
No time can lessen, and no force can break;
And, lost in adoration, breathe his praise,
High Rock of ages, ancient Sire of days!

Unity.

THUS recognised, the spring of life and thought!
Eternal, self-derived, and unbegot!
Approach, celestial Muse, the' empyreal throne,
And awfully adore the' exalted One!
In nature pure, in place supremely free,
And happy in essential unity!
Bless'd in himself, had from his forming hand
No creature sprung to hail his wide command;
Bless'd, had the sacred fountain ne'er run o'er,
A boundless sea of bliss that knows no shore!
Nor sense can two prime origins conceive,
Nor reason two eternal gods believe!
Could the wild Manichæan own that guide,
The good would triumph, and the ill subside!
Again would vanquish'd Arimanius bleed,
And darkness from prevailing light recede!
In different individuals we find
An evident disparity of mind;
Hence ductile thought a thousand changes gains,
And actions vary as the will ordains;
But should two beings, equally supreme,
Divided power and parted empire claim;
How soon would universal order cease!
How soon would discord harmony displace!
Eternal schemes maintain eternal fight,
Nor yield, supported by eternal might;
Where each would uncontrol'd his aim pursue,
The links dis sever, or the chain renew!

Matter from motion cross impressions take,
 As served each power his rival's power to break,
 While neutral Chaos, from his deep recess,
 Would view the never ending strife increase,
 And bless the contest that secured his peace!
 While new creations would opposing rise,
 And elemental war deform the skies;
 Around wild uproar and confusion hurl'd,
 Eclipse the heavens, and waste the ruin'd world.

Two independent causes to admit
 Destroys religion, and debases wit;
 The first by such an anarchy undone,
 The last acknowledges its source but one.
 As from the main the mountain rills are drawn,
 That wind irriguous through the flowery lawn;
 So, mindful of their spring, one course they keep,
 Exploring till they find their native deep!

Exalted Power, invisible, supreme,
 Thou sovereign, sole unutterable name!
 As round thy throne thy flaming seraphs stand,
 And touch the golden lyre with trembling hand;
 Too weak thy pure effulgence to behold,
 With their rich plumes their dazzled eyes infold;
 Transported with the ardours of thy praise,
 The holy! holy! holy! anthem raise!
 To them responsive let creation sing,
 Thee, indivisible eternal King!

Spirituality.

O, say, celestial Muse! whose purer birth
 Disdains the low material ties of earth;
 By what bright images shall be defined
 The mystic nature of the' Eternal Mind!

Or how shall thought the dazzling height explore,
Where all that reason can—is to adore!

That God's an immaterial essence pure,
Whom figure can't describe, nor parts immure;
Incapable of passions, impulse, fear,
In good preeminent, in truth severe;
Unmix'd his nature, and sublimed his powers
From all the gross allay that tempers ours;
In whose clear eye the bright angelic train
Appear suffused with imperfection's stain;
Impervious to the man's or seraph's eye,
Beyond the ken of each exalted high,
Him would in vain material semblance feign,
Or figured shrines the boundless God contain;
Object of faith! he shuns the view of sense,
Lost in the blaze of sightless excellence!
Most perfect, most intelligent, most wise,
In whom the sanctity of pureness lies;
In whose adjusting mind the whole is wrought,
Whose form is spirit, and whose essence thought!
Are truths inscribed by wisdom's brightest ray,
In characters that gild the face of day!

Reason confess'd (howe'er we may dispute),
Fix'd boundary! discovers man from brute;
But, dim to us, exerts its fainter ray,
Depress'd in matter, and allied to clay!
In forms superior kindles less confined,
Whose dress is ether, and whose substance mind;
Yet all from Him, supreme of causes, flow,
To him their powers and their existence owe:
From the bright cherub of the noblest birth
To the poor reasoning glowworm placed on earth;
From matter then to spirit still ascend,
Through spirit still refining, higher tend;

Pursue, on knowledge bent, the pathless road,
Pierce through infinitude in quest of God!
Still from thy search, the centre still shall fly,
Approaching still—thou never shalt come nigh!
So its bright orb the' aspiring flame would join,
But the vast distance mocks the fond design.
If he, Almighty! whose decree is fate,
Could, to display his power, subvert his state;
Bid from his plastic hand a greater rise,
Produce a master, and resign his skies;
Impart his incommunicable flame,
The mystic number of the' Eternal Name;
Then might revolting reason's feeble ray
Aspire to question God's all perfect day!
Vain task! the clay in the directing hand
The reason of its form might so demand
As man presume to question his dispose
From whom the power he thus abuses flows.

Here point, fair Muse! the worship God requires:

The soul inflamed with chaste and holy fires,
Where love celestial warms the happy breast,
And from sincerity the thought's express'd;
Where genuine piety, and truth refined,
Reconsecrate the temple of the mind;
With grateful flames the living altars glow,
And God descends to visit man below!

Omnipresence.

THROUGH the' unmeasurable tracks of space
Go, Muse divine! and present Godhead trace!
See where, by place uncircumscribed as time,
He reigns extended, and he shines sublime!

Shouldst thou above the heaven of heavens ascend,
Couldst thou below the depth of depths descend,
Could thy fond flight beyond the starry sphere
The radiant Morning's lucid pinions bear,
There should his brighter presence shine confess'd,
There his almighty arm thy course arrest!
Couldst thou the thickest veil of Night assume,
Or think to hide thee in the central gloom,
Yet there, all patient to his piercing sight,
Darkness itself would kindle into light:
Not the black mansions of the silent grave,
Nor darker hell, from his perception save;
What power, alas! thy footsteps can convey
Beyond the reach of omnipresent day!

In his wide grasp and comprehensive eye
Immediate worlds on worlds unnumber'd lie:
Systems enclosed in his perception roll,
Whose all informing mind directs the whole:
Lodged in his grasp, their certain ways they know;
Placed in that sight from whence can nothing go.
On earth his footstool fix'd, in heaven his seat;
Enthroned he dictates, and his word is fate.

Nor want his shining images below,
In streams that murmur, or in winds that blow;
His spirit broods along the boundless flood,
Smiles in the plain, and whispers in the wood:
Warms in the genial sun's enlivening ray,
Breathes in the air, and beautifies the day!

Should man his great immensity deny,
Man might as well usurp the vacant sky:
For were he limited in date or view,
Thence were his attributes imperfect too:
His knowledge, power, his goodness all confined,
And lost the idea of a ruling mind!

Feeble the trust, and comfortless the sense
Of a defective partial providence!
Boldly might then his arm injustice brave,
Or innocence in vain his mercy crave;
Dejected virtue lift its hopeless eye:
And heavy sorrow vent the heartless sigh!
An absent God no abler to defend,
Protect, or punish than an absent friend;
Distant alike our wants or griefs to know,
To ease the anguish, or prevent the blow;
If he, Supreme Director, were not near,
Vain were our hope, and empty were our fear;
Unpunish'd vice would o'er the world prevail,
And unrewarded virtue toil—to fail!
The moral world a second chaos lie,
And nature sicken to the thoughtful eye!

E'en the weak embryo, ere to life it breaks,
From his high power its slender texture takes;
While in his book the various parts enroll'd,
Increasing, own eternal Wisdom's mould.

Nor views he only the material whole,
But pierces thought, and penetrates the soul!
Ere from the lips the vocal accents part,
Or the faint purpose dawns within the heart,
His steady eye the mental birth perceives,
Ere yet to us the new idea lives!

Knows what we say, ere yet the words proceed,
And, ere we form the' intention, marks the deed!

But Conscience, fair vicegerent light within,
Asserts its author, and restores the scene!
Points out the beauty of the govern'd plan,
'And vindicates the ways of God to man.'

Then, sacred Muse, by the vast prospect fired,
From Heaven descended, as by Heaven inspired;

His all enlightening omnipresence own,
When first thou feel'st thy dwindling presence
known;

His wide omniscience, justly grateful, sing,
Whence thy weak science prunes its callow wing!
And bless the' Eternal, all informing Soul,
Whose sight pervades, whose knowledge fills the
whole.

Immutability.

As the Eternal and Omniscient Mind,
By laws not limited, nor bounds confined,
Is always independent, always free,
Hence shines confess'd Immutability!
Change, whether the spontaneous child of will,
Or birth of force—is imperfection still.
But he, all perfect, in himself contains
Power self derived, and from himself he reigns!
If, alter'd by constraint, we could suppose,
That God his fix'd stability should lose;
How startles reason at a thought so strange!
What power can force Omnipotence to change?
If from his own divine productive thought
Were the yet stranger alteration wrought;
Could excellence supreme new rays acquire?
Or strong perfection raise its glories higher?
Absurd!—his high meridian brightness glows,
Never decreases, never overflows!
Knows no addition, yields to no decay,
The blaze of incommunicable day! [range,

Below, through different forms does matter
And life subsists from elemental change;
Liquids, condensing, shapes terrestrial wear,
Earth mounts in fire, and fire dissolves in air;

While we, inquiring phantoms of a day,
Inconstant as the shadows we survey,
With them, along Time's rapid current pass,
And haste to mingle with the parent mass;
But thou, Eternal Lord of life divine!
In youth immortal shalt for ever shine!
No change shall darken thy exalted name;
From everlasting ages still the same!

If God, like man, his purpose could renew,
His laws could vary, or his plans undo;
Desponding faith would droop its cheerless wing,
Religion deaden to a lifeless thing!
Where could we, rational, repose our trust,
But in a Power immutable as just?
How judge of revelation's force divine,
If Truth unerring gave not the design?
Where, as in Nature's fair according plan,
All smiles benevolent and good to man.

Placed in this narrow clouded spot below,
We darkly see around and darkly know!
Religion lends the salutary beam
That guides our reason through the dubious
gleam;

Till sounds the hour, when he who rules the skies
Shall bid the curtain of Omniscience rise!
Shall dissipate the mists that veil our sight,
And show his creatures—all his ways are right!

Then, when astonish'd Nature feels its fate,
And fetter'd Time shall know his latest date;
When earth shall in the mighty blaze expire,
Heaven melt with heat, and worlds dissolve in fire;
The universal system shrink away,
And ceasing orbs confess the' almighty sway;

Immortal he, amidst the wreck secure,
 Shall sit exalted, permanently pure!
 As in the sacred bush shall shine the same,
 And from the ruin raise a fairer frame!

Omnipotence.

FAR hence, ye visionary charming maids,
 Ye fancied nymphs that haunt the Grecian shades!
 Your birth who from conceiving fiction drew,
 Yourselves producing phantoms as untrue:
 But come, superior Muse! divinely bright,
 Daughter of Heaven, whose offspring still are
 Oh, condescend, celestial sacred guest! [light;
 To purge my sight, and animate my breast,
 While I presume Omnipotence to trace,
 And sing that Power who peopled boundless
 space! [rode,

Thou present wert, when forth the' Almighty
 While Chaos trembled at the voice of God!
 Thou sawst, when o'er the' immense his line he
 drew,

When Nothing from his word existence knew!
 His word, that waked to life the vast profound,
 While conscious light was kindled at the sound!
 Creation fair surprised the' angelic eyes,
 And sovereign Wisdom saw that all was wise!

Him, sole Almighty, Nature's book displays,
 Distinct the page, and legible the rays!
 Let the wild sceptic his attention throw
 To the broad horizon or earth below;
 He finds thy soft impression touch his breast,
 He feels the God, and owns him unconfess'd.
 Should the stray pilgrim, tired of sands and skies,
 In Libya's waste behold a palace rise,

Would he believe the charm from atoms wrought?
Go, atheist, hence, and mend thy juster thought!

What hand, almighty Architect! but thine,
Could give the model of this vast design?
What hand but thine adjust the' amazing whole,
And bid consenting systems beauteous roll?
What hand but thine supply the solar light?
Ever bestowing, yet for ever bright!

What hand but thine the starry train array,
Or give the moon to shed her borrow'd ray?
What hand but thine the azure convex spread?
What hand but thine compose the ocean's bed?
To the vast main the sandy barrier throw,
And with the feeble curb restrain the foe?
What hand but thine the wintry flood assuage,
Or stop the tempest in its wildest rage?

Thee, infinite! what finite can explore?
Imagination sinks beneath thy power;
Thee could the ablest of thy creatures know,
Lost were thy unity, for He were thou!
Yet present to all sense thy power remains,
Reveal'd in nature, nature's Author reigns!
In vain would error from conviction fly,
Thou every where art present to the eye.
The sense how stupid, and the sight how blind,
That fails this universal truth to find!

Go! all the sightless realms of space survey,
Returning trace the planetary way!
The Sun that in his central glory shines,
While every planet round his orb inclines;
Then at our intermediate globe repose,
And view yon luna satellite that glows;
Or cast along the azure vault thy eye,
When golden day enlightens all the sky;

Around, behold Earth's variegated scene,
The mingling prospects, and the flowery green ;
The mountain brow, the long extended wood,
Or the rude rock that threatens o'er the flood ;
And say, are these the wild effects of chance ;
Oh, strange effect of reasoning ignorance !

Nor power alone confess'd in grandeur lies,
The glittering planet or the painted skies !
Equal the elephant's or emmet's dress
The wisdom of Omnipotence confess ;
Equal the cumbrous whale's enormous mass,
With the small insect in the crowded grass ;
The mite that gambols in its acid sea,
In shape a porpus, though a speck to thee !
E'en the blue down the purple plum surrounds,
A living world, thy failing sight confounds,
To him a peopled habitation shows,
Where millions taste the bounty God bestows !

Great Lord of life, whose all controlling might
Through wide creation beams divinely bright,
Nor only does thy power in forming shine,
But to annihilate, dread King ! is thine.
Shouldst thou withdraw thy still supporting hand,
How languid Nature would astonish'd stand !
Thy frown the ancient realm of night restore,
And raise a blank—where systems smiled before !

See in corruption, all surprising state,
How struggling life eludes the stroke of fate ;
Shock'd at the scene, though sense averts its eye,
Nor stops the wondrous process to descry ;
Yet juster thought the mystic change pursues,
And with delight Almighty Wisdom views !
The brute the vegetable world surveys,
Sees life subsisting e'en from life's decays !

Mark there, self-taught, the pensive reptile come,
Spin his thin shroud, and living build his tomb!
With conscious care his former pleasures leave,
And dress him for the business of the grave!
Thence, pass'd the shortlived change, renew'd he
springs,

Admires the skies, and tries his silken wings!
With airy flight the insect roves abroad,
And scorns the meaner earth he lately trod!

Thee, potent, let deliver'd Israel praise,
And to thy name their grateful homage raise!
Thee, potent God! let Egypt's land declare,
That felt thy justice awfully severe!
How did thy frown benight the shadow'd land!
Nature reversed, how own thy high command!
When jarring elements their use forgot,
And the sun felt thy overcasting blot!
When Earth produced the pestilential brood,
And the foul stream was crimson'd into blood!
How deep the horrors of that awful night,
How strong the terror, and how wild the fright!
When o'er the land thy sword vindictive pass'd,
And men and infants breathed at once their last,
How did thy arm thy favour'd tribes convey!
Thy light conducting point the patent way!
Obedient ocean to their march divide
The watery wall distinct on either side;
While through the deep the long procession led,
And saw the wonders of the oozy bed!
Nor long they march'd till, blackening in the rear,
The vengeful tyrant and his host appear!
Plunged down the steep, the waves thy nod obey,
And whelm the threatening storm beneath the sea!
Nor yet thy power thy chosen train forsook,
When through Arabia's sands their way they took;

By day thy cloud was present to the sight,
Thy fiery pillar led the march by night;
Thy hand amidst the waste their table spread,
With feather'd viands, and with heavenly bread:
When the dry wilderness no streams supplied,
Gush'd from the yielding rock the vital tide!
What limits can Omnipotence confine?
What obstacles oppose thy arm divine?
Since stones and waves their settled laws forego,
Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow!

On Sinai's top, the Muse with ardent wing
The triumphs of Omnipotence would sing!
When o'er its airy brow thy cloud display'd,
Involved the nations in its awful shade;
When shrunk the Earth from thy approaching face,
And the rock trembled to its rooted base:
Yet where thy majesty divine appear'd,
Where shone thy glory, and thy voice was heard;
E'en in the blaze of that tremendous day,
Idolatry its impious rites could pay!
Oh, shame to thought!—thy sacred throne invade,
And brave the bolt that linger'd round its head!

Wisdom.

O THOU, who, when the' Almighty form'd this all,
Upheld the scale, and weigh'd each balanced ball;
And as his hand completed each design,
Number'd the work, and fix'd the seal divine;
O Wisdom infinite! creation's soul,
Whose rays diffuse new lustre o'er the whole,
What tongues shall make thy charms celestial
known?
What hand, fair goddess! paint thee but thy own?

What though in nature's universal store
Appear the wonders of almighty power;
Power, unattended, terror would inspire,
Awed must we gaze, and comfortless admire.
But when fair Wisdom joins in the design,
The beauty of the whole result's divine!

Hence life acknowledges its glorious cause,
And matter owns its great Disposer's laws;
Hence in a thousand different models wrought,
Now fix'd to quiet, now allied to thought;
Hence flow the forms and properties of things,
Hence rises harmony, and order springs;
Else had the mass a shapeless chaos lay,
Nor ever felt the dawn of Wisdom's day!

See how, associate, round their central sun
Their faithful rings the circling planets run;
Still equidistant, never yet too near,
Exactly tracing their appointed sphere.
Mark how the moon our flying orb pursues,
While from the sun her monthly light renews,
Breathes her wide influence on the world below,
And bids the tides alternate ebb and flow,
View how in course the constant seasons rise,
Deform the earth, or beautify the skies:
First, Spring advancing, with her flowery train;
Next, Summer's hand, that spreads the silvan
scene;

Then, Autumn, with her yellow harvests crown'd,
And trembling Winter, close the annual round.
The vegetable tribes observant trace,
From the tall cedar to the creeping grass:
The chain of animated beings scale,
From the small reptile to the' enormous whale;
From the strong eagle stooping through the skies
To the low insect that escapes thy eyes!

And see, if see thou canst, in every frame,
Eternal Wisdom shine confess'd the same:
As proper organs to the least assign'd,
As proper means to propagate the kind,
As just the structure, and as wise the plan,
As in this lord of all—debating man!

Hence, reasoning creature, thy distinction find,
Nor longer to the ways of Heaven be blind.
Wisdom in outward beauty strikes the mind,
But outward beauty points a charm behind.
What gives the earth, the ambient air, or seas,
The plain, the river, or the wood to please?
Oh, say, in whom does beauty's self reside,
The beautifier or the beautified?
There dwells the Godhead in the bright disguise,
Beyond the ken of all created eyes;
His works our love and our attention steal;
His works (surprising thought) the Maker veil;
Too weak our sight to pierce the radiant cloud
Where Wisdom shines, in all her charms avow'd.

O gracious God, omnipotent and wise,
Unerring Lord, and Ruler of the skies!
All condescending, to my feeble heart
One beam of thy celestial light impart;
I seek not sordid wealth or glittering power;
O, grant me wisdom—and I ask no more!

¶ Providence.

As from some level country's shelter'd ground,
With towns replete, with green enclosures bound,
Where the eye, kept within the verdant maze,
But gets a transient vista as it strays,
The pilgrim to some rising summit tends,
Whence opens all the scene as he ascends;

So Providence the friendly height supplies,
Where all the charms of Deity surprise ;
Here Goodness, Power, and Wisdom, all unite,
And dazzling glories whelm the ravish'd sight !

Almighty Cause ! 'tis thy preserving care
That keeps thy works for ever fresh and fair ;
The sun, from thy superior radiance bright,
Eternal sheds his delegated light ;
Lends to his sister orb inferior day,
And paints the silver moon's alternate ray :
Thy hand the waste of eating Time renews :
Thou shedd'st the tepid morning's balmy dews :
When raging winds the blacken'd deep deform,
Thy spirit rides commission'd in the storm ;
Bids at thy will the slackening tempest cease,
While the calm ocean smooths its ruffled face ;
When lightnings through the air tremendous fly,
Or the blue plague is loosen'd to destroy,
Thy hand directs, or turns aside the stroke ;
Thy word the fiend's commission can revoke ;
When subterraneous fires the surface heave,
And towns are buried in the yawning grave,
Thou suffer'st not the mischief to prevail ;
Thy sovereign touch the recent wound can heal.
To Zembla's rock thou send'st the cheerful gleam ;
O'er Libya's sands thou pour'st the cooling stream ;
Thy watchful providence o'er all intends ;
Thy works obey their great Creator's ends.

When man too long the paths of vice pursued,
Thy hand prepared the universal flood ;
Gracious, to Noah gave the timely sign,
To save a remnant from the wrath divine !
One shining waste the globe terrestrial lay,
And the ark heaved along the troubled sea ;

Thou badest the deep his ancient bed explore,
 The clouds their watery deluge pour'd no more!
 The skies were clear'd—the mountain tops were
 seen,

The dove pacific brought the olive green.
 On Ararat the happy patriarch toss'd,
 Found the recover'd world his hopes had lost;
 There his fond eyes review'd the pleasing scene,
 The Earth all verdant, and the air serene!
 Its precious freight the guardian ark display'd,
 While Noah grateful adoration paid!
 Beholding in the many tinctured bow
 The promise of a safer world below.

When wild ambition rear'd its impious head,
 And rising Babel heaven with pride survey'd;
 Thy word the mighty labour could confound,
 And leave the mass to moulder with the ground.

From thee all human actions take their springs,
 The rise of empires, and the fall of kings!
 See the vast theatre of time display'd,
 While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread!
 With pomp the shining images succeed,
 What leaders triumph, and what monarchs bleed!
 Perform the parts thy providence assign'd,
 Their pride, their passions to thy ends inclined:
 A while they glitter in the face of day,
 Then at thy nod the phantoms pass away;
 No traces left of all the busy scene, [been!
 But that remembrance says—' The things have
 ' But (questions Doubt) whence sickly nature feels
 The ague-fits her face so oft reveals?
 Whence earthquakes heave the earth's astonish'd
 breast?

Whence tempests rage? or yellow plagues infest?

Whence draws rank Afric her empoison'd store?
Or liquid fires explosive Ætna pour?
Go, sceptic mole! demand the' eternal cause,
The secret of his all-preserving laws?
The depths of wisdom infinite explore,
And ask thy Maker—why he knows no more?

Thy error still in moral things as great
As vain to cavil at the laws of fate.
To ask why prosperous vice so oft succeeds,
Why suffers innocence, or virtue bleeds?
Why monsters, nature must with blushes own,
By crimes grow powerful, and disgrace a throne?
Why saints and sages, mark'd in every age,
Perish the victims of tyrannic rage;
Why Socrates for truth and freedom fell,
Or Nero reign'd, the delegate of hell?
In vain by reason is the maze pursued,
Of ill triumphant, and afflicted good:
Fix'd to the hold, so might the sailor aim
To judge the pilot, and the steerage blame;
As we direct to God what should belong,
Or say that sovereign wisdom governs wrong.

Nor always vice does uncorrected go,
Nor virtue unrewarded pass below!
Oft sacred Justice lifts her awful head,
And dooms the tyrant and the' usurper dead;
Oft Providence, more friendly than severe,
Arrests the hero in his wild career,
Directs the fever, poniard, or the ball,
By which an Ammon, Charles, or Cæsar fall;
Or when the cursed Borgias brew the cup
For merit, bids the monsters drink it up.
On violence oft retorts the cruel spear,
Or fetters cunning in its crafty snare;

Believes the innocent, exalts the just,
And lays the proud oppressor in the dust!

But fast as Time's swift pinions can convey,
Hastens the pomp of that tremendous day,
When to the view of all created eyes,
God's high tribunal shall majestic rise,
When the loud trumpet shall assemble round
The dead, reviving at the piercing sound!
Where men and angels shall to audit come,
And millions yet unborn receive their doom!
Then shall fair Providence, to all display'd,
Appear divinely bright without a shade;
In light triumphant, all her acts be shown,
And blushing Doubt eternal Wisdom own!

Meanwhile, thou great Intelligence supreme,
Sovereign director of this mighty frame,
Whose watchful hand, and all-observing ken,
Fashions the hearts, and views the ways of men,
Whether thy hand the plenteous table spread,
Or measure sparingly the daily bread;
Whether or wealth or honours gild the scene,
Or wants deform, and wasting anguish stain;
On thee let truth and virtue firm rely,
Bless'd in the care of thy approving eye!
Know that thy Providence, their constant friend,
Through life shall guard them, and in death attend;
With everlasting arms their cause embrace,
And crown the paths of piety with peace.

Goodness.

YE seraphs, who God's throne encircling still,
With holy zeal your golden censers fill;
Ye flaming ministers, to distant lands
Who bear, obsequious, his divine commands;

Ye cherubs, who compose the sacred choir,
Attuning to the voice the' angelic lyre!
Or ye, fair natives of the heavenly plain,
Who once were mortal,—now a happier train!
Who spend in peaceful love your joyful hours,
In blissful meads and amaranthine bowers;
Oh, lend one spark of your celestial fire,
Oh, deign my glowing bosom to inspire;
And aid the Muse's unexperienced wing,
While Goodness, theme divine, she soars to sing!

Though all thy attributes divinely fair,
Thy full perfection, glorious God! declare;
Yet if one beams superior to the rest,
Oh, let thy Goodness fairest be confess'd:
As shines the moon amidst her starry train,
As breathes the rose amongst the flowery scene,
As the mild dove her silver plumes displays;
So sheds thy mercy its distinguish'd rays.

This led, Creator mild! thy gracious hand,
When formless Chaos heard thy high command;
When, pleased, thy eye thy matchless works re-
view'd,

And Goodness placid spoke that all was good!

Nor only does in heaven thy Goodness shine,
Delighted Nature feels its warmth divine;
The vital Sun's illuminating beam,
The silver crescent, and the starry gleam,
As day and night alternate they command,
Proclaim that truth to every distant land.

See smiling Nature, with thy treasures fair,
Confess thy bounty and parental care;
Renew'd by thee, the faithful seasons rise,
And earth with plenty all her sons supplies.
The generous lion and the brindled boar,
As nightly through the forest walks they roar,

From thee, Almighty Maker, seek their prey,
Nor from thy hand unsated go away:
To thee for meat the callow ravens cry,
Supported by thy all-preserving eye:
From thee the feather'd natives of the plain,
Or those who range the field, or plough the main,
Receive with constant course the appointed food,
And taste the cup of universal good:
Thy hand thou open'st, million'd myriads live;
Thou frown'st, they faint, thou smilest, and they
revive!

On Virtue's acre, as on Rapine's stores,
See Heaven impartial deal the fruitful showers!
'Life's common blessings all her children share,'
Tread the same earth, and breathe a general air!
Without distinction boundless blessings fall,
And Goodness, like the Sun, enlightens all!

O man! degenerate man! offend no more!
Go, learn of brutes thy Maker to adore!
Shall these through every tribe his bounty own,
Of all his works ungrateful thou alone!
Deaf when the tuneful voice of Mercy cries,
And blind when sovereign Goodness charms the
eyes!

Mark how the wretch his awful name blasphemes,
His pity spares—his clemency reclaims!
Observe his patience with the guilty strive,
And bid the criminal repent and live;
Recall the fugitive with gentle eye,
Beseech the obstinate, he would not die!
Amazing tenderness—amazing most,
The soul on whom such mercy should be lost!

But wouldst thou view the rays of goodness join
In one strong point of radiance all divine,

Behold, celestial Muse! yon eastern light;
To Bethlehem's plain, adoring, bend thy sight!
Hear the glad message to the shepherds given,
' Good will on earth to man, and peace in heaven !'
Attend the swains, pursue the starry road,
And hail to earth the Saviour and the God !

Redemption ! oh thou beauteous mystic plan,
Thou salutary source of life to man !
What tongue can speak thy comprehensive grace ?
What thought thy depths unfathomable trace ?
When lost in sin our ruin'd nature lay,
When awful Justice claim'd her righteous pay,
See the mild Saviour bend his pitying eye,
And stop the lightning just prepared to fly !
(O strange effect of unexampled love !)
View him descend the heavenly throne above ;
Patient the ills of mortal life endure,
Calm though reviled, and innocent though poor !
Uncertain his abode, and coarse his food,
His life one fair continued scene of good ;
For us sustain the wrath to man decreed,
The victim of eternal justice bleed !
Look ! to the cross the Lord of life is tied,
They pierce his hands, and wound his sacred side ;
See God expires ! our forfeit to atone,
While Nature trembles at his parting groan !

Advance, thou hopeless mortal, steel'd in guilt,
Behold, and if thou canst, forbear to melt !
Shall Jesus die thy freedom to regain,
And wilt thou drag the voluntary chain !
Wilt thou refuse thy kind assent to give,
When dying he looks down to bid thee live !
Perverse, wilt thou reject the proffer'd good,
Bought with his life, and streaming in his blood ?

Whose virtue can thy deepest crimes efface,
 Reheal thy nature, and confirm thy peace!
 Can all the errors of thy life atone,
 And raise thee from a rebel to a son!

O bless'd Redeemer, from thy sacred throne,
 Where saints and angels sing thy triumphs won!
 (Where from the grave thou raised thy glorious
 . head,

Chain'd to thy car the powers infernal led)
 From that exalted height of bliss supreme,
 Look down on those who bear thy sacred name;
 Restore their ways, inspire them by thy grace,
 Thy laws to follow, and thy steps to trace;
 Thy bright example to thy doctrine join,
 And by their morals prove their faith divine!

Nor only to thy church confine thy ray,
 O'er the glad world thy healing light display;
 Fair Son of Righteousness! in beauty rise,
 And clear the mists that cloud the mental skies!
 To Judah's remnant, now a scatter'd train,
 Oh, great Messiah! show thy promised reign;
 O'er Earth as wide thy saving warmth diffuse
 As spreads the ambient air or falling dews;
 And hasten the time when, vanquish'd by thy power,
 Death shall expire, and sin defile no more!

Rectitude.

HENCE distant far, ye sons of Earth profane,
 The loose, ambitious, covetous, or vain:
 Ye worms of power! ye minion'd slaves of state,
 The wanton vulgar, and the sordid great!
 But come, ye purer souls, from dross refined,
 The blameless heart and uncorrupted mind!

Let your chaste hands the holy altars raise,
Fresh incense bring, and light the glowing blaze,
Your grateful voices aid the Muse to sing
The spotless justice of the' Almighty King !

As only Rectitude divine he knows,
As truth and sanctity his thoughts compose ;
So these the dictates which the' Eternal Mind
To reasonable beings has assign'd ;
These has his care on every mind impress'd,
The conscious seals the hand of Heaven attest !
When man, perverse, for wrong forsakes the
right,

He still attentive keeps the fault in sight ;
Demands that strict atonement should be made,
And claims the forfeit on the' offender's head !

But Doubt demands—' Why man disposed this
way ?

Why left the dangerous choice to go astray ?
If Heaven that made him did the fault foresee,
'Thence follows, Heaven is more to blame than he.'
No—had to good the heart alone inclined,
What toil, what prize had Virtue been assign'd ?
From obstacles her noblest triumphs flow,
Her spirits languish when she finds no foe !
Man might perhaps have so been happy still,
Happy without the privilege of will,
And just, because his hands were tied from ill !
O wondrous scheme, to mend the' almighty plan,
By sinking all the dignity of man !

Yet turn thy eyes, vain sceptic, own thy pride,
And view thy happiness and choice allied ;
See Virtue from herself her bliss derive,
A bliss beyond the power of thrones to give ;

See Vice, of empire and of wealth possess'd,
Pine at the heart, and feel herself unblest'd :
And, say, were yet no further marks assign'd,
Is man ungrateful? or is Heaven unkind?

‘ Yes, all the woes from Heaven permissive
fall,

The wretch adopts—the wretch improves them
all.’

From his wild lust, or his oppressive deed,
Rapes, battles, murders, sacrilege proceed !
His wild ambition thins the peopled earth,
Or from his avarice famine takes her birth;
Had Nature given the hero wings to fly,
His pride would lead him to attempt the sky !
To angels make the pigmy's folly known,
And draw e'en pity from the' eternal throne.

Yet while on earth triumphant vice prevails,
Celestial Justice balances her scales,
With eye unbiass'd all the scene surveys,
With hand impartial every crime she weighs ;
Oft close pursuing at his trembling heels,
The man of blood her awful presence feels ;
Oft from her arm, amidst the blaze of state,
The regal tyrant, with success elate,
Is forced to leap the precipice of fate !
Or if the villain pass unpunish'd here,
'Tis but to make the future stroke severe ;
For soon or late eternal Justice pays
Mankind the just desert of all their ways.

'Tis in that awful all disclosing day,
When high Omniscience shall her books display,
When Justice shall present her strict account,
While Conscience shall attest the due amount ;

That all who feel, condemn the dreadful rod,
Shall own that righteous are the ways of God!

Oh, then, while penitence can Fate disarm,
While lingering Justice yet withholds its arm;
While heavenly Patience grants the precious
time,

Let the lost sinner think him of his crime;
Immediate to the seat of mercy fly,
Nor wait to-morrow—lest to-night he die!

But tremble, all ye sins of blackest birth,
Ye giants that deform the face of earth;
Tremble, ye sons of aggravated guilt,
And, ere too late, let sorrow learn to melt;
Remorseless Murder! drop thy hand severe,
And bathe thy bloody weapon with a tear;
Go, Lust impure! converse with friendly light,
Forsake the mansions of defiling night;
Quit, dark Hypocrisy, thy thin disguise,
Nor think to cheat the notice of the skies!
Unsocial Avarice, thy grasp forego,
And bid the useful treasure learn to flow!
Restore, Injustice, the defrauded gain!
Oppression, bend to ease the captive's chain,
Ere awful Justice strike the fatal blow,
And drive thee to the realms of night below!

But Doubt resumes—' If Justice has decreed
The punishment proportion'd to the deed,
Eternal misery seems too severe,
Too dread a weight for wretched man to bear!
Too harsh! that endless torments should repay
The crimes of life—the errors of a day!'

In vain our reason would presumptuous pry;
Heaven's counsels are beyond conception high;

In vain would thought his measured justice scan,
His ways how different from the ways of man!
Too deep for thee his secrets are to know,
Inquire not, but more wisely shun the woe;
Warn'd by his threatenings to his laws attend,
And learn to make Omnipotence thy friend!
Our weaker laws, to gain the purposed ends,
Oft pass the bounds the lawgiver intends;
Oft partial power, to serve its own design,
Warps from the text, exceeding reason's line,
Strikes bias'd at the person, not the deed,
And sees the guiltless unprotected bleed!

But God alone, with unimpassion'd sight,
Surveys the nice barrier of wrong and right;
And while subservient, as his will ordains,
Obedient Nature yields the present means,
While neither force nor passions guide his views,
E'en Evil works the purpose he pursues!
That bitter spring, the source of human pain!
Heal'd by his touch, does mineral health contain;

And dark affliction, at his potent rod,
Withdraws its cloud, and brightens into good.

Thus human justice (far as man can go)
For private safety strikes the dubious blow;
But Rectitude divine, with nobler soul,
Consults each individual in the whole!
Directs the issues of each moral strife,
And sees creation struggle into life!

And you, ye happier souls! who in his ways
Observant walk, and sing his daily praise;
Ye righteous few! whose calm unruffled breasts
No fears can darken, and no guilt infests,

To whom his gracious promises extend,
In whom they centre, and in whom shall end,
Which (bless'd on that foundation sure who build)
Shall with eternal Justice be fulfill'd;
Ye sons of life, to whose glad hope is given
The bright reversion of approaching heaven,
With grateful hearts his glorious praise recite,
Whose love from darkness call'd you into light :
So let your piety reflective shine
As men may thence confess his truth divine !
And when this mortal veil, as soon it must,
Shall drop, returning to its native dust,
The work of life with approbation done,
Receive from God your bright immortal crown.

Glorp.

BUT oh, adventurous Muse, restrain thy flight,
Dare not the blaze of uncreated light !
Before whose glorious throne with dread surprise
The' adoring seraph veils his dazzled eyes ;
Whose pure effulgence, radiant to excess,
No colours can describe, or words express !
All the fair beauties, all the lucid stores,
Which o'er thy works thy hand resplendent
pours,

Feeble, thy brighter glories to display,
Pale as the moon before the solar ray !
See on his throne the gaudy Persian placed,
In all the pomp of the luxuriant East !
While mingling gems a borrow'd day unfold,
And the rich purple waves emboss'd with gold ;
Yet mark this scene of painted grandeur yield
To the fair lily that adorns the field !

Obscured, behold that fainter lily lies,
By the rich bird's inimitable dyes;
Yet these survey confounded and outdone
By the superior lustre of the sun;
That sun himself withdraws his lessen'd beam
From thee, the glorious Author of his frame!
Transcendent Power! sole arbiter of fate!
How great thy glory! and thy bliss how great!
To view from thy exalted throne above
(Eternal source of light, and life, and love)
Unnumber'd creatures draw their smiling birth,
To bless the heavens, or beautify the earth;
While systems roll, obedient to thy view,
And worlds rejoice—which Newton never knew.

Then raise the song, the general anthem raise,
And swell the concert of eternal praise!
Assist, ye orbs that form this boundless whole,
Which in the womb of space unnumber'd roll;
Ye planets who compose our lesser scheme,
And bend, concertive, round the solar frame;
Thou eye of Nature! whose extensive ray
With endless charms adorns the face of day;
Consenting raise the' harmonious joyful sound,
And bear his praises through the vast profound!
His praise, ye winds that fan the cheerful air,
Swift as they pass along your pinions bear!
His praise let ocean through her realms display,
Far as her circling billows can convey!
His praise, ye misty vapours, wide diffuse,
In rains descending, or in milder dews!
His praises whisper, ye majestic trees,
As your tops rustle to the gentle breeze!
His praise around, ye flowery tribes, exhale,
Far as your sweets embalm the spicy gale!

His praise, ye dimpled streams, to earth reveal,
As pleased ye murmur through the flowery vale!
His praise, ye feather'd choirs, distinguish'd sing,
As to your notes the vocal forests ring!
His praise proclaim, ye monsters of the deep,
Who in the vast abyss your revels keep!
Or ye, fair natives of our earthly scene,
Who range the wilds or haunt the pasture green!
Nor thou, vain lord of earth, with careless ear
The universal hymn of worship hear!
But ardent in the sacred chorus join,
Thy soul transported with the task divine!
While by his works the' Almighty is confess'd,
Supremely glorious, and supremely bless'd!

Great Lord of life! from whom this humble
frame

Derives the power to sing thy holy name,
Forgive the lowly Muse, whose artless lay
Has dared thy sacred attributes survey!
Delighted oft through Nature's beauteous field
Has she adored thy wisdom bright reveal'd;
Oft have her wishes aim'd the secret song,
But awful reverence still withheld her tongue.
Yet as thy bounty lent the reasoning beam,
As feels my conscious breast thy vital flame,
So, bless'd Creator, let thy servant pay
His mite of gratitude this feeble way;
Thy goodness own, thy providence adore,
And yield thee only—what was thine before.

LOCH RIAN.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Stair.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1734.

Loch Rian is an arm of the sea which lies to the north-east, a little below Castle Kennedy, the seat of the Earl of Stair. The Genius of this Bay is supposed to address that Nobleman.

FROM toils of state and an unfaithful court,
 Welcome, my lord, to your domestic port!
 Here, seated on my hospitable shore,
 In safety hear the distant tempest roar.
 While gentler cares your future hours demand,
 And Nature waits your all improving hand¹;
 Already has she own'd the potent spell,
 And felt a change which Ovid's verse should tell.
 While the pleased traveller, with soft surprise,
 O'er heathy moors sees lengthening shades arise!
 Or marshy lakes, their noisome vapours fled,
 With verdant meads and ripening harvests spread:
 While placid you adorn the naked plain,
 And groves and vistas rise as you ordain.

Let southern climes their painted prospects
 boast,
 And scorn the beauties of a colder coast;
 Nature is bounteous here—were friendly Art
 As kindly forward to perform her part;

¹ The improvements at Castle Kennedy are very great: from a wild mountainous country, the spectator is suddenly removed into a sort of enchanted peninsula.

That part your genius can sustain alone,
 For here you see no triumphs but your own.
 How bloom thy gardens crown'd with soft delight!
 And spread successive beauties to the sight;
 What airy prospects! what romantic views!
 Surprise the fancy, and inspire the Muse!
 Through the long vista, or the casual break,
 Glitter the blue canal, or silver lake;
 Sweetly bewilder'd the spectator roves [groves;
 Midst hills, and moss-grown rocks, and hanging
 With care the eye examines every part,
 Too form'd for Nature—yet too wild for Art;
 And, from the gloom of the descending wood,
 Bursts on the spacious green or glassy flood;
 Whence wide beneath the boundless prospect lies,
 Of intermingled lands, and sea, and skies!
 Fair to the northward, with capacious tide,
 His ample bosom spreads delightful Clyde.
 A little sea!—so wide his billows roar,
 From green Cantyre to Galloway's rocky shore:
 High from the centre of the subject deep,
 Vast Ailsa³ rears his summit broad and steep,
 Shoots his aspiring head into the skies,
 And the loud blast and noisy wave defies;
 So *firm*⁴ thy virtue, Stair, preserves its face,
 Untroubled, or by favour, or disgrace;

² The situation of Castle Kennedy is particularly to its advantage, lying in the midst of a peninsula formed by the bays of Loch Rian and Wigton, opposite to the coast of Ireland to the west, and the coast of England and Isle of Man to the south east, both which may be seen thence on a clear day. To the north lies the firth of Clyde.

³ An island, or rather rock of prodigious height, called by seamen the Perch of Clyde.

⁴ The crest of the Earl of Stair is a rock, with this motto, *FIRM*.

Conscious delights with calm content to glow,
Regardless of the murmuring world below.

Here, all the shadowy scenes of grandeur pass'd,
The sweets of philosophic leisure taste;
No levees here shall break your morning rest,
No envy darken, and no fears molest;
Far off shall Flattery hold her wretched train,
And Falsehood shall in distant cities reign;
But smiling Innocence your steps shall wait,
And Health, untroubled with the farce of state:
While in the cooling walk, or breezy shade,
You talk with Plato and the sacred dead;
Revolve the Grecian chief's⁵ immortal page,
Or smile with Horace at a motley age;
While round you Virtue forms a heavenly guard,
Herself in solitude, her own reward:
'When vice prevails, and infamy grows great,
The post of honour is a private state.'

So the dictator left his little field,
And taught in arms his country's foes to yield;
But Rome deliver'd, all his task was o'er,
He scorn'd the trappings of deceitful power,
To his loved farm with joy return'd again,
And with his victor-hands improved the plain.

In manners uncorrupt—as great in arms,
Free from Corruption's all defiling charms,
As Rome was then—were happy Britain now,
Pleased you might guide the patrimonial plough.
But oh! her safety contradicts the wish,
Demands your counsel—and retards my bliss.

Go on then, glorious, to assert her cause,
Defend her freedom, and sustain her laws:

⁵ Xenophon.

Nor fear the servile crowds that Interest guide,
While Truth and Virtue combat on your side.
These shall at length with mighty force prevail,
Justice shall, righteous, lend her sword and scale,
In this, impartial, your designs shall weigh,
With that shall Fate to Britain's foes convey,
Unnumber'd wishes your attempts shall bless,
And Heaven to Freedom give the due success:
Nor want we patriots, though the soil be rude,
Souls unenslaved, that greatly dare be good;
Such as unmoved can statesmen's arts behold,
And smile at prostituted power and gold.
Leave earth-born worms the plunder to divide,
And keep with Cato—the neglected side.

Then when Britannia's present gloom is o'er,
When doubt shall vex her halcyon peace no more:
When Commerce from its slumber shall revive,
And public faith by resurrection live,
When private views no more our bliss oppose,
And Thenis pays the long account she owes!
When Albion vindicates her dormant claim,
Resumes her balance and commands the main,
Then, not till then, with all men's praises crown'd;
Complete, your glory in its circle bound:
To me retire;—and in the grateful shade,
Which on my shore your industry has made,
In quiet wait fair life's declining ray,
The certain promise of a brighter day.

TO HIS GRACE

COSMO DUKE OF GORDON,

ON HIS RETURN TO SCOTLAND, 1734.

*Homines ad Deos immortales nulla re proprius accedunt
quam salutem hominibus dando.* CICERO.

ILLUSTRIous prince, whose dawning years dis-
The fairest hopes of virtue's lasting day; [play
Return'd in safety to your native soil,
Disdain not on an exiled Muse to smile;
And with mild goodness condescending hear
The artless numbers that approach your ear.

Let other pens by servile flattery please,
Heaven keep your ear unvex'd with that disease!
Which raised by vanity, by folly nursed,
Spoils the best tempers, and confirms the worst;
The faithful Muse shall act a juster part,
Nor prostitute the honours of her art;
Shall choose a theme may suit your blameless taste,
To noble minds praise should be always chaste!

While pleasure plays before your eager eyes,
And scenes of joy, as yet untasted, rise;
While groups of entertaining forms combined,
With artful lustre, lure the yielding mind;
Let reason's cool reflective voice be heard,
And weigh each object with a just regard:
Assign the bounds of virtue and of vice,
Ask whence the' enjoyment comes, and what the
price?

With fix'd composure, and unbias'd sight,
Examine every form of new delight ;
Know whence the picture all its worth receives,
If false the rate, or such as judgment gives ?
So shall fair Truth establish Reason's sway,
And each instructed passion mild obey !

If wealth allure thee, or the charms of power,
Think Crassus bleeds—and Cæsar is no more !
Behold the Lydian monarch mount the pile,
Or Pompey's trunk deform the faithless Nile !
If softer scenes of blandishment invite,
See Antony the victim of delight !
Mark Horace idolized by old and young,
Mute are the tuneful accents of his tongue,
Deaf are the objects of his deathless song.
So all the fleeting forms of bliss decay,
And so the lovely phantom dies away !

Must then life pass neglected like a dream,
Must human conduct wear no certain aim ?
One lasting joy the Muse directs to find,
A pleasure of the purest noblest kind,
That spreads a day diffusive o'er the mind !
Benevolence ! the godlike skill to raise
From a consenting world unblemish'd praise !
Gordon, be this thy care, this happy art,
To fix a power eternal in the heart ;
Well be this glorious science understood,
The secret charm of doing constant good ;
Hence rose revered the Greek and Roman name,
Chiefs loved by men, and deified by fame ;
So the great Fabii common worth surpass'd,
So the first Brutus shone, and—so the last !
So Scipio's deeds the Latian records grace,
And Titus lived the joy of human race.

But though true goodness fills the generous heart,
Still to exert it claims some care and art;
Of all who lavish give, or wise bestow,
How few this useful mystic lesson know?
Where different shades of grief demand redress,
To choose the greater suffering from the less;
Where various suitors seek alike for grace,
To give to modest worth the foremost place;
The meanest of mankind as men to use,
Nobly to grant,——and nobly to refuse!
As in the diamond's precious dye is shown
The genuine value of the brilliant stone;
So from the manner which you form to give,
Each obligation will its price receive;
This will the benefit itself refine,
As the stamp'd image dignifies the coin!

Nor need you models foreign to your blood,
To gain the knowledge of conferring good;
In your maternal form the science trace,
A virtue long familiar to her race!
Survey her generous life with early care,
And copy from the bright example there!

So the young eaglet, to confirm his sight,
Waits his imperial parent's lofty flight;
Careless of earth, exulting lifts his eyes,
Spreads his firm wing,——and gains upon the skies!
By her instructed, meets the solar ray,
And grows familiar with the blaze of day!



THE VISION OF PATIENCE.

AN ALLEGORICAL POEM.

Sacred to the Memory of Mr. Alexander Cuming¹,

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN UNFORTUNATELY LOST IN THE NORTHERN
OCEAN ON HIS RETURN FROM CHINA, 1740.

Ne jaceat nullo, vel ne meliore sepulchro.

LUCAN, lib. viii.

'T WAS on a summer's night I lay reposed
In the kind arms of hospitable Rest;
When Fancy to my waking thought disclosed
And deep the visionary scene impress'd:
Close by my side in robes of morning gray
A form celestial stood—or seem'd to stand;
Entranced in admiration as I lay,
She raised with aspect calm my feeble hand:
And while through all my veins the tumult ran,
With mild benignity—she placid thus began—

' Patience my name—of Lachesis² the child,
Nor art thou unacquainted with my voice;
By me afflicted Virtue suffers mild,
And to the' eternal will submits its choice.

¹ Mr. A. Cuming was first supercargo of the *Suecia*, a Swedish East India ship, which was wrecked on a rock about two miles east of the island of North Ronaldsha, the northernmost of the Orkney islands, Nov. 18, 1740. Immediately on the ship's striking, Mr. Cuming went off in the barge, accompanied by the surgeon and six of the boldest seamen, in order to discover what the island was, but were never more heard of. Thirty-one of the sailors were saved out of one hundred, the ship's complement.

² Patience, the first allegorical figure introduced, is here represented as the daughter of Necessity, or Lachesis, one of the three Destinies. B.

Behold, commission'd from the heavenly sphere,
 I come to strengthen thy corrected sight;
 To teach thee yet continued woes to bear,
 And eye Misfortune in a friendly light :
 Nor thou my present summons disobey,
 But cheerfully prepare to wait me on my way.'

' Daughter of Heaven ! (methought I straight
 replied)

Gladly by me thy summons is obey'd ;
 Content I follow thee, celestial guide,
 Beneath thy sure protection undismay'd :
 Oft in sharp perils and surrounding woes
 Thy salutary presence have I found ;
 Then lead wherever thy direction shows,
 To distant seas, or earth's remotest bound :
 Ready am I to wait thy purposed flight,
 Thine be the care to act the sovereign will aright !'

Sudden, enfolded in a fleecy cloud,
 Through yielding air we cut our rapid way,
 While the pale Moon a dubious light bestow'd,
 Lands as we pass'd and intermingled sea :
 Nor ceased our voyage, till the blushing dawn
 Dispell'd the glimmering of the starry host ;
 And Night's dark curtain by degrees withdrawn,
 We found ourselves on Thule's³ sky-girt
 coast :
 Where Silence⁴ sits on her untroubled throne,
 As if she left the world to live and reign alone.

³ Thule is here taken for the Orkney Isles. *B.*

⁴ Silence, the second allegorical person, and sister of Patience. *B.*

Here no invading noise the goddess finds,
 High as she sits o'er the surrounding deep;
 But pleased she listens to the hollow winds,
 Or the shrill mew, that lulls her evening
 sleep;
 Deep in a cleft-worn rock we found her laid,
 Spangled the roof with many an artless gem :
 Slowly she rose, and met us in the shade,
 As half disturb'd that such intrusion came :
 But at her sister's sight with look discreet,
 She better welcome gave, and pointed each a seat.

Wide from her grotto to the dazzled eye,
 A boundless prospect! lay the azure waste,
 Lost in the sightless limit sea and sky;
 By measurable distance faintly traced:
 Whence now, arising from his watery bed,
 The sun emerging spread his golden ray;
 When sweetly Patience raised her pensive head,
 And thus the goddess said, or seem'd to say—
 ' Mark, mortal, with attention's deepest care,
 The swift approaching scene the hands of Heaven
 prepare.'

With look intent, across the shining void
 (An object to the weak beholder lost !)
 Just in the horizon a sail I spied,
 As if she made some long-expected coast:
 Kind to her wishes blew the western breeze,
 As, swift advancing o'er the placid main,
 She shaped her course, increasing by degrees,
 Till nearer sense made all her beauties plain;
 And show'd her on the yielding billows ride,
 In all the gallant trim of ornamental pride !

Thus flew she onward with expanded sail,
A sight delightful to the pleased eye!
Borne on the wings of the propitious gale,
Heedless, 'alas! of hidden danger nigh:
The joyful sailor, long on ocean toss'd,
Already thought his tedious sufferings o'er;
Already hail'd the hospitable coast,
And trod in thought along the friendly shore:
When, dreadful to behold!—disastrous shock⁵!
Shipwreck'd, at once she struck on a wave cover'd
rock!

O Heaven!—it was a piteous sight to view
The wild confusion suddenly took place!
The different gestures of the frightened crew!
The fear that mark'd each death-distracted
face.

All one impassion'd scene of woe appear'd,
Some wildly raved, while others scarce could
speak.

No order was observed, no reason heard,
For mortal paleness sat on every cheek!
I look'd at Patience!—as she sat me nigh,
And wonder'd, as I look'd, to see her tearless eye!

Again I turn'd—when, o'er the vessel's side,
Distinct I saw a manly youth appear,
Launch'd the oar'd pinnacle to the swelling tide,
Nor show'd his steady brow a guilty fear!
The sad remainder with a mournful hail
His just design and bold departure bless'd;
With lifted eye he spread the slender sail,
As if he trusted Heaven to guide the rest:

⁵ This fatal accident happened near the island of North Ronaldsha, the northernmost of the Orkney Isles. B.

Swift o'er the main the bark retreating flew, &
And the tall ship at once was taken from my view.

Immediate Patience from her seat arose,
And all abrupt the transient visit broke;
While Silence, pleased, return'd to her repose,
With air composed, for never word she spoke:
Again cloud wafted we pursued our way
Westward, as gave the alter'd wind to ride,
When thus, methought, I heard the goddess say,
'Tis mine to wait yon boat that braves the
tide,
For well, alas! too well I now foresee, [me.]
Much need yon voyagers will quickly have for

Driven on the pinions of the eastern wind
O'er many a seagirt isle and rocky coast,
We left bleak Shetland's⁶ shadowy hills behind,
To watch the little bark in ocean toss'd:
For now from sight of land diverted clear,
They drove uncertain o'er the pathless deep,
Nor gave the adverse gale due course to steer,
Nor durst they the design'd direction keep:
The gathering tempest quickly raged so high,
The wave-encompass'd boat but faintly reach'd
my eye.

Yet could I mark, amidst the noisy waste,
The peaceful exit blameless Virtue gave;
Calm sat the youth in the loud threatening blast,
And firm prepared him for his watery grave!

⁶ The pinnacle was probably driven into the great ocean that lies to the westward of the isles of Orkney and Shetland, where it perished. B.

One fond regard, his latest debt, he paid,
Eastward, to Caledonia's native shore ;
And thus (methought) in dying accents said,
 ' Farewell, my cotntry !—he could say no
 more,
For the wild surge with rage devouring spread,
And whelm'd the hapless youth in Ocean's liquid
 bed.

Then Patience meek, as from my rending heart
She heard deep-utter'd the expressive sighs,
 ' Seest thou (she said) that youth's undaunted
 part,
Who yonder e'en in death unvanquish'd lies ?
There view the bless'd effects from virtue flow,
The coward from fate to shameful safety flies ;
The truly valiant dares to meet the foe,
Nor shrinks from danger, but with honour
 dies :
For guilt of all defence disarms the slave,
But innocence in death supports the good and
 brave.

 ' Yet, ere yon setting sun his light renew,
Shalt thou behold the decent honours paid
To the pale corse now floating in thy view,
And see it in the earth lamented laid ;
For though he dies from each expecting friend,
Whose vows were offer'd for his safe return ;
The mournful stranger o'er his grave shall bend,
The blushing virgins weep around his urn !
Such privilege his spotless truth shall boast,
Though to your distant world in dark oblivion
 lost !'

The tempest ceased—and all the sober night
 Intent our course aerial we pursued;
 Till as Aurora dawn'd with ruddy light, [flood;
 An island we perceived that stemm'd the
 No hills nor trees adorn'd the level soil,
 Where bleating flocks a plenteous herbage
 found;

Low lay the prospect of the bleating isle⁷,
 With here and there a spot of tillage ground:
 By which the humble village stood descried,
 Where never enter'd arts, or luxury, or pride!

O'er many a sea-green holm we wafted went,
 Where undisturb'd the feather'd nations lay!
 Till lighting on the plain with soft descent,
 We saw a reverend form advance our way;
 And now approaching with an easy pace,
 The venerable sage before us stands,
 White were his hairs, and cheerful was his face,
 At once delights his aspect and commands:
 I felt all care suspended at his view,
 Whom better far than I his kindred goddess knew.

Of homespun russet was the garb he bore,
 Girt with a velvet seal's divided skin;
 Of woollen yarn the mittens which he wore
 To keep him from the breath of Boreas thin:
 An easy path along the verdant ground
 Soon to his hospitable cottage led,
 Ere yet instructed I my error found,
 Nor knew the cause my first emotion bred,
 Till, as into his clean abode we went⁸, [Content.
 Kind Patience whisper'd me our host was call'd

⁷ The Faroe Isles, subject to Denmark. See Bede's description of them. *B.*

⁸ Content, the third allegorical figure introduced. *B.*

Sweet was his earthen floor with rushes spread,
 Sweet was each shell-wrought bowl and
 wooden dish,
 Sweet was the quilt composed his healthy bed,
 Nor wanted he for fowl or sun-dried fish;
 And milk of sheep, and turf, a plenteous store,
 Which lay beneath his comfortable roof;
 No storms, no accidents could make him poor,
 He and his house, I ween, were weather-proof.
 A bachelor he wonde, devoid of care, [fair.
 Which made him now appear so healthy and so

Long time with Patience fair discourse he held
 (Oft had the goddess been his welcome guest),
 Nor she the friendly intercourse repell'd,
 But the good sire familiarly address'd:
 Thus were we happily conversant set, [cry,
 When from the neighbouring village rose a
 And drew our hasty steps, where numbers met,
 Like us, appear'd to know the reason—why?
 Nor needed answer: on the seaweed spray,
 Too visible reply!—the wave-toss'd body lay.

How stood I shock'd—when in the semblant
 face,
 (By death unalter'd, or the cruel flood)
 I could of Lycidas each feature trace,
 Young Lycidas, the learned and the good!
 'O Heaven, (cried I) what sorrows will he feel,
 Debarr'd the promised hope of thy return?
 Not all his skill the mental wound can heal,
 Or cure a loss he must so justly mourn!
 How will he weep when, in the ocean grave,
 He hears a brother lost he could have died to
 save!'

Here with observant eye and look serene,
Thus check'd the good old man my plaintive
‘ Best in submission piety is seen, [speech;
That lesson let thy kind conductress teach:
But lest the youth, thy friend bewails, should
The rites departed merit ought to find, [want
Let these assembled natives kindly grant
The unpolluted grave, by Heaven assign’d:
A corpse that claim’d a due interment more,
Yet never wafted wave to Faroe’s guiltless shore!’

He said—obedient to his just commands
The zealous youth the breathless body bear;
Some form the sepulchre with careful hands,
While round the virgins drop the artless tear.
Such flowers as Nature grants the ruder clime,
Such flowers around with pious care they
shed,
And sing the funeral dirge in Runic rhyme⁹,
Allotted to the sage or warrior dead:
While as these fruitless honours are bestow’d,
Content with sober speech his purpose thus avow’d:

‘ What boots thee now, lost youth! that cross
the main

Thou spread the daring sail from pole to pole,
Wealth to acquire, and knowledge to attain;
Knowledge, the nobler treasure of thy soul!
Beneath the scorching of the medial line,
On Afric’s sand and India’s golden coast;
Virtue gave thee with native truth to shine,
Dress’d in each excellence that youth could
boast,

⁹ The inhabitants of all these northern isles observe the custom of singing over the dead. B.

And now she gives thee from the wave to rise,
And reach the safer port prepared thee in the skies.

‘Yet take these honours, thy deserved reward!
Call this untroubled spot of earth thy own;
Here shall thy ashes find a due regard,
And annual sweets around thy grave be
thrown.

Directing Heaven ordain’d thy early end,
From fraud and guilt to save thy blameless
youth,

To show that Death no terrors can attend,
Where Piety resides and holy Truth:
Here take thy rest within this hallow’d ground,
Till the last trump emit the dead-awakening
sound!’

He ceased—attentive to the words he said,
In earth the natives place the honour’d clay;
With holy rites they cover up his head,
A spotless¹⁰ grave, where never mortal lay!
Charm’d with the simple manners of the isle,
I wish’d some further knowledge to receive;
Here could have dwelt with old Content a while,
And learn’d of him the happiness to live!
When Patience from my side abruptly broke,
And, starting at the loss, I suddenly awoke!

London, Sept. 14, 1741.

¹⁰ Virgin. B.

ODE.

To Mr. William Cuming,

ON HIS GOING TO FRANCE, AUGUST 31, 1735.

—————Finibus [Gallicia]
 Reddes incolumem precor,
 Et serves animæ dimidium meæ!

O, BLOW serene! ye soft Etesian gales,
 Curl the gay main, and fill the swelling sails!
 The guardian vessel through the deep attend:
 Shine every favourable planet bright,
 To guide the prosperous navigation right,
 And bear to Gallia's shore my happy friend!

Thence to Lutetia's walls, a pleasing way,
 Through scenes by Nature dress'd profusely gay!
 Auspicious Fortune still his passage guide;
 Till safe arrived he views the wondrous town,
 Which all agree unprejudiced to own
 At once fair Europe's envy and its pride!

There while his thoughts explore the' amazing plan
 Of power divine—the microcosm of man;
 From every danger shield his spotless youth!
 With manly strength his growing virtue arm,
 To break the force of every Siren charm,
 And keep untainted all his native truth.

When views of pomp or bright processions rise,
 When Louvre or Versailles enchants the eyes,

The grand assembly or the royal train !
Oh Liberty ! thy faithful prospect lend,
To Britain's isle his calm reflection bend,
And say, that Slavery makes the splendour
mean.

When artful Beauty lays the secret snare,
Instruct him, friendly goddess, to beware,
Defend him from each captivating art !
For there fair Venus holds her sovereign court,
There all her wanton sportive Loves resort,
And in a thousand forms surprise the heart.

Yet, goddess ! let him, as intent he flies
That airy nation's native skill to please,
Shun the reflection of the mimic glass !
Of all the Britons I have ever seen,
Who aped the graces of the Gallic mien,
Scarce one but chronicled himself an ass,

Yet that politeness of the truest kind,
Which both adorns and cultivates the mind,
This let his careful study borrow thence !
Manners from hence new ornament receive,
To knowledge this does double lustre give,
And travel finishes the man of sense.

Sometimes from crowds retired if chance he strays,
Where Seine along the Elysian meadows plays,
Let some kind Genius whisper in his ear,
How many vows for his success are paid,
How many for his safe return are made,
How many think his absence tedious here.

But, oh, too harsh, my friend ! these precepts flow,
The specious coverings of my secret woe,

While Fortune's partial favour I accuse :
 Who, when my sorrows needed most a friend,
 Was pleased in thee the precious gift to send,
 Malicious bounty! but bestow'd to lose.

Oh, no, forgive the sacred tie I wrong!
 Where Virtue binds, the mutual union strong,
 Distance, misfortune, time, and fate defies ;
 From pole to pole, from Ganges to the Thame,
 Immortal Friendship spreads the' etherial flame,
 For ages still the same, and never dies !

Edinæ, Aug. 21, 1735.

Amico opt. W. C. mœstus hoc doloris et gra-
 titudinis monumentum P.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. CHARLES LORD KINNAIRD.

An Epistle.

———Primoque a cœde ferarum
 Incaluisse putem maculatum sanguine ferrum.
 OVID.

How soft the bliss on Tay's sweetwinding stream,
 To taste the breeze that cools the sultry gleam?
 Where woods embowering with projected head,
 Enfold the subject river in their shade!
 Now pleased I wander by its flowery side;
 Now gently sail along its silver tide;
 Now hear the feather'd concerts in the wood;
 Or mark the natives of the happy flood!
 Along the surface how they dart with joy,
 Or rise deluded to the fatal fly!

With pain I see the cruel sport renew'd,
The silver salmon's scales deform'd with blood;
I mourn the arts the fish to fate beguiled,
How much he suffer'd, and how well he toil'd!
See on the grass the captive pants for breath,
Till some rude hand bequeath the stroke of death!
Oh barbarous pleasure! oh deceitful skill,
That joys in murder, and betrays to kill!
Here if we break—my lord, I am sorry for't,
I love the scene—but I detest the sport.

If smaller objects may with great compare,
So have I seen a stripling eye the fair!
Survey the fly unconscious of his fate,
And swallow down the charms of a coquette;
The dart well struck, away the novice runs,
And thinks, by flight, captivity he shuns;
Fix'd in his heart the barb destructive plays,
And holds him though he turns a thousand ways;
His struggles but perplex the artful fold,
For if the girl has wit—the line will hold.

Bless'd was the time, oh, had that bliss remain'd!
When Nature's fruits the lengthen'd life sustain'd;
Ere hate was known, or in his brother's blood
His cursed hands the wretched Cain imbrued;
But through the happy grove, serene and mild,
Man walk'd with man,——and all creation smiled!

But now that peaceful scene is vanish'd far,
What wide destruction! what domestic war!
We waste for riot the devoted ball,
And learned luxury is blind to all!
New arts of slaughter daily must be known,
And millions bleed for the caprice of one!

Nor yet content—with what at home remains,
We spoil the groves, and fright the peaceful plains;

Nor the weak deer, nor unoffending hares,
Nor yet the feather'd tribes our fury spares;
All, all must perish by our cruel hand,
And Nature mourn the curse of our command!

Such is the passion which inspires your breast,
To make eternal war on bird or beast;
Each day the net, or hook, or gun prepare,
And thus unpeople water, earth, and air!
Strange contrast!—you, my lord, whose tendereye
Can see no human pain without a sigh!
Whose worthy breast with generous pity glows,
To ease the anguish of inferior woes;
Should see no error in this wanton taste,
To cherish which you lay creation waste.

Would but the kindness of relenting fate
Crown my low wishes with some small estate!
Nor dogs nor guns should fright my peaceful grove,
There free the birds should sing, the silvans rove!
Should unmolested Nature's gifts enjoy,
Enchant my ear or entertain my eye;
And, in my small enclosure, guarded find
A shelter from the malice of mankind!

Oh, then, my lord, advised forbear in time,
Nor stain your goodness with this needless crime!
Forgive the Muse, if, fondly led astray
By zeal for nature, she has lost her way;
Her end was honest, though her speech be free,
So far the just similitude of thee!

Let others drag the cumbrous loads of state,
Where the gay trappings but augment the weight!
Taste you, my lord, in your paternal field,
The native sweets that peace and freedom yield;
Behold each year your golden harvests rise,
Or blooming planting lengthen round your eyes!

While beauty, with her own celestial smile,
Rewards each care and softens every toil;
Bless'd in your little house and little grove,
Happy yourself,—and happy in your love;
Defy all foreign troubles would invade ye,
Receive your rents well paid :—and kiss my lady!

FRIENDSHIP.

AN ODE.

To Dr. William Cumming, of Berchester.

EXALTED passion—pure ethereal flame,
Reason's perfection—truest, best delight!
Like her great laws unchangeably the same,
And like her radiant source serenely bright.
How shall I sing thee! best of human joys!
Thy blameless sweet endearments how rehearse!
How aim a flight the soaring seraph tries!
Far too sublime for my unequal verse!
Do thou, Clarissa!—now, immortal maid,
Round whose fair brow celestial splendours
shine,
In Friendship's cause vouchsafe thy favouring aid,
And teach the trembling lyre to copy thine.
O, give the Muse with kindred warmth to glow!
The thoughts inspirit, and the numbers raise,
That all her animated strain may flow,
Suited to godlike Friendship's lasting praise.
Friendship! the dearest blessing life can bring;
The noblest treasure mortals can enjoy;
Friendship, of happiness the' untroubled spring,
Which time, nor death, nor absence can destroy.

Goddess inviolate, she rules the soul
With constancy no falsehood can unbind;
She reigns acknowledged far as pole from pole,
Triumphant as her spotless throne the mind.
Here is the joy when souls congenial meet,
Tuned to one equal tone by sense divine!
When social minds at first acquaintance greet,
An intercourse no language can define.
Here is the sympathetic pleasure found,
When the full heart with kindness overflows;
The union hers, by mutual honour bound,
The highest bliss that guardian Heaven bestows.
Of sacred Wisdom, she the blameless child,
Increases every blameless joy below;
Or, join'd with Patience fair (her sister mild),
Delights to soften ev'ry guiltless woe!
Vice, awed by her, amidst the blaze of power,
Abash'd, the prevalence of virtue owns;
And helpless innocence in trouble's hour,
Enjoys a comfort, not the gift of thrones.
When Flattery, vain usurper of her name,
As fortune wanes, recalls her idle host;
Then kindles brightest her unalter'd flame,
As glows the friendly planet through the frost.
She smiles at Envy and corroding Time;
Souls pair'd by her no power can disunite;
Her balmy influence gladdens every clime,
And savage nations feel her fetters light.
When all of art and all of nature dies,
When the dissolving Sun shall veil his head;
Friendship, victorious, shall adorn the skies,
Shall shine when all their fading pomp is fled.

Thence wide shall beam, benevolent, her ray
 To worlds philosophy has never guess'd :
 Gild with diffusive light the realms of day,
 And yield eternal pleasure to the bless'd.

WRITTEN IN THE

ANCIENT PALACE OF FALKLAND,

SEPT. 1735.

Quod jam compositum violat manus hospita bustum
 Da veniam!—si quid sensus post fata relictum est.

LUCAN.

' DESERTED Falkland! when thy face I view,
 It gives me grief—but gives me wonder too;
 Wonder¹, the noble hand, that has thy trust,
 Leaves thee to fall a mouldering heap of dust!
 To see the fine effects of James's taste²
 A mass of ruin, beautifully waste!
 Grief in thy ruin'd yet majestic state,
 To mark the picture of thy country's fate!
 Thus as I mused intent—and gazed around,
 Along the fractured walls with ivy bound!

¹ It were to be wished those noble persons to whom the care of royal palaces, and other ancient buildings, both sacred and profane, belongs either by commission or right, would take some more care to preserve those venerable remains of antiquity as entire as possible to posterity.

² James V. the politest and most elegant prince of his time, repaired and beautified this palace, and built that of Linlithgow, which are both in a fine taste for that age, and both much superior to some celebrated pieces of modern architecture.

Where the worn bust display'd a dubious face,
As if it mourn'd insulting time's disgrace;
Faint from beneath a hollow murmur broke,
Resembling human voice—and thus it spoke³—

‘Wonder not, stranger, time so fast devours
These faithless walls and sacrilegious towers?
Oh, rather wonder they so long have stood,
Stain'd with black parricide, and raised in blood!
Here regal murder fix'd its deepest dye,
A prince by famine lost!—that shade am I!
From a fond father's tender arms betray'd,
To linger here unpitied, unsurvey'd!
Nor think a stranger gave the deadly blow,
A barbarous uncle bid me perish so!
First to his power my heedless steps allured,
Then in a dungeon's dismal depth immured.
Think I the heir immediate to the crown,
Brought up in elegance, and nursed in down;
Who by too fond a parent's kindness bless'd,
Could form a wish for nothing unpossess'd;
While headstrong passion, deaf to reason's law,
Pursued intensely every bliss it saw;
Consumed the shortlived day in new delight,
In wasteful riot lengthen'd out the night;
Think on the change—the sad reverse I found!
Entomb'd alive, and shackled to the ground;
Where then was minstrelsy? the voice of joy?
The lavish banquet, and the wanton eye?

³ The person introduced speaking here is Robert Prince of Scotland, eldest son to Robert III. and brother to James I. who was betrayed to this place, and most inhumanly starved to death by his uncle Murdoc, Duke of Albany, at the age of nineteen years; for which story see Buchanan. It is remarkable this prince had been very wild, which makes the contrast remarkably strong.

The high respect by menial slaves bestow'd?
The gay attendance, and deceitful crowd?
All the wild luxury my youth had known
Vanish'd at once—for ever, ever flown!
Nine days I struggled—think the cruel strife!
The gnaw of anguish, and the waste of life!
No cup of water, and no crust of bread,
And the cold stone a pillow for my head!
The tenth—unable longer to sustain
The cruel smart and strength-consuming pain,
To my devoted arm I turn'd for food,
And broke the vital channels of my blood!
But nature wasted now refused supply,
For life's exhausted fountains all were dry?
In clouds of dizziness, involved my sight,
Dim grew all objects, and confused the light!
In my dull ears a distant murmur rung,
The trembling accents falter'd on my tongue!
Wearied I sunk in death's embracing shade,
And mingled with that earth which now you tread.'
Froze with the tale, I turn'd me quickly round,
And left with hasty steps the fatal ground.

THE ONLY WISH.

Fiat voluntas tua!

VAIN restless man! who, with presumptuous eye,
Wouldst into Heaven's eternal counsels pry;
Wouldst measure Wisdom with the line of sense,
And reason arm against Omnipotence!

Inquiring worm! pursue the pathless road,
And try by searching to arrive at God :
For ages on bewilder'd mayst thou run,
Nor leave the point where first thy quest begun :
As well the clay might, in the potter's hand,
The reason of its various form demand
As thou presume to cavil his decree,
Who gave thee first to move, and think, and see!

He still the same, exalted and sublime,
Nor bound by space, nor limited by time,
O'erall commands :—with life informs the whole:
Gives different suns to shine, and worlds to roll!
Obedient still, and mindful of their place,
Through the immense their shining rings they
trace,

And with united voice proclaim the force
That spoke their birth and mark'd their steady
course!

Thee, great omniscient omnispective Power!
Thee first and last,—thee only I adore!
Let others, vainly curious in the schools,
Judge of their maker;—by their narrow rules
Thy essence and thy attributes define,
To love, to serve, to worship thee be mine!
Thy laws to follow, and thy voice to hear,
And with submissive awe thy ways revere!
Dispose then, Lord, of this devoted frame,
The creature from thy forming fiat came!
Pleased I obey!—since best thou only knowst
How to proportion what thy hand bestows;
And let my wishes all conspire in one,
'In earth, as heaven, thy will supreme be done!'

THE COMPLAINT.

Quid facies illi! jubeas miserum esse libenter.

HOR.

WHENE’ER my solitary steps I bend,
In vain the orphan seeks to find a friend!
By dangers compass’d round, I trembling go,
Mankind my hunters, and the world my foe!
All fly the’ infection of a heart distress’d,
As the blown deer’s deserted by the rest;
By fortune wearied, and by grief dismay’d,
To thee, Almighty King! I fly for aid!
All gracious Power! attend my suppliant prayer!
Or ease my woes, or teach me how to bear;
Support my sufferings, vindicate my wrongs!
And save me from the aspic gall of tongues!
To thee my panting heart for shelter flies,
And waits that mercy which mankind denies!
Oh, let thy light my fainting soul inform,
Thy goodness guide me through the threatening
storm!

Oh, let thy heavenly beam my darkness cheer!
Thy guardian hand my dubious passage steer!
Then let the tempest rage!—and round my head
Affliction all its angry billows spread!
Thy presence, Lord, shall calm my anxious breast,
And lead me safe to everlasting rest!

So fares it with the vessel tempest-toss’d,
Her mast all shatter’d, and her anchor lost,
Abandon’d on some wild uncertain coast!
While the loud surges mark the fatal shore,
And o’er their heads the awful thunders roar;

Sudden the lightning gilds the gloomy sky,
And shows some friendly creek or harbour nigh,
Bold with the kind embracing coast they steer,
And find their safety where they placed their fear.

STANZAS TO A CANDLE.

THOU glimmering taper ! by whose feeble ray
In thoughtful solitude the night I waste !
How dost thou warn me by thy swift decay,
That equal to oblivion both we haste !
The vital oil that should our strength supply,
Consuming, wastes, and bids us learn to die.

Touch'd by my hand, thy swift reviving light
With new gain'd force again is taught to glow !
So, rising from surrounding troubles bright,
My conscious soul begins herself to know :
And, from the ills of life emerging forth,
Learns the just standard of her native worth.

But see in mists thy fading lustre veil'd,
Around thy head the dusky vapours play ;
So, by opposing fortune's clouds conceal'd,
In vain to force a passage I essay :
While round me, gathering thick, they daily spread,
And, living, I am number'd with the dead !

But now thy flame diminish'd quick subsides,
Too sure a presage that thy date is run ;
Alike I feel my life's decreasing tides ;
Soon will like thine my transient blaze be gone !
Instructive emblem !—how our fates agree !
I haste to darkness, and resemble thee.

HOPE'S FAREWELL.

An Ode.

' O LIFE, vain joy which mortals court,
The prey of Death, and Fortune's sport!
Tell me, when so unkind to me,
Oh! why should I be fond of thee?

' When from the silent womb of space,
Struggling I broke to thy embrace:
My tears prophetic seem'd to tell,
You meant not, Life, to use me well.

' The joys you gave my youth to taste
Were but like children's toys at best:
Which Passion grasp'd with eager play,
But Reason, frowning, threw away!

' Yet, fond enchantress, still thy wile
Had power my senses to beguile,
Cheated, although the fraud I knew,
And pleased, because it still was new.

' In vain I heard, in vain I read,
Of thousands by thy love betray'd!
I listen'd to thy magic call,
And held thee dear—in spite of all!

' Led by thy captivating hand,
Through wanton Pleasure's fairy land:
I cried, unskill'd in future harms,
O Life, how lovely are thy charms!

' But, on the front of riper years,
Advanced a train of sullen cares!
While giddy Fortune turn'd her head,
And Pleasure's golden prospects fled.

' 'Twas then of all resource bereaved,
Too late I found myself deceived,
And wish'd, fond Life, with vain regret,
That thou and I had never met.'

But Life, who treats with high disdain
The worn out slaves that drag her chain,
Regardless, all my griefs survey'd,
And triumph'd in the ills she made !

Abandon'd thus to Fortune's rage,
Soon I was spied by trembling Age :
Who bid me calm my anxious breast,
For he would lead me soon to rest.

When Hope, a nymph of heavenly race,
Address'd in smiles her cheerful face,
Soft interposed with friendly air,
To save me from the arms of Care.

' And what, unhappy! tempts thee so?
(She cried) and whither wouldst thou go?
'Tis but a mark of weakness shown,
To fly from Life to ills unknown !

' Go ask the wretch in torture this,
Why courts he life, if not a bliss?
Nor quits the partner Nature gave
For the cold horrors of the grave.'

Short I replied—' False nymph, forbear
With siren tales to sooth my ear!
Forbear thy arts too often tried,
Nor longer thou shalt be my guide.

' Ten tedious years!—a space too long!
Still hast thou led, and led me wrong!
At least thy vain attendance cease,
And leave me here to die in peace.'

To which she answer'd with a sigh—
'Thou hast thy wish! if I comply,
Death soon will ease thee left alone,
For Life is lost when Hope is gone.'

CUPID'S REVENGE.

DESERTED from the power of Love,
And bound by Hymen's pleasing chain,
Myrtillo careless trod the grove,
Or wander'd o'er the flowery plain.
Indifferent every nymph he saw,
Aminta sole his heart possess'd :
And with mild rule and rightful law,
Reign'd gentle sovereign of his breast!
But Cupid sure revenge had sworn,
And artful laid the treacherous snare,
As, heedless, one inviting morn,
The shepherd breathed the wholesome air.
The Zephyrs fann'd the skies serene,
While Phœbus shed his placid ray :
When bright Camilla cross'd the plain,
And met Myrtillo's devious way.
Sudden from her enchanting eyes
The traitor sent the destined dart;
'And there, rebellious youth (he cries),
Deliver up your stubborn heart.'
Surprised he saw the arrow vain,
From the calm shepherd's breast rebound :
His baffled project gave him pain,
Myrtillo had no heart to wound,

His angry looks his rage disclose,
 Thrice he invoked his mother's aid !
 Camilla spoke : ' Yes, there it goes :
 We'll try the armour of your head.'

' Victorious now (insulting Love
 Cried, pleased the shepherd's wound to find),
 My common darts the heart my prove,
 My noblest arrows pierce the mind !'

ADDRESS TO POVERTY.

————— O vitæ tutæ facultas
 Obscuræ, angustique lares, O munera nondum
 Intellecta Deum. LUCAN.

PALE Want! thou goddess of consumptive hue,
 If thou delight to haunt me still in view;
 If still thy presence must my steps attend,
 At least continue, as thou art, my friend.
 When wide example bids me be unjust,
 False to my word—or faithless to my trust;
 Bid me the baneful error, counsel'd, see,
 And shun the world, to find repose with thee!
 When Vice to Wealth would turn my partial eye,
 Or Interest shut my ear to Sorrow's cry:
 Or leading Custom would my reason bend,
 My foe to flatter or desert my friend;
 Present, kind Poverty, thy temper'd shield,
 And bear me off, unvanquish'd, from the field.
 If giddy Fortune should return again,
 With all her idle, restless, wanton train;

Her magic glass should false Ambition hold,
Or Avarice bid me put my trust in gold,
To my relief, thou virtuous goddess, haste,
And with thee bring thy smiling daughters chaste,
Health, Liberty, and Wisdom—sisters bright!
Whose charms can make the worst condition light;
Beneath the hardest fate the mind can cheer,
Can heal affliction, and disarm despair;
In chains—in torments, pleasure can bequeath,
And dress in smiles the tyrant brows of Death.

TO THE

DISCONSOLATE HILARIA,

On the much lamented Death of her dear Sister Clarissa.

WHILE yet thy bosom feels the fatal blow,
And hides indulgent its expressless woe,
Fair mourner! canst thou give the Muse to share
A grief too exquisite for thee to bear?
Oft has thy smile approving bless'd her strain,
Now let her, faithful, suffer in thy pain:
Touch'd with thy loss in all thy sorrow join,
Count sigh for sigh, and mingle tears with thine:
All, all is due—that we can fondly pay,
To the dear friend whom Fate has snatch'd away!
Come, Muses! your Urania calls you, come,
And grace with cypress wreaths Clarissa's tomb.

Need I to thee, her soul's best partner, tell
That excellence which none could know so well!
Need I to thee recall each living grace,
Her blameless virtues, or her heavenly face!

Her soul, in spotless innocence enshrined,
 Her form—the lovely temple of her mind!
 Where cheerfulness and truth for ever smiled,
 Whence beam'd fair piety and goodness mild:
 Her heart—that knew nor vanity nor pride,
 And made her half an angel ere she died!
 Come, weeping sisters, all around me come,
 And bathe with crystal tears Clarissa's tomb.

As when with rising grace the rose intertwines
 Its blushing head, and through the foliage shines,
 With native sweets embalms the ambient day,
 And reigns the queen of flowers, the queen of May!
 In beauty's fragrance so Clarissa shone,
 And every chaste attraction was her own!
 All that could win the judgment or excite
 Long admiration or refined delight:
 Not all combined the charming maid could save,
 Death bore his lovely victim to the grave!
 Come, ye sad Muses! all around me come,
 And strew with sweets Clarissa's sacred tomb.

Alas, Hilaria!—what is life's short date
 But the brief passage to our endless state?
 Of which Heaven wisely hides the term assign'd,
 In pity to our feebleness of mind!
 To ease our journey, and allure us on,
 Till the long tedious pilgrimage is done!
 But when it lights below a pure desire,
 Such as did late thy sister-bosom fire:
 Too soon the' immortal flame delights to rise,
 And quits the earth to grace its kindred skies!
 Come, friendly sisters, all around me come,
 And with this verse adorn Clarissa's tomb.

Oh, dare I think?—what yet I dread to hear!
The father's, mother's, or the sister's fear!
When first the dire contagion seized her heart,
And baffled all the weak reliefs of art:
I know!—I feel!—I see the' alarming scene,
Where none but thy Clarissa was serene!
She, calm, the close of youth and life survey'd,
She, calm, the early debt of Nature paid;
Mildness, eternal mildness was her pride,
And gently as she lived, in peace she died!
Come, ye Aonian maids! around me come,
And with these honours grace her virgin tomb.

Bear, kind Hilaria!—to thy parent's view
This faithful tribute,—now too justly due!
Oh, tell thy father,—the long-silent page
Bemoans his loss, and trembles for his age!
For half thy mother's joy is torn away,
And life now verges to its last decay:
'Tis thine, reserved by Heaven, the bless'd relief
To sooth each motion of awakening grief:
Soften thy dear dejected parent's woe,
And live their smiling comfortress below.
Come, virgins, to your loved Hilaria, come,
And raise the mourner from her sister's tomb.

When, mournful Muse! O, when shall cease thy
So oft demanded for a life so dear? [tear,
First drew thy grief a slaughter'd infant's¹ fate:
Next Cairness'² virtue claim'd thy fond regret:
Now fair Clarissa's loss the woe renews,
As wakes the setting Sun the evening dews!

¹ A lively young boy, about eight years old, unhappily shot by his cousin about the same age, in play together.

² The young lady's grandmother.

Yet with superior worth shall virtue glow,
 Shall brighten through the deepest gloom of woe!
 Victorious from the shortlived struggle rise,
 And gain, by suffering, its immortal prize!

Come, spotless maids, to my assistance come,
 And consecrate the chaste Clarissa's tomb.

Oft must I think—how innocently gay,
 United have we pass'd the hours away
 In converse, by the sweets of truth endear'd,
 By mirth enliven'd, and by friendship cheer'd:
 If cross sometimes, and fashionably rude,
 Folly or malice ventured to intrude:
 Like the thin clouds when scatter'd by the wind,
 They left no shadows of themselves behind:
 Their absence but restored the face of light,
 And served to heighten the renew'd delight.

Come, virgins, all around Urania come,
 And with this verse inscribe Clarissa's tomb.

Yet these reflections, once so justly dear,
 Now grow for recollection too severe.
 For see, Emilia, once your mutual friend,
 To the low earth her weeping aspect bend!
 When reach'd her ear thy much loved sister's
 death,

Her eyes grew sightless, and she lost her breath!
 'Dead! can it be!—the dear Clarissa dead?'
 (Were the first words she faintly, faintly said.)
 How short, alas! is youth's or beauty's pride?
 How vain is life?—when such perfection died!

Come, sisters! all around me, sisters, come,
 And consecrate Clarissa's lasting tomb.

And thou, the dear associate of her mind,
 Nearer by virtue—than by nature join'd:

Accept the verse;—the Muse by Heaven inspired,
From thy first dawn beheld thee and admired!
Now show, Hilaria, show that mental day,
Of which, prophetic, I remark'd the ray:
When the pleased aspect and engaging mien
Show'd undiscover'd treasures lodged within:
Show'd you were born the world's esteem to bind,
And raise your trophies o'er the captive mind!
Come, ye Aonian mourners! round me come,
Hilaria's praise shall grace Clarissa's tomb.

Proceed, fond Muse, awake the nobler string!
'Tis thine the' ascension of the bless'd to sing;
Go, point to the distress'd Hilaria's sight,
Her sister beaming from the realms of light!
To bring the fond afflicted mourner ease,
Her heart to comfort and her eye to raise;
To bid her now employ each filial art,
To sooth the anguish of her parents' smart;
By fond degrees the gloom of grief efface,
And fill her own Clarissa's widow'd place!
Come, smiling sisters, to assist me come,
And raise the mourner from Clarissa's tomb.

'Tis done! Hilaria, dry those pearly eyes!
Thy smiling sister hails thee from the skies:
Where now enthroned the spotless seraph sings
Celestial notes, and strikes the silver strings!
Feels her calm breast with conscious pleasure
move,
And shares the raptures of the bless'd above!
Sees kindred saints her known resemblance trace,
And adds herself an angel to the race:
Yet thinks, perhaps, not all her joys complete,
Till you shall join her in that blissful seat;

Meanwhile she lives in thy resemb'ant mind,
 Nor is she left—while you are left behind!
 Come, Muses! to the sad Hilaria come,
 And say this verse adorns Clarissa's tomb.

ON THE
 DEATH OF SIR JOHN JAMES, BART.

*Homines ad Deos immortales nulla re propius accedunt quam
 salutem hominibus dando.* CIC.

A STEADY virtue form'd for self-command,
 A tender eye, and a diffusive hand;
 A temper calm as runs the' untroubled flood,
 A taste that only joy'd in doing good;
 A soul to which each social tie was known,
 A thought that saw all merit but thy own;
 A truth that never was defiled by art,
 A hermit's temperance, with a monarch's heart:
 When thus thy goodness shed its noontide ray,
 Why thus has heaven eclipsed the gentle day?
 Forbid Benevolence itself to shine,
 And robb'd the world of charity like thine?

Yet dim with grief the Muse beholds thee rise,
 Smile e'en in death, and plume thee for the skies.
 Where prayer long since had form'd thy bless'd
 To live with angels and adore thy God! [abode,
 In this fair hope thy blameless life was pass'd,
 And now the glorious prize is thine at last:
 This gave thee pomp and pleasure to forego,
 For the superior joy—to soften woe,

To ease the' oppress'd—to bless the honest toil,
And bid the unbefriended orphan smile :
A joy to wealth or grandeur seldom known ;
A joy which Heaven allotted as thy own.

This gave thee, calm, life's vanities to view,
Each sense to rule, each passion to subdue :
For Nature's wants just simply to provide,
To ease the wants of numberless beside ;
To practise more than Epictetus taught,
Or Cato acted, or Confucius thought :
Which only Christian faith the mind can teach,
And Christian piety alone can reach.

Forbear, fond Muse, the heavenly sisters come,
See how, associate, they surround his tomb !
Mark, Charity with wild dejection mourn,
Her flame suppress'd beneath his spotless urn !
There Piety, with look exalted, eyes
His radiant flight, and waits him to the skies !
While Hope, rejoiced, his bright example views,
And bids mankind the' instructive lines peruse :
A joy which painted grandeur never found,
To steal through life—and bless a world around.

ON THE EXTRAORDINARY
EXECUTION OF CAPT. JOHN PORTEOUS.
SEPT. 1736.

Nec lex est justior ulla,
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.
By their own arts, 'tis righteously decreed,
The dire artificers of death shall bleed.

PORTEOUS! thou strong example, timely given;
How sovereigns should employ the power of
Heaven!

Thy wanton hands a sanguine deluge spread,
Thy country's equal voice pronounced thee dead:
But tools like thee were thought such useful things
That sordid greatness moved all secret springs;
In vain the great applied, the court reprieved,
Eternal Justice thought too long you lived;
Mercy grew vain; when such a crime grew slight,
'Twas time the people should assert their right.
Yet let the Muse the just encomium draw,
Self-injured, how they kept the sight of law;
The gentleness, denied their fellows, gave,
And left thee time to arm thee for the grave:
Let none behold thy exit with regret,
You died, the noblest way, a public debt:
May the auspicious omen rise in you,
And villains (screen'd however) meet their due!

¹ See his catastrophe at Edinburgh, and the cause of it, in the Gent. Mag. for that year, p. 549. D.

ON PLATONIC LOVE.

PLATONIC love!—a pretty name
For that romantic fire,
When souls confess a mutual flame,
Devoid of loose desire.
If this new doctrine once prove true,
I own it something odd is,
That lovers should each other view
As if they wanted bodies.
If spirits thus can live embraced,
The union may be lasting :
But, faith—'tis hard the mind should feast,
And keep its partner fasting.
' Nature (says Horace) is in tears,
When her just claim's denied her¹ ;
And this platonic love appears
To be a scrimp provider.
Long may it preach, one comfort is,
For all its vain pretences,
Mankind have other thoughts of bliss
Than to exclude their senses.
Not all their logic can perplex
A principle so common :
While Venus whispers either sex,
' That man was made for woman.'
Such passion is pedantic work
(As sung the bard of yore),
' That thrust out Nature with a fork,
She but recoils the more².'

¹ Et queis humana sibi doleat Natura negatis.

² Naturam expellas furca licet, usque recurrit.

WINE THE CURE OF LOVE.

A Ballad.

As lovesick Apollo, by Daphne disdain'd,
 In Tempé sat whining beneath an old oak;
 Bacchus happen'd to hear as he sadly complain'd,
 And, shaking with laughter, thus jestingly
 spoke.

' What, wounded by Cupid! now shame on thy
 skill,
 To sit fretting thy heart at the foot of a tree;
 Can the' invincible god, who a Python did kill,
 Now whimper and sob for the sting of a bee?

' I protest, cousin Phœbus, thy fortune is hard,
 That nor music nor verse can diminish thy
 grief:
 Can no herb be discover'd, no potion prepared,
 To give the great master of science relief?

' Come, take heart, and be counsel'd, and lift up
 thy head!
 I am the best doctor when such fevers assail:
 Quick, empty this goblet, no more need be said;
 I never once knew my catholicon fail.'

Phœbus topped off the wine, 'twas old malmsey
 of Crete,

His heart in an instant grew light as a feather!
 ' Hang Cupid! (says he) I believe he's a cheat,
 So here let us drink his confusion together.'

‘ A cheat! (Bacchus cried) he’s a son of a whore!
He has often endeavour’d to show me his tricks!
But I bid him defiance—a fig for his power,
I’ll keep to the shield of my bottle, by Styx.

‘ Were coz Hermes present you would laugh
till you burst,
To hear how he rook’d him at play of his dart;
What a noise Venus made, and the little elf cursed,
For the pitiful pins he sticks in men’s hearts.’

‘ Encore! (replied Phœbus) the boy’s spoil’d with
pride,
Since Jove in all quarrels espouses his part:
Who frequently wants him to pimp on his side,
And that makes the youngster so saucy and
smart.’

Thus they rail’d at poor Love—as the bowl flew
about,

Till Apollo was perfectly cured of his woe:
And Bacchus, grown mellow, began to give out,
For night coming on gave each warning to go.

To Daphne gay Phœbus immediately flew,
And from his old grotto this oracle made:
‘ Good wine was the noblest specific he knew,
For the pains of the heart, or the cares of the
head.’

PERSONAL MERIT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. LA MOTTE.

Addressed to Dr. Henry Conge, at Bristol.

OUR parentage is not of choice ;
 Nor does, my friend, the public voice
 Alarm the worthy mind :
 Yes, let the world act as it will,
 'Tis Virtue only, Virtue still
 Leaves Wealth and Birth behind.

Where Goodness lodged with Wisdom lies,
 True greatness seek—there fix thy eyes !
 ('Tis Vice bestows disgrace :)
 But Merit blazons what we are
 Beyond the coronet or star,
 The boast of ancient race.

Oh ! how I view with raptured eyes,
 From race ignoble, Horace rise :
 Nor yet his source disdain :
 But with contempt, amidst the crowd
 I view a modern upstart, proud,
 Display his gilded train.

By Virtue stagnates blood or flows,
 As she refuses or bestows ;
 So Castor rose, divine !
 And so, though born of heavenly race,
 The Cyclop¹, with his one-eyed face,
 Disgraced his seaborne line.

¹ Polyphemus.

You scorn the false and fawning mind,
Where Art, with deadly Malice join'd,
Delights to wither Fame!
As lifts the snake his painted crest,
And to the hospitable breast
Conveys his poisonous flame.

The wretch who boasts a faithless heart;
The fool who acts a worthless part;
Or miser o'er his brood;
However dignified he be,
Is but a creeping slave to thee,
Though sprung of Cæsar's blood.

But oh! let those whom Learning owns,
Apollo's and the Muses' sons,
Make unity their course:
Nor drop the tongue one wayward strain,
To give another's bosom pain,
Or to our own remorse!

Continue friendly, just, and kind,
Honour preserve, with candour join'd,
And fair protection lend;
Where modest worth thy favour sues,
Or genius qualifies the Muse,
To hope a generous friend.

Such once, a worthy youth, I knew,
So still he rises to my view,
Though to himself unknown:
Nor need I blush (since truth secures)
To call the pleasing image yours,
Which likeness makes your own.

TO A
YOUNG LADY ON HER RECOVERY.

An Ode.

WHILE, fair Selinda! to our eyes
From sickness beautiful you rise;
Your charms put on superior power,
And shine more strongly than before.

So have I seen the heavenly fire
A while his radiant beams retire;
Then, breaking through the veil of night,
Restore the world to warmth and light.

THE PARALLEL.

An Ode.

ALMERIA with an angel face
Her form with pride surveys!
And, as she moves with matchless grace,
The conquer'd world obeys!

Her eyes dispense resistless darts,
To set mankind on fire;
To youth she ecstasy imparts,
And to old age desire!

As the bright sun, in Afric's clime,
His burning beams displays;
Alike her torrid beauties shine
So fierce,—'tis fate to gaze!

Cecilia bless'd with milder charms
 Takes gentler ways to please;
 Insensibly the heart she warms,
 And gains by soft degrees!
 So Cynthia, Heaven's enlivening queen
 Serenely sheds her ray!
 Glides o'er the skies with placid mien,
 And half restores the day.
 Such is Cecilia!—sweetly bright,
 Still easy—still the same!
 She guides us with a pleasing light,
 And cheers without a flame!
 Happy, so near allied is found
 The safety to the woe!
 One sister's smiles relieve the wound
 The other's charms bestow.

THE

BEST COSMETIC FOR THE LADIES.

Of outward form
 Elaborate, of inward less exact. MILTON.

THE first all-charming mother of mankind
 Heaven with an angel face and form array'd;
 Yet left, alas! her nobler part, the mind,
 Defenceless, easily to be betray'd!
 How widely has the dire distemper spread
 Amongst the lovely daughters of her race!
 How few the soul their better care have made!
 How fondly studious to improve the face?

Vain toil! were virtue the supremest choice,
 And beauty left to nature's friendly care,
 Earth would once more resemble Paradise,
 And every female would be doubly fair.

BAVIUS.

—— Nihil est quod credere de se
 Non possit.——

By nature madman, and by study fool,
 Bavius turns doctor, and destroys by rule;
 With heavy face our dubious health presides,
 Speaks without judgment, and by guess prescribes;
 Awkwardly gay, and stupidly alert!
 In every conversation tops his part:
 Talks much of travel, books, and state affairs,
 And takes a thousand fashionable airs!
 He rattles, plays quadrille, sometimes can drink,
 Make love en bête—do any thing but think:
 Yet, to convince this leaden lump can wound,
 He weds a fortune of six thousand pound:
 And such the influence of Corinthian brass,
 As wit unquestion'd all his blunders pass:
 For which a poorer or less noisy fool
 Would stand the butt of public ridicule!
 You'll ask why Bavius meets a different fate,
 The secret is—he has a good estate.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

HONEST friend! say all you can,
 In life still holds the golden rule :
 That riches make a fool a man,
 And poverty a man—a fool !

WRITTEN IN LORD DORSET'S POEMS.

HE, whose accomplish'd hand this volume writ,
 Possess'd in full perfection genuine wit ;
 In which this property is always found,
 'Tis doubly arm'd both to defend and wound.

PART OF PSALM XLII.

IN IMITATION OF THE STYLE OF SPENSER.

LIKE some faire deer by hunters close pursued,
 Who bathed in sweat explores the cooling flood ;
 So my poore soul, by eager foes subdued,
 Looks up to thee, the ever living God !
 When, when shall I approach that happie place
 Where shines thy glory, and where rests thy peace ?

I pass my days in sighs, in grones, and tears,
 While my sad breast incessant railings load,
 ' Who now his cries, or his petition hears,
 Where is (they scornful cry) his boasted God ?'
 My heart, oppress'd with anguish and despaire,
 Looks up to thee, sole auditor of prayer !

Oh! let thy heavenly beams these sorrowes cheere,
Dispell these clouds of life-consuming care!
Vouchsafe the voice of my distress to heare,
Regard my sufferings, and attend my prayer!
While my proud foes insult me from afar,
Be thou my refuge from the hostile war!

And see!—my soul, his glorious arm display'd!
My rock of hope, my high defence is near;
At length he grants his favourable aid,
Behold my great deliverer appear!
Smile then, my soul! nor droop within my breast,
Trust still in God, and he shall give thee rest!

ODES OF HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XI. IMITATED.

FORBEAR, my friend! with idle schemes,
To search into the maze of fate;
Your horoscopes are airy dreams,
Your coffee-tossing all a cheat!

What adds it to our real peace,
To know life's accidents or date?
The knowledge would our pains increase,
And make us more unfortunate.

Wisely conceal'd in endless night,
Has Heaven wrapp'd up its dark decrees;
The view, too strong for human sight,
Might else destroy our present ease!

Then gladly use the courting hour,
Enjoy, and make it all your own!
And pull with haste the fairest flower,
Ere Time's quick hand have cut it down.

Cheerful fill up the genial bowl,
And crown it with some lovely toast!
Till the rich cordial warm your soul,
And every thought in joy be lost.
The fleeting moments of delight
Improve with an uncommon care!
For now they urge their destined flight,
And now are mix'd with vulgar air!
Still, let me taste my share of bliss,
Pure and unmix'd with care and sorrow!
No more, my friend, in life I wish,
'Tis all a jest to trust to-morrow.

BOOK I. ODE XXVI. IMITATED.

BE gone! ye vain distracting fears,
I to the winds resign my cares,
A poet should be gay!
Haste then, the flowery chaplet twine,
Fill out, profuse, the generous wine,
And drive all pain away!
Let others idly rack their brain,
With doubts of France, or fears from Spain,
Or foreign jars or leagues;
To artful statesmen and their tools,
That motley pack of knaves and fools,
I leave their own intrigues.
What is it, friend, to you or me,
If Carlos reign in Italy,
Or stay at Seville's court?
Or if cross'd statesmen in disgrace,
Still rail with spite at those in place,
Though ne'er the better for't.

Where some fair spreading chesnut grows,
 And near a murmuring fountain flows,
 Give me repose to find!
 There with their own celestial fire,
 Let all the Nine my breast inspire;
 And raise my ravish'd mind!

Then should the lyre resound thy praise,
 And consecrate its favourite lays
 To thee, the Muse's friend:
 Immortalized by these, thy fame
 Should, with their happy master's name,
 To latest days descend!

RESPONSIO M. CATONIS AD LABIENUM,

DE ORACULO AMMONIS CONSULENDO.

LUCAN, LIB. V.

TRANSLATED.

Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.
 LUCAN.

FULL of that power whose light inspired his breast,
 Great Cato answer'd thus the chief's request:
 'What, Labienus, dost thou seek to know?
 Is it our chance in arms against the foe?
 Or shall we doubt all evils to sustain,
 Ere Rome be fetter'd or a Cæsar reign?
 Is life then nothing but protracted breath?
 Or slavery a slighter ill than death?

Must virtue take its colour from success,
Or does opposing fortune make it less?
While nobly we assert the righteous cause
Of suffering liberty and injured laws,
Do we not act like Romans and like men?
Or must precarious chance direct the scene?
All this we know ourselves—nor can the power
That rules these hallow'd shrines inform us more:—
Though dumb the oracle, he speaks his mind
In lively characters to all mankind!
Gilds life's first dawn with reason's heavenly rays,
And takes the tribute of imperfect praise!
E'en Nature, here in silence, sounds his name,
And these vast wilds omnipotence proclaim!
The fire, the earth, the seas, and ambient air
Point out his wisdom, and his power declare!
In heaven and virtuous minds he makes abode,
Through all her works creation owns his nod;
Beneath, around us, and display'd above,
Whate'er we see, where'er we go, is Jove!
Let others, anxious for their doubtful fate,
On the dark oracle's decision wait!
'Tis death, whom coward and hero must obey,
'Tis certain death takes all my cares away;
Or soon or late we all are doom'd to fall,
Jove speaks by me this lesson to you all!—
So said—the godlike chief his legions join'd,
And left the unconsulted priest behind.

CATULLUS.

(DE SEPULCHRO SUO.)

Paraphrased.

THE stately monument let others raise,
And seek by art to live till future days;
To stone or brass their hope of fame intrust,
The flattering marble or deceitful bust!
No pompous ornaments my wishes crave,
But simple as my life I wish my grave!
When Fate impartial calls this fleeting breath,
And every tie dissolving yields to death;
To the kind bosom whence I took my birth,
Commit the remnant of returning earth;
Far from the common graves and public way,
Peaceful inter the' inanimated clay,
In some fair mead, some wood-enshelter'd ground,
Or near some bubbling fountain's soothing sound,
Where no rude hand my ashes may invade,
Disturb my urn, or fright my watchful shade;
Green be the spot beneath, and overhead
Let some fair tree its guardian umbrage spread!
Light lie the earth, and hallow'd be the ground,
And flowers in sweet profusion rise around!
Let others servile beat the common road,
A poet dead or living scorns a crowd!

THE DESCENT OF ORPHEUS.

Translated from the Third Book of Boethius.

Sed tu crudelis ! crudelis tu magis Orpheu !
 Oscula carâ petens rupisti jussa deorum ;
 Dignus amor venia ! _____ OVID.

BLESS'D the man whose perfect sight
 Views the rays of heavenly light !
 Happy he who can unbind
 The chains that clog the fetter'd mind !
 Break from the ties of matter forth,
 And struggle to a mental birth !
 So his Eurydice's sad fate
 Deploring, wretched Orpheus sate ;
 And with soft complaining sound,
 Made the echoing vales resound !
 Melting nature own'd his skill,
 Forests moved, and streams were still !
 What can music not assuage ?
 Savages forgot their rage,
 And, submissive at his feet,
 Lambs with harmless lions meet ;
 But not the magic of his lyre
 Which could such a change inspire,
 Nor all the virtues of his art
 Could ease the tortured poet's heart !
 Seeking thus in vain relief,
 Restless, raging, wild with grief !

Higher powers his suit disdaining,
Down he went to hell complaining.
There, with all the skill he took
From his mother's sacred book,
Anew he raised the solemn sound,
Which waked the dismal regions round !
Fix'd, attentive, to the song
The gliding ghosts unnumber'd throng ;
Form round his steps an airy choir,
And hang upon the vocal lyre !
The Furies, in their gloomy seat,
Feel their ceaseless rage abate ;
And, amidst the toils of hell,
Suspended stand to hear the spell :
The dog, whose yell with horrid fright
Wakes the remotest cells of night,
Now, charm'd to silence as he hears,
Wishes his tongues were changed to ears !
Old Charon, proud of such a guest,
Taking him in forgets the rest,
Leaves in haste the crowded shores,
And with softly moving oars
Steals along the dusky lake ;
Afraid to stir, afraid to speak,
Slow he rows his heavy boat,
Concern'd to lose the weakest note !
Tantalus might have eaten now
At large of the suspended bough ;
But he, all thoughts of hunger past,
To feed his hearing starved his taste.
Ixion felt no more his wheel,
And Sisyphus for once stood still ;
While from Prometheus, endless prey !
The torturing vultures turn'd away !

And now, at Pluto's awful throne,
Orpheus arrived renews his moan ;
And, increasing with his woe,
More sublime his numbers flow !
Matchless numbers ! surely bless'd
Which could touch that iron breast
That ne'er before had pity felt,
Yet now constrain'd was forced to melt ;
And, yielding to his powerful prayer,
Give him back the long sought fair :
Displeased to see a form of day
So far intrude beneath his sway,
' Cease (the sullen tyrant cried),
Take restored your much loved bride !
But one restraint a gift must bind,
That never shall be match'd in kind ;
Till you reach the bounds of light,
Command your looks—avert your sight :
For if within our awful coast
You once look back—the prize is lost !'
So said the god his eyes withdrew,
And shunn'd a mortal's hated view !
But who to lovers rules can draw ?
Love to himself alone is law !
As well he might forbear to give,
Since not to look was not to live :
Fond Orpheus, now his wish bestow'd,
Returns with joy the gloomy road ;
And now they left the gloom of night,
Now saw the distant glimpse of light,
When he, no longer able now
To check his sight or keep his vow,
A backward glance impatient cast,
That look his fondest—but his last !

For now o'er the retreating shade
 New gathering clouds of darkness spread,
 And now his eyes in vain explore,
 The fleeting form he saw before,
 Eurydice is now no more!
 In vain her name he fondly cries,
 Her name the winding vault replies;
 And wild he leaves the hated coast,
 His pains, his hopes, his treasure lost!

MORAL.

THE moral of the' instructive tale be this,
 That all below who seek for certain bliss;
 Whether ambition, riches, love, or fame
 Give the vain passion its distinguish'd name!
 Will equal grief and disappointment find,
 And sighing leave the shadowy joy behind.

ANNIVERSARY ODE.

Sacred to the Memory of a Daughter who died in 1726.

BEGIN, my Muse, and strike the lyre,
 Let grief the melting tones inspire,
 And sadly consecrate the day
 That snatch'd my soul's delight away.
 When first the beauteous infant maid
 The early seeds of sense display'd,
 With her dear prattle sooth'd my cares,
 And charm'd my fond transported ears,
 How did her opening bloom arise!
 And, as it struck my ravish'd eyes,
 Oft promised to my years' increase
 A store of innocence and peace.

But soon, too soon those flattering joys
Fate's interposing hand destroys :
And, lost in Death's all gloomy shade,
The dear delusive vision fled.

So does the early budding rose
Its blushing fragrancy disclose,
Allure the touch, and smell, and sight,
And yield each sense a soft delight.

Till some rash foe its pride invade,
And, ravish'd from its native bed,
Its odour and its hue decay,
And all its beauties fade away.

Thus were my dreams of comfort cross'd,
And with the favourite virgin lost ;
And all my schemes of bliss to come
Enclosed within her early tomb !

Thence clouds of new afflictions rise,
And, brooding o'er the darken'd skies,
With their sad melancholy shade
The horizon of life o'erspread.

While o'er the young Sabina's urn
Thus with paternal grief I mourn ;
Around my soul new sorrows break,
And leave my woes no room to speak.

On Atticus' delightful age
Fate next employ'd her cruel rage ;
With ease dissolved life's feeble chain,
And freed the suffering saint from pain.

O ever honour'd sacred name !
If in the bright immortal train
One thought of earth can touch thy rest,
Look down on this afflicted breast.

Teach me, like thee, through life to steer,
Patient and calm my lot to bear;
Teach me thy heavenly steps to trace,
And reach, like thee, the realms of peace.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LADY ELIZABETH GORDON,

AT EDINBURGH, 1735.

An Ode.

FORGIVE, fair high-born maid! an artless bard,
Who daring ventures on so bright a theme;
If real merit claims the first regard,
The noblest numbers should record your name!
To those whom Phœbus lends his sacred lyre
Belongs such matchless virtues to rehearse;
What noble measures might not these inspire?
How fit the subject to embalm the verse!
Weak is the influence of external charms
(Unaided beauty's short enduring tie!)
If virtue lend not more prevailing arms
To the pall'd sense, alas, how soon they die!
But when the mind's sublime perfections join,
To animate a form itself complete;
How must the fair distinguish'd portrait shine!
How strong the union,—and its force how sweet!
If truth and goodness, in thy beauteous breast,
Their blended stores of happy fragrance shed;
No wonder, if they flourish still increased,
And rise eternal from so chaste a bed!

Others by art may wise or beauteous seem,
 And use vain toils to captivate the view;
 Gordon insensibly secures esteem,
 And then convinces us—it was her due.
 Fond Muse, forbear—what unavailing lays
 Can point out virtue's unexhausted mine?
 When master-works inferior painters trace,
 Trembling they sketch, and faintly they design!
 From Farinella when the warblings flow,
 What vulgar notes can reach the flying sound?
 When Jervase bids the swelling canvass glow,
 Where can the imitating hand be found?
 Propitious Heaven, our just petition hear!
 And still protect with ever guardian care
 One who below resembles you so near,
 Good as she's great,—and gentle as she's fair!

IN

REGIAM SAGITTARIORUM COHORTEM¹.

1732.

IMITATED.

SEE, sons of Mars! the warrior Scots appear,
 And by their sides their fatal weapons bear;
 While the same fires their valiant breasts inflame,
 'No power unpunish'd shall provoke the name.'

¹ Boyse also addressed an Ode to this body of gentlemen, which was known by the name of The Royal Company of Archers. Their dress, &c. he thus describes—

The uniformity of habit in the members of this society, which is composed entirely of gentlemen of rank and fashion,

Who doubts of this has surely never seen
 Their mighty chief's inimitable mien,
 As with triumphant air he march'd along,
 Distinguish'd leader of the chosen throng:
 Just to his worth—his very looks declare,
 That Hamilton's illustrious hand shall dare
 (Whene'er his country shall the service claim)
 Deeds yet unknown to envy or to fame!
 Now Phœbus yields, so Stative Jove commands,
 His monster-killing bow to mortal hands;
 And Venus, whom a nearer passion moves,
 With her son's arrows arms the youth she loves;
 Such souls, led on by his conducting hand,
 Would unresisted compass sea and land;
 Nor Libya's sands, nor frozen Scythia's snows
 Their arms could baffle, or their march oppose;
 If yet we may in fate's decisions trust,
 While Scotsmen are to native virtue just,

the beauty of the habit itself, and the rich dresses of the officers, who are some of them of the first quality, conspire to render the march of this company one of the most elegant processions imaginable, both for its regularity and beauty. The dress is à la Romaine, composed of fine plaid, adorned with deep green silk fringes, and lined with white silk; white stockings and white gloves, blue bonnets à l'Ecossois, with the image of St. Andrew enameled, placed in a cockade of white and green riband. Their belts are composed of the two last colours. In their right hand they bear their bow, in their belts are fastened two darts. The officers, for distinction, have their habits trimmed with deep silver fringes, and their bonnets of blue velvet, adorned with jewels. The counsellors, who are six in number, have bonnets of crimson velvet. Their drums, music, and other attendants are in the company's livery of green and white. Their two standards are most richly embroidered. His grace the Duke of Hamilton is at present captain general, and his grace the Duke of Queensberry, the Right Honourable the Earls of Crawford, Cassils, Wemyss, and Wigton, with the Right Honourable the Lords Kinnaid and Rollo, general officers.

He shall his country guard from foreign power,
 Assert her freedom, and her rights restore,
 Do justice to her long forgotten fame,
 And prove the royal source from whence he came.

INSCRIPTIO FONTIS.

TRANSLATED.

HID lies the nymph from whom this bounty flows,
 So let thy hand conceal, when it bestows.

THE AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

In juvenute cura ut benè vivas, in senectute ut benè mo-
 riaris. SENECA.

HERE, stranger! view a stone without a name,
 The name though placed obscure to thee and fame;
 The real merits of the mortal clay
 Must wait the judgment of the final day.

Like thee I've seen both fortune frown and smile
 Felt all the hopes deluded man beguile;
 As thou art now, have I with life been bless'd,
 As I do now, so shortly thou must rest!

I VIVIS. UT. VIXI

MORIERIS. UT. SUM. MORTUUS.

VALE. VIATOR.

TEQUE. MEMENTO. MORITURUM.

INGENIUM. NATURA. DEDIT. FORTUNA. POETÆ.

DEFUIT. ATQUE. INOPEM. VIVERE. FECIT. AMOR.

Must every joy, and every prospect leave
Contracted, in the limits of the grave :
See how the spoils of death around are spread,
Think as you walk what treacherous ground you
tread !

The mother-earth, that mixes now with me,
Next moment may reclaim its share in thee !
A smoke ! a flower ! a shadow ! and a breath !
Are real things compared with life and death :
Like bubbles on the stream of time we pass,
Swell, burst, and mingle with the common mass !
Then, oh, reflect ! ere fate unheeded come,
And snatch this lesson from the vocal tomb !
Known in thy conduct, fix'd upon thy mind,
' The love of God, and welfare of mankind.'

Then when old Nature shall to ruin turn,
Heaven melt with heat, and earth dissolving burn !
Amidst the flame inscribed this truth shall shine,
Its force immortal, and its work divine !



THE END.





